

A  
VOLUME  
OF  
PLAYS AND FARCES.

AS THEY ARE PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE SMOKE-ALLEY,  
D U B L I N.

CONTAINING :

NO SONG NO SUPPER;	PATRICK IN PRUSSIA;
WILD OATS;	AND
HUNT THE SLIPPER;	FONTAINBLEAU.

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M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



VOLUME



PLAYS

AS THEY ARE PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE, SMOK-ALLEY,

DUBLIN

CONTAINING

NO. 1. THE SPECTER, BY JAMES H. B. (1831)  
AND  
HUNT THE SPECTER, BY JAMES H. B. (1831)

PRINTED BY THE BOOKSELLER

THE  
O P E R A  
OF  
NO SONG NO SUPPER:

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

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M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS:

THE  
O P E R A  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Frederick,	—	—	Mr KELLY.
Robin,	—	—	Mr BANNISTER, Jun.
Endless,	—	—	Mr SUETT. I
Crop,	—	—	Mr DIGNUM.
Thomas,	—	—	Mr ALFRED.
William,	—	—	Mr SEDGWICK.

WOMEN.

Margaretta,	—	—	Signora STORACE.
Louisa,	—	—	Mrs CROUCH.
Dorothy,	—	—	Mrs BLAND.
Nelly,	—	—	Miss HAGLEY.
Deborah,	—	—	Mrs BOOTH.

# NO SONG NO SUPPER.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*A View of the Sea on the Coast of Cornwall ;  
ROBIN discovered asleep. FREDERICK enters from a  
part of the Rock.*

FREDERICK.

THE lingering pangs of hopeless love, condemn'd  
Unpitied—unpitied to endure.

Ah! hapless fate! by flight I strove

To soothe the pain I cou'd not cure.

Cease, Ocean, cease, cease thy angry strife,

Or here thy whelming billows pour: I ask, I ask

But this, oh! take, oh! take my life,

Or bear me to some distant shore.

Cruel destiny! to be driven ashore on this spot which  
I had resolv'd to fly from for ever: but all things con-  
spire to counteract my designs; I had scarcely em-  
barked, when a conspiracy was formed among the  
crew to deprive me of my life, which was happily pre-  
served by the generosity of an English sailor; who, I  
fear, has perished, with all his honest companions.—  
(Sees Robin) Good heav'ns! Is it possible, my gene-  
rous preserver lives? Robin—what, ho!—Robin.

*Robin. (waking and starting)* No, we won't drown. Courage, my lads, lay hold of that plank, Master Frederick.

*Fred.* Honest spirit!—careful of me, even in his dreams.

*Robin. (rises, takes tobacco, and stares at Frederick)* Where the deuce am I?

*Fred.* Don't you know me, my friend?

*Robin.* Master Frederick!—egad, then we are alive—yet, I thought we had been both in Davy Jones's Locker.

*Fred.* I assure you, I may sincerely say, that I rejoice more for your safety than my own.

*Robin.* Reef your compliments a little, and I'll believe you. Where are we, think you?

*Fred.* Alas! I am but too well acquainted with the place. We are on the coast of Cornwall, not far from Penzance.

*Robin.* Say you so? Never droop then, we cou'd not have made a better port. I have friends here will take care of us, all as one as if we were at home.

*Fred.* Friends here!

*Robin.* Aye, if this storm has not carried them into the sea; I have a brother-in-law hard by, whom indeed I have not seen for some years, but he was alive when I last heard.

*Fred.* What was his name?

*Robin.* Crop—an honest farmer.

*Fred. (aside)* Good heav'n! my Louisa's father.

*Robin.*



*Robin.* He married a sifter of mine, when I was a boy, she died some years ago, and left him a daughter, who, they say, is grown a fine girl; and now he's spliced to another mate.

*Fred.* Well, Robin, we shall have no occasion to trouble your brother at present; I have an estate in the neighbourhood, where you shall be welcome; for your generosity has twice preserved my life.

*Robin.* Look ye, Master Frederick, I have been from my country these three years, but I hav'nt so far forgot Old England, as not to stand by a man who fights against odds.

*Fred.* You risked your own life, for me.

*Robin.* That's no concern to a British sailor; he holds his life in keeping for his king, his country, and his friend, and for *them* he will cheerfully lay it down, whether scorching beneath the Line, or freezing under the North Pole—but look, some of our messmates heave in sight.

*Enter WILLIAM and SAILORS.*

*Robin.* What cheer, my lads? Any part of the wreck saved? What, all ashore? What's become of the boat?

*Will.* Ah! Robin, she went down just after we left her, with all that we had aboard.

*Robin.* So much the worse, I thought I had been rich enough to have taken Margaretta in tow for life, but now all's afloat again.

A 3

*Fred.*

*Fred.* You shall go home with me, my friends. I have a strong desire to see Louisa, what if I accompany Robin? (*aside.*)

*Robin.* Thank you, sir, but some of us will look out and see if the sea shou'd heave ashore any of the cargo.

*Fred.* I'll go with you, Robin to your brother-in-law.

*Robin.* With all my heart; do you, William, keep a good look out from the top of the rock till it is dark, and the rest keep watch on the beach.

*Will.* So we will, Robin; come along, my lads.

[*Exeunt William and Sailors.*]

*Fred.* Now, Robin, I have a secret to entrust to you.

*Robin.* Well, let it be a short one then, for a long one always sets me to sleep.

*Fred.* You must know, Robin, that I quitted England on account of the fairest of women.

*Robin.* Why, that is something of my case, a shark of a lawyer bore down upon me, and carried off some little property that I design'd for my mistress, and I was not willing to make her a beggar, and so I went to sea again.

*Fred.* How nearly allied in principles to my Louisa. (*aside*) Know then, Robin, the fairest of women I mean, was Louisa, your niece.

*Robin.* My niece! Give me your hand, Master Frederick, if she is not married you shall have her to-morrow, but what the devil made you bear away, and leave her though? Did you run foul of a lawyer too? You seem'd to have cash enough.

*Fred.*

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*Fred.* Yes, Robin, but I was determined to prove her love for me, without acquainting her with my circumstances; I therefore gave out I was a poor scholar——this hadn't altogether the desired effect; for she, fearing to distress my friends by our union, refus'd me.

*Robin.* That was taking to the long boat, when you might have been safe in the ship.

*Fred.* I shall not immediately inform her of my circumstances, therefore, Robin, promise not to betray me.

*Robin.* Nay, if it's your fancy—but, believe me, 'tis a foolish one. Well, if I had a thousand guineas, the greatest pleasure they cou'd give me, wou'd be to count them into Margareta's lap.

*Fred.* You won't disclose my secret?

*Robin.* What do you take me for? If this is all, step forward—I'll just give a look out and see if any part of our little wreck remains above water, and come up with you presently. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE.—A Room in CROP's House.

*Enter CROP and DOROTHY.*

*Crop.* But I tell you wife, you are wrong.

*Dor.* Don't tell me, George; I'm sure it's your own fault.

*Crop.* My own fault, Dorothy! Zounds! I wish the devil had the lawyer and the law-suit together, for my part.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Indeed, George, I can't guess the reason why you shou'd be cross with me ; I can't help it, you know, and yet you always quarrel with me.

Go, George, I can't endure you,

You wrong me, I assure you,

I wonder why I love you,

Why I love you still.

Are women for no use meant

But merely man's amusement,

To teize and torture as he will, and torture as he will ?

No, if you lov'd me true, you'd other means pursue,

No, that you don't 'tis plain, I tell you so again,

No, no, no, no, no, no, you ne'er cou'd bear to use me so.

No, no, &c.

What see you pray, about me,

Thus still to scold and flout me ?

Such treatment yet was never heard ;

I ne'er must speak, (good gracious)

I'm sure 'tis quite vexatious ;

I never now must speak a word.

No, if you lov'd me true, &c.

*Crop.* Why isn't it enough to make one cross to be kept dilly dally so long after what's my right, I am sure I wish I had never disputed about it, tho' it is my right.

*Dor.* What, you wish to give up the legacy, do you ? Though Mr Endless assures you it will be settled next week.

*Crop.*



## NO SONG NO SUPPER.

*Crop.* Aye, so he has said this long time past. I have had plague enough about it, and now I must neglect my work, to go in search of Grist, the miller, to answer for my character; he must be brought up, forsooth, fooling to Mr Endless.

How happily my life I led, without a day of sorrow,  
To plow and sow, to reap and mow, no care beyond  
the morrow.

No care beyond the morrow.

In heat or cold, in wet or dry,

I never grumbl'd, no, not I.

My wife, 'tis true, loves words a few,

My wife, &c.

What then, I let her prate;

What then, &c.

For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,

I found myself still rich enough,

In the joys of an humble state.

For sometimes smooth, &c.

But when with law I craz'd my head,

I lost both peace and pleasure,

Long says to hear,

To search and swear,

And plague beyond all measure.

One grievance brought another on,

My debts increase, my stock is gone,

My



## NO SONG NO SUPPER.

My wife, she says,  
 Our means 'twill raise,  
 What then, 'tis idle prate.  
 For sometimes smooth, &c.

*Dor. (cries)* Ah! George, you don't care any thing about me: there's Farmer Trotman's wife, can have a silk cloak, and a dimity petticoat, and go dress'd like a lady; aye, and have a joint of meat every day; and I'm sure we hav'n't a joint above once a month, that we hav'n't.

*Crop.* Well, wife, don't be so uneasy; things have gone badly of late to be sure; but have a good heart, when I have gained my law-suit I'll live like a gentleman; I'll never have any small-beer in my house; I'll drink nothing but wine and ale, and we'll have a joint of roast pork for dinner, every Sunday.

*Dor.* I don't like pork, I say it shall be lamb.

*Crop.* But, I say, it shall be pork.

*Dor.* I hate pork; I'll have lamb.

*Crop.* Pork! I tell you.

*Dor.* I say, lamb, you don't know what's good.

*Crop.* Zounds! It shan't be lamb; I will have pork.

*Enter LOUISA.*

*Louisa.* For ever contending! will you never be at peace?

*Dor.* What's that to you? Why do you interfere with what doesn't concern you? Leave your father and me to settle matters,

*Louisa.*

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*Louisa.* I only spoke, because I wished you to have comfort.

*Dor.* Comfort, indeed! Why, when you see every body happy in the house, you go moping and pining about like a sick turkey polt; you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to let your head be running on a young man—you ought.—

*Crop.* Fie, fie, wife! an't you contented to have forc'd her to leave the house, but you must always be tormenting her. Come, Louisa, I am going to your cottage, and will walk with you. I shall be back presently.

*Louisa.* Alas! why should you accuse me of loving Frederick, when you know I refus'd him, because I wou'd not add one to a poor family who hadn't means to support them. Alas! how little did I know my own heart.

I thought our quarrels ended, and set my heart at ease,  
'Tis strange you've thus offended, you take delight to teaze,

Yes, yes, you take delight to teize.

Dear Sir, decide the strife, betwixt your child and wife,  
Alas! the grief I feel, I dare not to reveal.

I know that you believe, for Frederick's loss I grieve,  
Psho! psho! psho! psho! very well, very well; as you please,

Very well, very well, think as you please.

In

## NO SONG NO SUPPER.

In vain, I'm always striving,  
 To make our diff'rence cease,  
 If you're disputes contriving  
 And will not live in peace,  
 No, no,  
 You will not live in peace.  
 I'm vex'd, dear fir, for you,  
 But say, what can I do?  
 To none I can complain.

I know that you believe, for Frederick's loss, &c.

[Exit Louisa with Crop.]

Dor. A trumpery saucy baggage—Nelly? (*calls*  
 Nelly)

Enter NELLY.

Nelly. Here, Mistress.

Dor. You heard what George said, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes, I heard him say he would be back again  
 presently.

Dor. It is not dark yet?

Nelly. No, it is not near night yet.

Dor. Don't you know what I mean, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes, you expect Mr Endless to see you.

Dor. Yes. I hope George won't meet him, because,  
 as he don't know of Mr Endless's coming, he might be  
 angry. The supper will be in time, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes, I shall take care to have the leg of lamb  
 ready, and you know there is a nice cake that we ba-  
 ked

ked yesterday, will do for after supper ; but what shall we do for wine ?

*Dor.* O ! Mr Endless promised to fend some wine ; he is a charming man, and talks so prettily, my sweet Dorothea he calls me. I wish George wou'd learn manners from him, but I declare he drives me about like his sheep and oxen, and I hav'n't had the last word not once this week.

[*Exeunt Nelly and Dorothy.*]

SCENE.—*The outside of CROP's house.*

*Enter MARGARETTA with ballads.*

With lowly fuit and plaintive ditty, I call the tender  
mind to pity,

My friends are gone, my heart is beating, and chilling  
poverty's my lot,

From passing strangers aid intreating, I wander thus  
alone forgot.

Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,  
And Heaven reward you with its blessing.

Here's tales of love and maids forsaken,  
Of battles fought, and captures taken,  
The jovial tar so boldly sailing,  
Or cast upon some desert shore.

The hapless bride his loss bewailing,  
And fearing ne'er to see him more.

Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,  
And Heav'n reward you with its blessing.

*Mar.* My old father little thinks where I am ; 'ecod its all his own fault ; for if he wou'd have let me marry Robin, I shou'd not have run away ; but he wanted me to marry a stupid old figure like himself, only because he was rich ; but what are riches, when compared to love ? I hated him, and wou'dn't have had him if his skin had been stuffed with diamonds. Besides, I knew it was on his account the law-suit was commenced against Robin, which made him leave me.—If I was fond of riches, I might have been rich long ago. Hav'n't I refused a great many good offers ? aye ! and would again, for I love nobody but Robin ; and to have him, I'd run away from fifty fathers. I think no one can know me in this disguise ; however, I'll lay by my ballad-singing drefs now, and seek some honest service, 'till I hear of Robin's return—but my basket is empty, and 'tis high time to look out for a night's lodging—here's a cottage—that's fortunate—I'll try here. (*She knocks at the door*)

*Enter NELLY, then DOROTHY, who with MARGARETTA, join in Trio.*

*Nelly.* Knocking at this hour of day,  
What's your business, mistress, pray ?

*Mar.* A stranger at your friendly door,  
I shelter from the night implore.

*Nelly.* This begging is a sorry trade,  
I fear you'll find but little aid ;  
But stay, I'll ask and let you know.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Alas ! too sure, I fear 'tis true,  
A beggar finds a beggar's due,  
Though oft unfeign'd the tale of woe,  
A beggar finds a beggar's due.

*Dor.* You must begone, we're left alone,  
And harbour here can give you none.

*Mar.* My aching feet no more suffice,  
A little straw is all I crave.

*Dor.* Not two miles hence the village lies,  
I wonder what the wench wou'd have.

*Nelly.* Not two miles hence, &c. &c.  
I wonder what, &c. &c.

*Mar.* Hapless lot, must I go hence ?—Oh ! pity me.

*Dor.* Go, get you packing, gypsy, hence,  
We told you that you cou'd not stay—

*Nelly.* I wonder at your impudence,  
Begone you baggage, march away.

*Mar.* Oh ! let me stay, for poverty is no offence,  
And 'tis too late to find the way.

[*Nelly and Dorothy go into the house.*]

*Mar. (solus)*—Now, as I'm a woman, here's some mischief a-foot, two women left alone, and refuse the company of a third, only for the sake of being alone ; O ! impossible. I'll find it out before I go—who comes here ? some men—I'll step aside and see if they are as uncharitable to coat and waistcoat as they are to petticoats.

[*Margaretta retires.*]

B 2

*Enter*

*Enter THOMAS, with a basket, and knocks at the door.*

*Thom.* Mrs Nelly, Mrs Nelly.

*Nelly. (enters from house)* Well, Thomas, what do you want?

*Thom.* My master has sent the wine, and—

*Nelly.* Hush! speak softly, Thomas.

*Thom.* My master will be here himself presently.

*Nelly.* Oh! very well, walk in and see what we have prepared. [*Thomas and Nelly go into the house.*]

*Mar. (comes forward)*—So, as I suspected, but let me see, (*goes and looks in at the door*) one, two, three, four bottles of wine; well said, Mr Steward, very pretty provision, indeed; the cake in the closet is for after supper, I suppose. The boiled lamb is the gentleman's choice, I imagine. O! Mr Thomas seems coming out; I'll step aside again, for I'll see the end on't, I'm determin'd. (*Retires*)

[*Thomas comes from house and exit.*]

*Mar. (coming forward)*—'Egad! Thomas said true enough, for here his master comes, I believe—I shall see more.

*Enter ENDLESS.*

*End.* 'Egad! this was sweetly contriv'd, while this law-suit of mine turns my simple farmer out of his house, I turn in; a good turn faith—Ha! one good turn deserves another.

*Mar. (aside)*—Sure, I shou'd know that face and voice.

*End.* This dress, I think, cannot fail of attracting Dorothea's heart; but the best of the joke is, the fancies

cies I am in love with her—ha, ha, ha! a monstrous good joke, faith—ha, ha, ha! I doubt, whether I shine most in carrying on a sham action, or a counterfeit passion. *I am Marti, quam Mercutio.*

*Mar. (aside)*—As I live, it is that wicked rogue, Endless, who commenced an action against Robin, took from him all he had, and drove him to sea.

*End.* If I can but compass my suit, and prevail on her to consent to my wishes, for she has always refus'd me hitherto.

*Mar. (aside)*—I must plague him a little—but hold, I had best decamp, for if he shou'd know me, he'll certainly carry me back to my father and have me married—I'll not venture that.

*[Crosses the stage and exit, singing the last line of her song, looking at Endless.]*

*End.* This is unlucky: that girl is watching me. I dar'n't go into the cottage—I'll turn back again, 'till she is out of sight—that I will. *[Exit.]*

SCENE.—*The inside of CROP's house.*

*A table and two chairs.*

*Enter CROP, with a large basket hanging on a stick over his shoulder, which appears heavy, he puts it on the table, then enters DOROTHY.*

*Dor.* So, George, you're come back; where have you been?

B 3

*Crop.*

*Crop.* Why about my business, and heartily tir'd I am. (*Brings a chair near the front of the stage, and sits down.*)

*Dor.* Well, but where have you been?

*Crop.* Go and shut the door, which I perceive I've left open, and I'll tell you.

*Dor.* Not I, indeed; I go shut the door! No, go and shut the door yourself; why did you leave it open?

*Crop.* Because my hands were full.

*Dor.* So you want to give me the trouble to shut the door, because your hands were full. Indeed, I shall not. (*Brings a chair and sits down near Crop.*)

*Crop.* Now, wife, go shut the door, and don't be obstinate.

*Dor.* I obstinate! upon my word! I obstinate indeed! I don't chuse to shut it, sir.

*Crop.* Why then let it stand open.

*Dor.* With all my heart, so it may.

*Crop.* Now, why can't you go and shut it?

*Dor.* I don't chuse it, and there's an end on't.

*Crop.* Come, I'll make a bargain with you wife, whoever speaks the first word, shall go and shut the door.

*Dor.* Agreed!

#### D U E T.

*Crop.* I think I'll venture to surmise, I know who'll speak the first

*Dor.* You think, no doubt, your wond'rous wife, before I speak. I'll burst.

*Crop.*

*Crop.* Depend upon't.

*Dor.* Depend upon't.

*Both.* Depend upon't,

You'll have the worst.

*Crop.* Can you your tongue keep in?

*Dor.* Yes, when shall we begin?

*Crop.* Agreed, agreed, and now take heed,

When I hold up my thumb.

*Dor.* Agreed, I'm silent, mum, mum, &c. &c.

*(They turn their backs to each other, and sit mute.)*

*Robin.* *(without)* Yo hoa! Messmates, what doors open at this time of night? *(Enters)* Ha! brother Crop, I'm heartily glad to see you. *(Shakes hands with Crop, who seems pleased to see him.)* I've a few friends hard by, who came to beg a night's lodging of you: we have been cast away, and saved nothing but our lives: I have promised them a hearty welcome, my boy, *(looks at Crop for an answer)* what, are you deaf? Why, don't you know me! I never took you for one that would be dumb to a friend in distress. What the devil's the matter? have you lost your speech since I saw you? that's a damn'd bad job. *(Crosses to Dorothy.)* Pray how long has poor brother Crop been on the doctor's list? What, a dumb wife too! I wish you joy brother Crop. Which quarter is the wind in now?

*Enter FREDERICK.*

*Fred.* So, Crop, where's your daughter? why don't you answer me?

*Robin.*



*Robin.* It's all in vain, not a breath stirring.

*Fred.* Why do you shake your head? Why don't you speak Crop?

*Robin.* There's an embargo laid on words, and you see the port is shut.

*Fred.* Answer me, I beg. Where's Louisa?

*Robin.* Speak to him in some foreign lingo, Master Frederick, for he seems to have forgot the use of his own tongue, he has lost his English. *(To Dorothy.)* Do you always discourse together in this manner?

*Fred.* I suppose this is some new quarrel.

*Robin.* No, it must be an *old* one, for they have had no words of late.

*Fred.* I'll go and seek an answer elsewhere.

*[Exit Frederick.]*

*Robin.* A quarrel would never produce such a dead calm. How the devil shall I get an answer! What's the matter with you both? *(bawling)* Dam'me, he's as deaf as the mainmast: I might as well talk to the Gorgon's head under our bowsprit. Can you hear or not?

*Crop. (Nods.)*

*Robin.* Can you speak?

*Crop. (Nods.)*

*Robin.* Will you speak?

*Crop. (Shakes his head.)*

*Robin.* Dam'me, but if we had you aboard the Gorgon, we wou'd send your tongue afloat; a good ducking at the yard-arm, and a round dozen, wou'd put  
your

your jawing tacks aboard, and be well employed on you; wou'dn't it mistress?

*Dor. (very eagerly.)* Aye! that it would—O! dear—I forgot.

*Crop.* Ha, ha, ha! now Dorothy, go and shut the door.

*[Exit Dorothy.]*

*Robin.* Shut the door!

*Crop.* Aye! she spoke first.

*Robin.* Why, you hadn't quarrelled about shutting the door, had you? a good joke, o'my conscience! Well, George, now your door's shut and mouth open, let me know if you can give us a night's lodging.

*Crop.* Aye! and welcome, but I fear I can't be your host to-night, for I must go as far as Grift's, the millar, on some business.

*Robin.* I'll go with you, and look after my messmates.

*Enter FREDERICK.*

*Fred.* Prithee, Crop, tell me where she is?

*Crop.* Where who is?

*Fred.* Louisa.

*Crop.* At her grandmother's hard by, where she has been some time, and I assure you, Frederick, she has never had a smile on her countenance since you left her; therefore, make none of your fine speeches to her, or you'll break the poor girl's heart. Od's heart, Robin! I'm so happy to meet with you again—I can't tell you how glad I am to see you.

*Robin.*

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*Robin.* No more you cou'd just now : your joy was so great, it seem'd to be past speaking.

[*Exeunt Crop and Robin.*]

*Fred.* What have I heard ? Is it possible my Louisa loves me still ? I'll think of some disguise to visit her in immediately, and this night shall decide my fate.

[*Exit Frederic.*]

SCENE.—*The outside of CROP's house.*

*Enter CROP, ROBIN, WILLIAM, and FREDERICK from the house, who begin the Finale. In the course of which MARGARETTA, DOROTHY and NELLY enter, the two latter from the house, the former from the side wing. End of the Finale, DOROTHY and NELLY go into the house ; CROP, ROBIN, WILLIAM and FREDERICK, exeunt on the right hand, MARGARETTA on the left.*

*The Stage very dark during Finale.*

## F I N A L E.

*Crop.* How often thus I am forc'd to trudge,  
I own this useless toil I grudge.

*Robin.* Cheer-up, and let your heart be light

*Crop.* Though long and tiresome is the way,  
I must be back by break of day,

*Robin.* Your gain the labour shall requite.

*Fred.* I'll think on what you said.

*Crop.* Aye ! aye ! be careful Fred.

*Mar.*

# NO SONG NO SUPPER.

*Mar.* Lost in the dark, perplex'd I rove,  
And know not where I stray ;  
Some kindly star, a friend to love,  
Direct me on my way.

*Dor.* I'll see if yet the coast be clear,  
Hold, hold, not yet, they still are here.

*Fred & Crop.* But if at last my suit should fail,

*Robin & Wil.* 'Psha! never stand to quake and quail.

*Fred.* To night good fortune be our guide,  
We'll take the best that may betide.

*Mar.* Hope a distant joy disclosing,  
Balmy comfort can impart,  
Anxious doubt, in Hope reposing,  
Fancy claims the tortur'd heart.

*Dor.* Hope, &c.

*Fred.* Hope, &c.

*Crop.* Hope, &c.

*Wil.* Hope, &c.

*Mar.* My weary toil success repay,  
And fortune guide us on our way.

*Dor.* My weary, &c.

*Fred.* My weary, &c.

*Crop.* My weary, &c.

*Wil.* My weary, &c.

END OF ACT I.

## NO SONG NO SUPPER.

## ACT II.

SCENE—*A View near the Sea.**Enter WILLIAM and SAILORS.**William.*

FROM aloft the sailor looks around,  
 And hears below the murm'ring billows found,  
 Far off from home, he counts another day,  
 Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away.

His courage wants no whet,  
 But he brings the sail to set,

With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,  
 And caring nought, he turns his thought  
 To his lovely Sue or charming Bet.

Now to Heav'n the lofty topmast soars,  
 The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars,  
 Now ocean's deepest gulphs appear below,  
 The curling surges foam, and down we go,

When skies and seas are met,

They his courage save to whet

With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,  
 And dreading nought, &c.

*Enter CROP and ROBIN.*

*Crop.* And is your heart still on Margareta.

*Robin.* Aye! as true as the wind blows, and if Margareta's heart does but hold as steady as mine, I don't  
 fear



fear bringing all to bear. How goes it, lads? (*To Sailors.*)

*Wil.* Cheerfully, Robin! the tide has thrown ashore some of our property, which we have put safe under the rocks.

*Robin.* As the tide ebbs so fast my boys, perhaps my keg may be left on the beach. 'Egad there's something dev'lish like it—'Bye, brother Crop.

[*Exeunt Robin and Sailors.*]

*Crop.* Why then, I must go to Grift's by myself.

[*Exit Crop.*]

SCENE.—*A Wood.*

*Enter MARGARETTA.*

*Mar.* O! dear, what will become of me? I am quite be-nighted. I have led the lawyer a fine dance, faith! he may now follow his own schemes as much as he likes, so he does not spoil mine.

A Miser bid to have and hold me,

And greedy parents wou'd have sold me.

A husband was enough for me, no matter ugly, lame or old,

There was no harm that they cou'd see, so all his bags were full of gold.

No, Robin, no, you need not fear, you never were in danger here,

Should such a husband have, or hold.

Hey! sure I heard a rustling among the bushes; as I live here's a man coming this way; O Lord! I am

C

frighten'd

frighten'd out of my wits; there are so many paths, that I am at a loss to know which takes me to the village.

*Enter CROP.*

*Crop.* 'Egad, it's well I happen'd to meet with my neighbour Trotman, or I shou'd have had a long walk, to no purpose; for he informs me poor Grist is dead. — Poor fellow! well, death can neither be seen or prevented, so there's an end of that. (*Sees Margaretta.*) Who goes there?

*Mar.* A poor girl, Sir, who wants a night's lodging, and has lost her way.

*Crop.* Where did you want to go to, my girl?

*Mar.* To the next village, Sir.

*Crop.* You are out of the way, indeed; however, come with me, I'll provide you with a night's lodging.

*Mar.* Lord, Sir, I hope you don't intend me any harm.

*Crop.* Harm, indeed! no, not I, my girl. Do you see yonder cottage, where the smoke rises through the trees; I am the owner of it, and, I trust it's doors were never yet shut to charity.

*Mar.* Are you the owner of that cottage?

*Crop.* I am; there's an honest housewife that will use you kindly, who is melancholy enough, poor soul! I dare say, at being left alone.

*Mar. (aside)* Very melancholy, indeed. Well, some of you, men, are really good creatures, and I could find in my heart to do you a piece of service, honest farmer.

*Crop.*

# NO SONG NO SUPPER.

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*Crop.* Come, my girl, don't be afraid, I'll take care of you.

*Mar.* Heav'n bless you for your kindness: I think I shall have it in my power to reward you; or I am very much mistaken.

[*Exeunt Crop and Margaretta.*]

SCENE.—*The inside of DEBORAH's Cottage.*

*Enter LOUISA and DEBORAH.*

*Deb.* Nay, nay, child, don't take on so; don't cry; so; you shou'd endeavour to forget Frederick now.

*Louisa.* Forget him! that's impossible.

*Deb.* Well, but consider it was not any ill-usage of your's that made him leave the place—'twas all his own doing.

*Louisa.* That consideration consoles me; had it been otherwise, I could never have forgiven myself (*a harp is heard*), what's that? music at this hour.

*Deb.* Music! no; lack-a-day, it's only old Jones the Welch fortune-teller.

*Louisa.* My dear grandmother, let him come in, I shou'd like to have my fortune told.

*Deb.* If you live to be old, your fortune will tell itself.

*Louisa.* Now, pray fetch him in, and have your fortune told.

*Deb.* My fortune, indeed; no, no, I know my fortune well enough; however, I'll go and send him to you.

[*Exit Deborah.*]

*Louisa.* It will at least serve to divert me for some time.

*Enter FREDERICK, in a large black gown and long beards.*

*Fred.* Save you, young woman, may the stars shine with favourable rays on this house: your face wears the marks of melancholy.

*Louisa.* What have you to say to my face!

*Fred.* Your fortune cannot mend your face, though your face may mend your fortune. But my profession is to make proper questions to the hand, favour me with your's.

*Louisa.* What will that tell you?

*Fred.* Pretty maid, your fortune's here, you have pow'r the heart to charm,

Leave your hand, what shou'd you fear, wrinkled age can do no harm.

Mercy on me! what is this? lines of heart too hard I see,

How I long to print a kiss, on the hand you shew to me.

I have discovered there is a young man who adores you, and whom your usage forc'd to quit his country.

*Louisa.* Nay, now you are wrong; I didn't force him.

*Fred.* Be assured 'twas on your account. He meant to cross the seas, but he was scarce embark'd, when a storm o'ertook him, the night was dark, the waves were high, the vessel struck upon a rock——

*Louisa.*



*Louisa.* Oh! (*Screams and faints.*)

*Fred.* (*catches her*) My Louisa! look up, your Frederick lives. [*Throws off his disguise.*]

*Louisa.* Good heav'n's, Frederick! what means this disguise?

*Fred.* I scarce can tell you now; but my dear Louisa I am now in the possession of an ample fortune; I am the real heir to the estate in the neighbourhood, who has been so long expected here.

*Louisa.* Ah! Frederick, you are now *too* rich for me.

*Fred.* No, Louisa; thank Heaven, we live in a country that knows no distinction of persons, but in virtue.

## D U E T.

*Fred. & Lou.* Thus every hope obtaining, the doubtful conflict o'er,  
Fortune of thee complaining, I waste my sighs no more.  
Love by thy pow'r bestowing, the hand I fondly prize,  
Take from a heart o'erflowing, my vows which grateful rise.

*Fred.* Still fondly possessing the *Maid* I adore,  
In transports unceasing the moments shall roll,

*Lou.* Still fondly possessing the youth I adore,  
In transports unceasing the moments shall roll,  
Content with my blessing, I ask not for more,  
But doat on the treasure, so dear to my soul.

[*Exeunt Louisa and Frederick.*]



SCENE.—*A Room in CROP's house.*  
 ENDLESS and DOROTHY discovered at a table, &c. laid  
 for supper; at the back of the stage are several sacks,  
 which appear full.

Dor. Indeed, Mr Endless, I wou'dn't do such a  
 thing for the world.

Endless. I have carried on this action too precipi-  
 tately. (*aside*) But, my dear Dorothea, let us reason  
 this affair together. (*rises*)

Dor. (*rises.*) But what signifies our reasoning about  
 a thing, which I know to be wrong.

End. I say, what signifies *our* knowing a thing to be  
 wrong, when nobody else knows any thing about the  
 matter. A blot, is *no blot*, 'till it's hit.

Dor. Aye, but is there no such thing as conscience?

End. But conscience can't be summoned into court;  
 I never heard of a man's conscience being *subpana'd* on  
 a trial; if that was the case, there wou'd be an end of  
 our profession at once. Oh! it wou'd be all Dicky  
 with us.

*Enter NELLY with a leg of boil'd lamb, which she  
 puts on the table and exit.*

End. But, as Nelly seems to have been so busy for  
 us, let us sit down, and finish the subject after supper.  
 (*They sit down.*)

Dor. I needn't ask you to make free, I hope, Mr  
 Endless, as all you see on the table is your own.

End.

*End.* Don't mortify me, my sweet Dorothea; by calling it *mine*, you know it's all *your's*—at least if your husband's money can make it so. (*aside*.)

*Dor.* O! Dear, you are so obliging, I fear we shall never have it in our power to return your kindness, at least 'till George has gain'd his law-suit.

*End.* I'll take care not to wait 'till then. (*aside*) Don't mention any reward to me, I am sufficiently repaid in the happiness of (*rises and offers to kiss her, a loud knocking at the door.*) Who the Devil's that? Do you expect any body here to night? O Lord, the supper will be spoil'd.

*Dor.* Nelly, Nelly.

*Enter NELLY.*

*Dor.* Run, Nelly, see who's at the door: if it's George I am undone.

[*Exit. Nelly, she returns immediately.*]

*Nelly.* O dear, it's my master, as I hope to be married.

*End.* The Devil it is!

*Dor.* O dear! What shall we do with Mr Endless.

*End.* Aye! there will be an *end* of Mr Endless.

*Crop.* (*without*) Why wife, Dorothy, Dorothy.

*End.* Zounds! put me any where, have you no closet, or snug corner I can creep into?

*Dor.* No, but here I have it; creep into this sack.

*End.* A sack!

*Dor.* Yes, I'll get my husband to bed presently, and then I'll come and let you out.

*End.*

*End.* Creep into a sack! the thing's impossible; my new suit here will be totally spoil'd.

*Dor.* No, no, it has only had flour in it, and that will easily brush off.

*End.* Dam'me, but I wish I could brush off.

*Dor.* Come, Nelly, help me to put it over him.

*End.* Well, don't you let the cat out of the bag.

*Crop.* (*without*) Why Nelly, Dorothy, why don't you open the door? (*Dorothy and Nelly put a sack over Endless and place him among the other sacks. Nelly removes the lamb and exit; returns directly, followed by Crop and Margareta.*)

*Crop.* Why, wife, one wou'd have thought by your keeping us at the door so long, you had been fast asleep; what are you dreaming of?

*Dor.* I am sure we never dreamt of you. (*aside*)

*Crop.* poor Grist is dead, which made me come back to night, and on my way I met this young woman, who had lost her road, you must give her a night's lodging and a bit of supper.

*Mar.* (*aside*) Where the deuce have they hid this roguish lawyer? I know he is here by their confusion.

*Dor.* Why George, as I didn't expect you home to-night, I have got nothing for supper at all.

*Mar.* (*after feeling the sack.*) Oh! you are there, are you, Mr Lawyer? (*aside*)

*Crop.* Hang it, I'm sorry there's nothing for supper, for I expect Robin here presently.

*Mar.* (*aside*) What do I hear! Robin expected here?

*Crop.*

*Crop.* He's only gone to the sea-shore, to see if any thing was flung up by the tide.

*Robin.* (*without,*) Hallo! Hallo!

*Crop.* 'Egad, here he is, I'll go and bring out one of our cheeses; I dare say he's hungry: he always had a good appetite. [Exit *Crop*.

*Enter ROBIN, with a small keg under his arm.*

*Robin.* Huzza! my boy's, Robin's his own man again, with these fruits of honest industry will I moor for life, and when I hear the wind rattle, I'll heave a sigh for all poor brother tars.

*Mar.* I hope he hasn't forgot poor Margaretta. He has not said a word of me yet. (*aside.*)

*Enter CROP with a cheese.*

*Crop.* To think I shou'd have nothing for supper but cheese, a plague of this ill-luck.

*Robin.* I'm so happy, I cou'd dance a hornpipe on the head of a scupper nail.

*Crop.* What makes you so merry, Robin?

*Robin.* Why George, I have now recover'd my spirits.

*Crop.* What, in that keg, I suppose.

*Robin.* Aye! the finest in the world, drawn from all the parts of the globe, you shall taste them.

*Crop.* With all my heart, give us a glass, Nelly.

*Robin.* A glass indeed! Lord love your lubberly head; give me a hammer. (*Crop gives a hammer.*)  
*Robin unhoops the keg, and takes out a handful of gold.*

*Robin.*



*Robin.* Three years a sailor's life I led, and plough'd  
the roaring sea,  
For why her foes shou'd England dread, whilst all her  
sons are free.  
From France to Spain I earn my bread, I thought it  
fair d'ye see,  
And if a shot had ta'en my head, why there was an end  
of me.

A med'cine sure for grief and care,

I steer'd my course to find;

Thenceforth an easy sail to bear,

And run before the wind.

Their conj'ring skill let doctor's boast

And nostrums of their shop,

Where e'er we search from coast to coast,

There's none like the golden drop.

For gold we sail the world around,

And dare the tempest's rage,

For when the sparklers once are found,

They ev'ry ill assuage.

'Twixt Jew and Christian not a fig

Of diff'rence here we find,

The Jew no loathing has to pig,

If 'tis of the Guinea kind.

Are not these the best cordials? These are true golden drops, extracted from the Spanish mines, and I hope, from my soul, they will not be the last we shall draw from the same quarter.

*Mar.*



*Mar. (aside)* I am afraid now he's so rich, he'll marry a lady.

*Robin.* Here, Crop, you may want a few guineas, and as the keg is open here, take a handful, and when you've recovered your law-suit pay me, and now with the rest—

*Crop.* Aye, Robin, what will you do with the rest?

*Robin.* Carry it to Margaretta, and if she is still in the mind, marry her directly, and live happy all the rest of my life.

*Mar. (aside.)* My charming Robin!

*Robin.* If I cou'd but see her now.

*Mar. (coming forward.)* Aye! if you did, I fear you wou'd change your note.

*Robin.* Margaretta! (*runs and kisses her.*)

*Mar.* I little thought of meeting you here, Robin.

*Robin.* And how came you here? I forgot to ask that.

*Mar.* Oh! that's too long a story to tell you now.

*Robin.* Well, then, let's here it another time. O! dear Margaretta! I say—that—I say—you—that—O Lord! (*runs and kisses her very eagerly*) come, let's now to supper, and be merry. But where is the supper? What have you got in the house, brother Crop?

*Crop.* Why, I never knew any thing happen so unlucky, we have got nothing in the house, and I am as hungry as a lion myself.

*Dor.* Why, what a fuss you make about supper; we are not all so rich as Mr Robin.

*Crop.*

*Crop.* But what use are his riches now? we can't eat and drink gold.

*Robin.* 'Egad, if you can, you shall have it.

*Crop.* Faith, Robin, I can give you nothing but bread and cheefe.

*Robin.* Well, bread and cheefe, and kisses; hey! Margaretta, sit down my girl.

*Mar.* Presently, Robin. Now let me see if I can't furnish the table better. I smell the lamb yet. (*aside.*)

[*Robin and Crop sit.*]

*Robin.* Come, Madge, give the landlord and I one of the songs you used to sing, if you hav'n't forgot them. You don't know what a good pipe she has.

*Mar.* I'll sing you one that I heard this morning, which is quite new.

*Robin.* Aye! let's hear it.

*Mar.* The person who learn't it me, said it shou'd never be sung before a poor meal, but you shall judge if he was right.

*Crop.* Well, begin my girl.

MARGARETTA. (*Sings first verse.*)

Acro'ss the Downs this morning, as by times I chanc'd  
to go,

A shepherd led his flock abroad, all white as driven  
snow,

But one was most the shepherd's care,

A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair,

It's wond'rous beauties in a word, to let you fairly know,  
'Twas such as Nelly from the fire, took off not long ago.

*Crop.*

*Crop.* Held, hold, my girl, if I heard you right, I think you said such as Nelly took off the fire not long ago.

*Mar.* 'Tis part of my song, Sir.

*Robin.* Aye! 'tis part of her song.

*Crop.* Well, but is it joke or earnest? Have you any lamb in the house, Nelly?

*Robin.* Come, Nell, let's overhaul your lockers.

*Crop.* Come, come, wife, I see how this is, you had a mind to surprize me agreeably.

*Dor.* Why, that was the case indeed, George, I knew you was very fond of lamb, so as it was only a small joint, I meant to give it you, when you was alone.

*Crop.* I thought so, but bring it here, Nelly; I am one that don't like to see my guests fare worse than myself.

*Robin.* Come, bear a hand, Nell, stretch along the lamb halcyards, and a knife or two. [*Exit Nell and returns with lamb, &c.*] 'Egad, Madge, it was lucky you happened to fall in with the sheep.

*Crop.* Aye! so it was; come, let's hear the rest of the song.

MARGARETTA. (*Sings second verse.*)

This lamb so blithe as Midsummer,

His frolic gambols play'd,

And now of all the flock a-head,

The pretty wanton stray'd.

## NO SONG NO SUPPER.

A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes  
Rush'd forth, and seiz'd the tender prize.

The shepherd saw, and rais'd a stone,  
So round, so large, I vow,  
'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid  
Upon the shelf just now.

*Crop.* Stop, my dear; didn't you say, like the cake  
Nelly laid on the shelf just now. Why, Nell, is there  
a cake in the house?

*Robin.* Aye! that there is.

*Crop.* Come, bring it out, Nell.

*[Exit Nell, returns with cake.]*

*Robin.* What, still the same madcap as ever, Margaretta.

*Crop.* 'Egad, this is a most excellent song.

*Mar.* Will you hear the rest of it, Sir?

*Crop.* By all means; and if the latter part of it is as  
good as the former, it will be by much the best song I  
ever heard.

*Mar.* You shall judge, Sir.

*Crop.* I shan't be tired, I love a song.

*Robin.* 'Egad, brother Crop, "*No Song no Supper.*"

MARGARETTA. (*Sings third verse.*)

This monstrous stone, the shepherd flung,  
And well his aim he took,  
Yet, scarce the savage creature deign'd  
Around to cast a look.

But fled as swift, with footsteps light,  
As he who brought the wine to night.

I tried to stop the thief, but he

Turn'd round in rage, good lack !

So mad the lawyer scarce can be,

That's hid in yonder sack.

*Crop. (rises.)* A lawyer hid in the sack ! Zounds !  
what is all this ?

*Robin. (Goes to the sacks.)* O ! impossible ; these are  
full of corn. *(beats the sacks.)* Yes, faith, here's one  
seems to be heaving anchor. *(Endless moves, and comes  
down to the front of the stage.)* 'Ecod, if they shou'd  
all rise, you'll have a fine field of standing corn, brother  
*Crop. (beats Endless, who offers to go)* hold, hold, no  
exportation without inspection. *(Pulls off the sack and  
discovers Endless, who is covered with flour.)*

*Crop.* Endless ! Oh ! the Devil !

*End.* Assault me if you dare ; if you strike me it's  
cognizable in court, as I wasn't found in any overt-act.

*Crop.* No, but you was found in a very *rascally* one,  
though.

*End.* I don't care for that.

*Crop.* If these are your tricks, I know how to suit you.

*End.* And you know to *non* suit, I find.

*Crop.* To think I shou'd entrust you to manage my  
affairs.

*Robin.* You might have had a young Crop before  
you look'd for it.



*End.* I beg you wou'dn't mention it.

*Crop.* I have a great mind to knock your head off.

*End.* Don't mention it, pray don't.

*Robin.* You deserve to be beat like a sack.

*End.* Don't mention it, pray don't. I move for a Habeas Corpus out of this court: but take care how you insult a limb of the law, or you may chance to bring down the vengeance of the whole body.

[*Exit Endless.*]

*Robin.* If such limbs were lopped off, it wou'd do the constitution good.

*Crop.* (*To Dorothy.*) What have you to say for yourself? eh! you jade: so the lamb was for Mr Endless.

*Mar.* I shou'd but half repay your kindness if I didn't tell you, that your wife has ever refus'd to listen to his addresses; this I assure you, he said himself, when he little thought any one overheard him.

*Crop.* Say you so, then wife give me your hand, and let us for the future endeavour to live happy together, and the best way to *do so*, is to forget and forgive.

*Robin.* So it is brother Crop.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Will.* Oh! Robin, all our fortunes are made; Master Frederick is a rich 'Squire, and is going to marry your niece, there will be oxen roasting, and wine and ale running about the streets; there are illuminations, and he has ordered the whole town to be set on fire.

*Enter*

## NO SONG NO SUPPER.

41

*Enter* FREDERICK *and* LOUISA.

*Robin.* Master Frederick, I wish you joy; and d'ye see, Louisa, make him a good wife. This storm to night has blown back your lover, but remember, the gentle gales of moderate weather, must keep the husband within hail of you.

### FINALE.

MARGARETTA, DOROTHY, *and* CROP.

Let shepherd lads and maids advance,  
And neatly trim be seen,  
To night we'll lead the merry dance,  
In circles o'er the green.

LOUISA *and* FREDERICK.

Beyond our hopes, by fortune crown'd,  
Here all our troubles cease;  
Each year that takes its jocund round,  
Shall bring content and peace.

MARGARETTA.

And whilst we sport and dance and play,  
The tabor blythe shall sound,  
We'll laugh and chaunt our carols gay,  
While merry bells ring round.

DOROTHY.

Now mirth and glee, and pastimes light,  
The frolic hours shall share,

And

## NO SONG NO SUPPER.

And sparkling eyes shall wake to-night  
To-morrow's time for care.

And whilst we sport and dance and play,  
The tabor blythe shall found,  
We'll laugh and chaunt our carols gay,  
While merry bells ring round.

Chorus, &c. &c.

E I N I S.

THE  
COMEDY  
OF  
WILD OATS;  
OR,  
THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN:  
IN FIVE ACTS.  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL,  
SMOKE-ALLEY.

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M,DCC,XCII.

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# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## MEN.

Sir George Thunder,	Mr QUICK,
Rover, — —	Mr LEWIS,
Harry, — —	Mr HOLMAN,
John Dorry, —	Mr WILSON,
Banks, — —	Mr HILL,
Gammon, — —	Mr CUBIT,
Ephraim Smooth, —	Mr MUNDEN,
Sim, — —	Mr BLANCHARD,
Twitch, — —	Mr ROCK,
Lamp, — —	Mr C. POWELL,
Trap, — —	Mr EVATT,
Zachariah, — —	Mr REES,
Three Sailors,	Messrs FARLEY, THOMPSON, and
	MILBOURNE,
Landlord, — —	Mr POWEL,
Waiter, — —	Master SIMMONS,
Midge — —	Mr MACREADY,
Sheriff's Officer, —	Mr CROSS.

## WOMEN.

Lady Amaranth, —	Mrs POPE,
Jane, — —	Mrs WELLS,
Amelia, — —	Miss CHAPMAN.



# WILD OATS;

OR,

## THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN.

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### ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Parlour in LADY ARAMANTH'S.*

*Enter SIR GEORGE THUNDER and JOHN DORY.*

*Sir George.*

I Don't know whose house we've got into here, John, but I think when he knows me, we may hope for some refreshment. Zounds, I'm as dry as touchwood, and to sail at the rate of ten knots an hour, over stubble and farrow, from my own house, but half a league on this side of Gosport, and not to catch these deserters that received the king's bounty and run from their ships.

*John.* You've ill luck.

*Sir Geo.* Mine, you swab.

*John.* Ah, you've money and gold, but grace and good fortune have shook hands with you these nineteen years, for that rogue's trick you play'd Miss Amelia, by deceiving her with a sham marriage, when you pass'd yourself for Capt. Seymour, then putting to sea, leaving

leaving her to break her heart, then marrying another lady.

*Sir Geo.* But was I not forc'd to that by my father?

*John.* Ay, because she had a great fortune—her death was a judgment upon you.

*Sir Geo.* Why, you impudent dog-fish—upbraid me for running into false bay, when you was my pilot, was'n't you—even got me the mock clergyman that performed the sham marriage with Amelia?

*John.* (*aside*) You think so, but I took care to bring a real clergyman.

*Sir Geo.* But is this a time or place for your lecture?—at home, abroad, at sea and land, will you still badger me? Mention my Wild Oats again, and I'll—you scoundrel, since the night my bed-curtains took fire when you were my boatswain aboard the Eagle, you've got me quite into leading-strings—you snatch'd me up on deck, toss'd me into the sea to save me from being burnt, and I was almost drown'd.

*John.* You would, but for me.

*Sir Geo.* Yes, you dragg'd me out by the ear, like a water-dog. Last week, because you saw the tenth bottle uncork'd, you rushed in among my friends, and ran away with me, and the next morning Capt. O'Shanaghan sends me a challenge, for quitting my chair when he was toast-master—so to save me from the head-ach, you'd like to have got my brains blown out.

*John.* Oh, very well—be burnt in your bed, and tumble into the water, like a tight fellow as you are,  
and

and poison yourself with floe juice, see if John cares a piece of mouldy biscuit about it. But I thought you had laid yourself up in ordinary, retired to live quiet upon your estate, and had done with sea affairs.

*Sir Geo.* John, a man should forget his own convenience for his country's good.

*John.* But I wish you hadn't made me your valet de chambre—no sooner was I got on shore, after five years dashing upon rocks, shoals, and breakers, then you set me upon a hard trotting cart-horse, that has toss'd me up and down like an old bum-boat in the Bay of Biscay—and here's nothing to drink after all. Because at home you keep open house, you think every body else does the same.—Holloa, holloa—I'll never cease piping till it calls a drop to wet my whistle.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Geo.* Yes, as John Dory remarks, I fear my trip through life will be attended with heavy squalls and foul weathers—When my conduct to poor Amelia comes athwart my mind, it's a hurricane for all that day, and when I turn in at night the ballad of William and Margaret's Ghost (*sings*)—Oh, zounds, the dismals are coming upon me, and I can't get a cheering glass to—Holloa!

*Enter* EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

*Eph.* Friend, what would'st thou have?

*Sir Geo.* Have—why, I would have grog.

*Eph.* Neither man nor woman of that name abideth here.

*Sir Geo.*

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha! Man nor Woman—then if you'll bring me Mr Brandy and Mrs Water, we'll couple them, and the first child probably will be Master Grog.

*Eph.* Thou dost speak in parables, which I understand not.

*Sir Geo.* Sheer off with your sanctified poop, and send the gentleman of the house.

*Eph.* The owner of this mansion is a maiden and she approacheth.

*Enter LADY AMARANTH.*

*Lady A.* Do I behold—it is—how dost thou do, uncle?

*Sir Geo.* Is it possible you can be my niece Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder?

*Lady A.* I'm the daughter of thy deceas'd brother, Loftus, called Earl Thunder, but no Lady—my name is Mary.

*Sir Geo.* But, zounds how is all this—unexpectedly find you in a strange house, of which old Sly tells me you're mistress, turn'd quaker, and disown your title.

*Lady A.* Thou knowest the relation to whose care my father left me.

*Sir Geo.* Well, I know our cousin, old Dovehouse, was a quaker, but didn't suspect he would have made you one.

*Lady A.* Being now gathered to his fathers, he did bequeath unto me his worldly goods, among them this mansion, and the lands around it.

*Eph.*



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*Eph.* So thou becomest and continuest one of the faithful. I'm executor of his will, and by it cannot give thee possession of these goods but upon these conditions.

*Sir Geo.* Tell me of your thee's and thou's, quaker's will's, and manfions—I say, girl, though on the death of your father, my eldest brother Loftus Earl Thunder, from your being a female, his title devolves to his next brother, Robert; though as a woman you can't be an Earl, nor as a woman you can't make laws for your sex nor for our sex, yet, as the daughter of a peer, you are, and by heavens shall be called Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder.

*Eph.* Thou makest too much noise, friend.

*Sir Geo.* Dam'me, call me friend, and I'll bump your block against the capstan.

*Eph.* Yea, this is a man of danger—I will leave Mary to abide it.

*Sir Geo.* S'fire, my Lady.

*Lady A.* Title is vanity.

*Enter ZACHARIAH.*

*Zach.* Shall thy cook this day dress certain birds of the air called woodcocks, and ribs of the oxen likewise?

*Lady A.* All—my uncle sojourneth with me peradventure, and my meal shall be a feast, friend Zachariah.

*Zach.* My tongue shall say so, friend Mary.

*Sir Geo.* Sir George Thunder bids thee remember to call thy mistress Lady Amaranth. (*Strikes him.*)

B

*Zach.*



*Zach.* Verily, George.

*Sir Geo.* George, sirrah.—Though a younger brother, the honour of knighthood was my reward for placing the glorious British flag over that of a daring enemy—therefore address me—

*Zach.* Yea, good George.

*Sir Geo.* George and Mary—here's levelling!—here's abolition of title with a vengeance! S'bloody, in this house they think no more of an English Knight, than if he was a French Duke.

*Lady A.* Kinsman, be patient; thou and thy son Henry, whom I have not beheld these twelve years, shall be welcome to my dwelling. Where now abideth the youth?

*Sir Geo.* At the Naval Academy, at Portsmouth.

*Lady A.* May I see the young man?

*Sir Geo.* What, to make a quaker of him? No, no—but hold—as she is a wealthy heiress, her marrying my son Harry will keep up and preserve the title in our family. (*aside*) Would thou be really glad to see him. Thou shalt Mary—John Dory—Ah, here's my valet de chambre.

*Enter JOHN DORY.*

*John.* Sir.

*Sir Geo.* Awaft, old man of war; you must instantly convoy my son from Portsmouth.

*John.* Then I must first convoy him to Portsmouth, for he happens to be out of dock already.

*Sir Geo.* What wind ow?

*John.*

## THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN.

*John.* You must know, on our quitting harbour—

*Sir Geo.* Damn your sea jaw, you marvellous dolphin, give me the contents of your log-book in plain English.

*John.* Why then, the young 'Squire has cut and run.

*Sir Geo.* What?

*John.* Got leave to come to you, and the master did not find out before yesterday, that instead of making for home he had sheer'd off towards London, directly sent notice to you, and Sam has trac'd us all the way here to bring you the news.

*Sir Geo.* What, a boy of mine quit his guns—I'll grapple him—come John.

*Lady A.* Order the carriage for mine uncle.

*Sir Geo.* No, thank ye, my Lady, let your equipage keep up your own dignity.—I've horses here, but won't knock them up—next village is the channel for the stage. My Lady, I'll bring the dog to you by the bowsprit, weigh anchor, crowd sail, and after him.

[Exit Sir George and John.]

Re-enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

*Eph.* The man of noise doth not tarry—then my spirit is glad.

*Lady A.* Let Sarah prepare chambers for my kinsman; and hire the maiden for me that thou didst mention.

*Eph.* I will, for this damsel is passing fair, and hath found grace in mine eyes. Mary, as thou art yet a stranger in this land, and just taken possession of this

estate, the law of society doth command thee to be on terms of amity with thy wealthy neighbours.

*Lady A.* Yea; but while I entertain the rich, the hearts of the poor shall also rejoice. I myself will now go forth into the adjacent hamlet, and invite all that cometh to good cheer.

*Eph.* Yea; and I will distribute among the poor, good books.

*Lady A.* And meat and drink too, friend Ephraim, in the fulness of plenty—they shall join in thanksgiving for those gifts of which I'm unworthy. [Exit.]

SCENE.—*A Road.*

*Enter HARRY and MIDGE.*

*Midge.* I say, Dick Buskin, harkee, my lad.

*Har.* What keeps Rover?

*Midge.* I'm sure I don't know: as you desired, I paid for our breakfast—but the devil's in that fellow, every inn we stop at he will always hang behind chattering with the bar-maid or the chamber-maid.

*Har.* Or any, or no maid—but he's a worthy lad, and I love him better, I think, than my own brother, had I one.

*Midge.* Oh, but Dick, mind my boy.

*Har.* Stop, Midge, though 'twas my orders, when I set out on this scamp with the players, the better to conceal my quality, for you before people to treat me as your companion, yet you at the same time should have had discretion enough to remember when

we

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we are alone that I am your master, and son to Sir George Thunder.

*Midge.* Sir, I ask your pardon; but by making yourself my equal, I've got so used to familiarity, that I find it curs'd hard to shake it off.

*Har.* Well, Sir, pray mind that familiarity is all over, my frolic is out, I now throw off the player, and shall return directly. My father must by this time have heard of my departure from the academy at Portsmouth, and though I was deluded away by my rage for acting, 'twas bad of me to give the gay old fellow any cause of uneasiness.

*Midge.* And, Sir, shall I and you never act another scene together—shall I never again play Sir Harry William Wildair for my own benefit, nor ever again have the pleasure of caneing your honour in the character of Alderman smuggler?

*Har.* In future, act the part of a smart coat and hat-brusher, or I shall have the pleasure of caneing you in the character of one that gives mighty blows. You were a good servant, but sirrah, I find by letting you crack your jokes and sit in my company, you're grown quite a rascal.

*Midge.* Yes, Sir, I was a modest well behaved lad, but evil communications corrupt good manners.

*Har.* Run back and tell Rover to make haste. To bring you down, I'll clap a livery on you—wear that, or find another master.



*Midge.* Well, Sir, I don't mind wearing a livery. But when one has so long had a halbert, it's damn'd hard to be again put into the rank. *[Aside.]*

*Har.* Well, if my father but forgives me, this three months excursion with the players has shew'd me some life, and a devilish deal of fun—for one circumstance, I shall ever remember it with pleasure—it's bringing me acquainted with Jack Rover—how long he stays—*Jack (calls).* In this forlorn stroller I have discovered qualities that honour human nature, and accomplishments that might grace a prince. My poor friend has often lent me his money; though he supposed me a poor needy devil, that could never be able to pay him. He shan't know who I am till it's in my power to serve him; only the rogue always marr'd the grand design of my frolic—I had no chance among the pretty women where he was; he had the knack of winning their hearts by his gaiety. Though so devilish pleasant in his quotations, which on the moment he dashes in a parody whimsically opposite to every occasion as it happens, I hope he won't find the purse I've hid in his pocket before we part. I dread the moment—but it's come.

*Rov. (without)* The brisk lightning I.

*Har.* Aye, there's the rattle—hurried on by the impetuous flow of his own volatile spirits, his life is a rapid stream of extravagant whim, and while the serious voice of humanity prompts his heart to the best actions, his features shine in laugh and levity.—

*Enter*



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*Enter ROVER.*  
Studying Bayes Jack.

Row. I'm the bold Thunder.

Har. I *am* indeed if he knew but all—*(aside)* Keep one standing in the road—

Row. Beg your pardon, my dear Dick, all the fault of—plague on't, that a man can't sleep and breakfast at an inn, then return to his bed-chamber for his gloves, but there he must find chamber-maids thumping feathers and knocking pillows about, and keep one, when one has affairs and business—upon my soul these girls' conduct to us is intolerable, the very thought brings blood into my face; and when ever they attempt to serve and provoke me so—Dam'me but I will—  
An't I right Dick?

Har. All in the wrong.

Row. No matter, that's the universal play all round the wroken. But you're so conceited because, by this company we're going to join at Winchester, you're engaged for high tragedy.

Har. And you for Ranger's plumes, and Foppington.

Row. Our first play is Lear—I was devilish imperfect in Edgar to'ther night at Lymington; I must look it over *(takes out a book)* "Away! the foul fiend follows me"—Holloa! stop a moment, we shall have the whole country after us.

Har. What now?

Row.

*Row.* That rosy-fac'd chamber-maid put me in such a passion, that by heavens I walk'd out of the house and forgot to pay the bill.

*Har.* Never mind, Rover, it's paid.

*Row.* Paid! why neither you nor Midge had money enough.

*Har.* I tell you 'tis paid.

*Row.* You paid—oh! very well, every honest fellow should be a stock purse. Lets push on—ten miles to Winchester—we shall be there by eleven.

*Har.* Our trunks at the inn are book'd for the Winchester coach.

*Row.* Our hero, Tom Stately, stept into the chaise with his tragedy-phiz—ha, ha, ha,—rides Bottikin between our Thalia and Melpomene—but I prefer walking to the car of Thespis. What do you wait for now?

*Har.* Which is the way?

*Row.* Here.

*Har.* Then I go there. (*point's opposite*)

*Row.* Eh.

*Har.* My dear boy, on this spot, and at this moment, we must part.

*Row.* Part!

*Har.* Rover, you wish me well.

*Row.* Well, and suppose so—part.

*Har.* Yes, part.

*Row.* What mystery and grand—what are you at; do you forget, you, Midge, and I are engaged to

Truncheon

Truncheon the manager, and that the bills are already up with our names to play to night at Winchester.

*Har.* Jack, you and I hope often to meet on the stage, in assum'd characters, if it's your wish we should ever meet again in our real ones of sincere friends, without asking whither I go, or my motives for leaving you, when I walk up this road, do you turn down that.

*Rov.* Joke.

*Har.* I'm serious—good bye.

*Rov.* If you repent your engagement with Truncheon, I'll break off too, and go with you wherever—

*Har.* Attempt to follow me, and even our acquaintance ends.

*Rov.* Eh.

*Har.* Don't think of my reasons, only that it must be.

*Rov.* Have I done any thing to Dick Buskin? leave me.

*Har.* I'm as much concern'd as you.—Good bye.

*Rov.* I can't even bid adieu, I wont either, if any cause could have been given—farewel.

*Har.* Bless my poor fellow—adieu.

*Rov.* Well-good—oh damnation.

[*Exit Rover and Harry.*]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Village, with a Cottage and Garden.**Enter GAMMON and EPHRAIM.**Gammon.***W**ELL, Master Ephraim, I may depend on thee, as you quakers never break your word.*Eph.* I have spoken to Mary, and she, at my request, consenteth to take thy daughter Jane for her handmaid.*Gam.* That's hearty—I intended to make a present to the person that does me such a piece of service, but I sha'n't affront you with it.*Eph.* I am meek and humble, and must take affronts.*Gam.* Then here's a guinea, Master Ephraim.*Eph.* I expected not this; but there's no harm in a guinea.*Gam.* So, I shall get my children off my hands. My son Sim is robbing me day and night, giving away my corn and what not among the poor; my daughter Jane—when girls have nought to do, this mischief love preeps into their minds, and then, hey, they're for kicking up their heels.—Sim, son Sim.*Enter SIM.**Sim.* Yes, feyther.*Gam.* Call your sifter.*Sim.* Jane, feyther wants you.*Enter JANE.**Jane.* Did you call me?*Gam.*



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*Gam.* I often told you both, but its now settled—  
you must go into the world and work for your bread.

*Sim.* Feyther, whatever you think right must be so;  
and I am content.

*Jane.* And I'm sure, feyther, I'm willing to do any  
thing you would have me.

*Gam.* There's ingratitude for you!—when my wife,  
your mother, died, I brought you up from the shell,  
and now that you're fleg'd, you want to fly off and  
forsake me.

*Sim.* Why, no, I'm willing to live with you all my  
days.

*Jane.* And I'm sure, feyther, if its your desire, I'll  
never part from you.

*Gam.* Here's an unnatural pair—what, you want to  
hang upon me like a couple of leeches, aye, to strip  
my branches, and leave me a wither'd hawthorn. See  
who's yonder. (*Exit Sim.*) Jane, Ephraim Smooth has  
hired you for Lady Amaranth.

*Jane.* La, then I shall live in the great house.

*Gam.* Her Ladyship has sent us all presents of good  
books, here, to read a chapter in; it gives a man pa-  
tience when he is in a passion. [*gives her a book.*]

*Jane.* Thank her good Ladyship.

*Gam.* My being incumbered with you both is the  
cause why old Banks here won't give me his sister.

*Jane.* That's a pity; if we must have a step-mother,  
madam Amelia would make us a very good one—  
but I wonder how she should refuse you, feyther, for  
I'm



I'm fure she thinks you a very portly man, in your scarlet coat and new scratch.

*[Retires into the house.]*

*Gam.* However, if Banks still refuses, I have him in my power, I'll turn them out of their cottage yonder, and the bailiff shall procure them a lodging. Here he comes.—

*Enter BANKS from the Cottage.*

Well, neighbour Banks, once for all, am I to marry your sifter?

*Banks.* That she best knows.

*Gam.* She says she won't.

*Banks.* Then I dare say she won't; for though a woman, I never knew her to prevaricate.

*Gam.* Then she won't have me. Fine thing that you and she, who're little better than paupers, dare to be so damn'd faucy.

*Banks.* Why, I confefs we are poor, but while that's the worst our enemies can say of us, we are content.

*[Exit into the garden.]*

*Gam.* Damn it, I wish I had a fair occasion to quarrel with him, I'd make him content with a devil to him—I'd knock him down, send him to a goal, and—but—I'll be up with him.

*Enter SIM.*

*Sim.* Oh, feyther, here's one Mr Lamp, a ringleader of the shew-folk's, come from Andover, to act in our village—he wants a barn to play in, if you'll hire him yours.

*Gam.*

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*Gam.* Surely, boy, I'll never refuse money; but lest he should engage the great room at the inn, run and tell him—stop, I'll go myself; a short cut through the garden——

*Banks.* Why, you, or any neighbour is welcome to walk in it, or partake of any thing it produces, but making it a common thoroughfare is——

*Gam.* Here, son, kick down that gate.

*Banks.* What!

*Gam.* Does the lad hear?

*Sim.* Why, yes, yes.

*Gam.* Does the fool understand?

*Sim.* Hang't I'm but young yet, but if understanding teaches me how to wrong my neighbours, I hope I may never live to years of discretion.

*Gam.* What, you cur, do you disobey your feyther—burst open the garden gate, as I command you.

*Sim.* Feyther, he that made both you and the garden gate, commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

*Gam.* Here's an ungracious rogue—then I must do it myself.

*Banks.* Hold, neighbour—small as the spot is, its now my only possession, and the man shall first take my life, who sets his foot in it against my will.

*Gam.* I'm in such a passion.

*Enter JANE from the House.*

*Jane.* Feyther, if you're in a passion, read the book you gave me.

C

*Gam.*

*Gam.* Plague O the wench, but you huffy I'll,—  
and you unlucky bud.

*[Exeunt Sim and Jane.]*

*[Gammon goes and stands at the door of the house.]*

*A Storm of Rain.*

*Enter ROVER.*

*Rov.* Zounds, here's a pelting shower, and no shelter—poor Tom's a-cold. I'm wet through; here's a good promising house. *(Going to Gammon's house, Gammon prevents his entrance.)*

*Gam.* Hold, my lad, can't let folks in till I know who they are; there's a public-house not above half a mile on.

*Banks.* Step in here, young man, my fire is small, but it shall cheer you with a hearty welcome.

*Rov.* The poor cottager and the substantial farmer. *(Kneels)* Hear nature, dear goddess, hear, if ever you design to make his corn-field fertile, change your purpose; that from the blighted ears no grains may fall, to fat his stubble goose. And when to town he drives his hogs (so like himself) oh let him feel the soaking rain; then he may curse his crimes, to taste and know how sharper than the serpent's tooth is his.—Dam'me, but I'm spouting in the rain all this time.

*[Rises and enters into Bank's cottage.]*

*Gam.* Ah, neighbour, you'll soon scratch a beggar's head, if you harbour every mad vagrant, this may be one of the footpads that it seems have got about the country, but I'll have an execution and seize on thy  
goods

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goods this day, my honest neighbour.—Eh—the sun strikes out—quite clear'd up.

*Enter JANE.*

*Jane.* La! Feyther if there isn't Lady Amaranth's chariot coming down the village.

*Gam.* Oh! thou huffy.

*Jane.* Bless me, Feyther, no time for anger now, here's Lady Amaranth's chariot,—la it stops.

*Gam.* Her Ladyship is coming out and walks this way, she may wish to rest herself in my house—Jane we must always make rich folks welcome.

*Jane.* I'll run in and get all the things to rights, but Feyther your cravat and wig is all—

*[Adjusts Gammon and then exit into the house.]*

*Enter TWITCH.*

*Twitch.* Well, master Gammon, as you desired me, I am come to serve this copy of a writ, and arrest master Banks, where is he?

*Gam.* Yes! now I'm determin'd on't—waunts, stand aside, I'll speak to you a-non.

*Enter LADY AMARANTH.*

*Lady A.* Friend Jane, whom I have taken to be my hand-maid, is thy Daughter.

*Gam.* So her mother said, an't please your Ladyship.

*Lady A.* Ephraim Smooth acquainted me, thou'rt a wealthy yeoman.

*Gam.* My Lady, I make shift to pay my rent.

*Lady A.* Being as yet a stranger on these my lands, I am come to see thy hamlet, to behold with mine

eyes,



eyes, the distressed of my poor tenants, I wish to relieve their wants.

*Gam.* Right, your Ladyship, for charity hides a deal of sin, how good of you to think of the poor, that's so like me, I'm always contriving how to relieve my neighbours—you must lay Banks in prison to night.

[*Aside to Twitch.*

*Enter JANE.*

*Jane.* And if it please you, will your Ladyship enter our humble dwelling and rest your Ladyship.

*Gam.* Do my Lady, to receive so great a Lady from her chariot is an honour, I dreamt not of, though—for the hungry and weary-foot travellers my doors are always open, and my morsel ready.

*Lady A.* Thou art benevolent, and I will enter thy doors with satisfaction.

*Gam.* Knock, and when he comes out touch him.

[*Aside to Twitch.*

[*Exeunt all but Twitch into Gammon's house.*

*Twitch.* Eh, where's the writ. [*Knocks at Bank's door.*

*Banks.* Master Twitch, what's your business with me?

*Twitch.* Only a little business here against you.

*Banks.* Me!

*Twitch.* Farmer Gammon has brought a thirty pound bank note of hand of yours.

*Banks.* I did not think his malice could have stretched so far; I thought the love he possess'd for my Sister might. Why it's true, master Twitch—to lend our indigent cottagers small sums, when they were unable

to



to pay their rent, I got a lawyer Quirk to procure me the money, and hoped their Industry would have put it in my power to take up the note before now; however I'll go round and try what they can do, and call on you and settle it.

*Twitch.* No, no, that won't do; you must go with me.

*Rov.* (*From the cottage*) Old gentleman come quick, or I'll draw another bottle of your currant wine.

*Twitch.* You'd better not, make no noise, and go with me.

*Enter ROVER.*

*Rov.* Oh, you're here—rain over—quite fair,—I'll take a snuff of the open air too—Eh! what's the matter?

*Twitch.* What's that to you?

*Rov.* What's that to me?—why you're very unmannerly.

*Twitch.* Here's a rescue.

*Banks.* Nay, my dear Sir, I'd wish you not to bring yourself into trouble about me.

*Twitch.* Now, since you don't know what's civil—if the debt an't paid, to jail you go.

*Rov.* My kind hospitable, good old host, to jail—what's the fun you scoundrel?

*Twitch.* Better words, or I'll—

*Rov.* Stop, if you dare to utter another word, good or bad, except to tell me what's your demand upon

this Gentleman, and I'll give you the greatest beating, you ever had since you commenced rascal.

*Twitch.* Why, master, I don't want to quarrel with you because——

*Rev.* You'll get nothing by it, do you know, you villain, that I am this moment the greatest man living.

*Twitch.* Who, pray?

*Rev.* I am the bold Thunder, Sirrah——know that I carry my prize of gold in my coat pocket, though Dam'me if I know how it came there (*aside, takes the purse out*) There's twenty pictures of his Majesty; therefore, in the Kings Name, I free his liege subject, and now who am I?

*Twitch.* Ten pieces short, my master; but if you're a housekeeper, I'll take this and your bail.

*Rev.* Then for bail you must have a housekeeper——what's to be done?——

*Enter GAMMON.*

Oh, here's old little hospitality——I know you're a house-keeper, though your fire-side was too warm for me. Look here, some rapacious griping rascal has had this worthy gentleman arrested——now, a certain good-for-nothing rattling fellow has paid twenty guineas of the sum, you pass your word for the other nine, we'll run back into the old gentleman's house, and over his currant wine, our first toast shall be, liberty to the honest debtor, and confusion to the hard-hearted creditor.

*Gam.* I shan't.

*Rev.* No——what's your name?

*Gam.*

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*Gam. Gammon.* [Exit.]

*Rev.* Then, dam'me, you're the Hampshire hog.  
Sdeath, what shall we do to extricate?—Damn the money.

*Enter LADY AMARANTH from the house.*

*Lady A.* What tumult's this?

*Rev.* A lady—Ma'am, your most obedient humble servant—a quaker too—they're generally kind and humane, and that face is a prologue to a play of a thousand good acts—may-be, she'd help us here (*aside*) Ma'am you must know that I know this gentleman—I mean, he got a little behind hand, from bad crops, as every honest well-principled man may, and from rain lodging in his corn, and his cattle from murrain and rot—rot the murrain, you understand—and then in steps I with my—in short, Madam, I'm the most out of the way story-teller in the world, when myself is the hero of the tale.

*Twich.* Mr Banks has been arrested for thirty pounds, and this gentleman has paid twenty guineas of the sum.

*Banks.* My litigious neighbour to expose me thus!

*Lady A.* The young man and maiden within have pictur'd thee as a man of irreproachable morals, tho' unfortunate.

*Rev.* Madam, he's an honest fellow, I've known him above forty years—he's the best hand at stirring a fire—if you was to taste his currant wine.

*Banks.*

*Banks.* Madam, I never aspired to an enviable rank in life, yet hitherto pride and prudence kept me above the reach of pity—but obligation from a stranger—

*Lady A.* Is he really a stranger, and attempt to free thee? Friend, thou hast usurped a right, which here alone belongeth to me; as I enjoy the blessing which these lands produce, I own also the heart-delighting privilege of dispensing those blessings to the wretched. Thou madest thyself my worldly banker, and no cash of mine in thy hands, but there I ballance my account. *(takes a note from a pocket-book.)*

*Row.* Madam, my master pays me, nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, or disobeying his command.

Run, run, Orlando, carve on ev'ry tree,

The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she. *[Exit.]*

*Banks.* *(to Twich)* But, Sir, I insist you'll return him his money—Stop. *(going)*

*Twich.* Aye, stop, *(holds Banks)*

*Lady A.* Where dwelleth he?

*Banks.* I fancy, Ma'am, where he can; I understand, from his discourse, that he is on his way to join a company of actors in the next town.

*Lady A.* A profane stage player with such a gentle generous heart, yet so whimsically wild, like the unconscious rose, modestly shrinking from the recollection of its own grace and sweetness.

*Enter*



*Enter JANE, from Gammon's House.*

*Jane.* Now, my Ladyship, I'm fit to attend your Ladyship.

*Lady A.* This maiden may find out for me whither he goeth (*aside*.) Call on my steward, and thy legal demands shall be satisfied. [*To Twich, who exits.*

*Jane.* Here, coachman, drive up my Lady's chariot nearer our door. (*calling off*)

*Lady A.* Friend, be chearful, thine and thy sister's sorrows shall be but as an April shower.

[*Exit Banks into his house, Lady A. and Jane.*

SCENE.—*Inside of an Inn.*

*Enter WAITER and ROVER.*

*Rov.* Hilloa, friend, when does the coach set out for London?

*Wait.* In about an hour, Sir.

*Rov.* Has the Winchester coach passed by yet?

*Wait.* No, Sir.

[*Exit Waiter.*

*Rov.* That's lucky, my trunk is here still—then I will not, since I've lost the fellowship of my friend Dick Buskin, I'll travel no more—I'll try a London audience—who knows but I may get an engagement—this celestial lady quaker must be rich, and how ridiculous for such a poor dog as I am even to think of her—how Dick would laugh at me, if he knew. I dare say by this she has released my kind host from the gripe—I should like to be certain, though.

*Enter*



*Enter LANDLORD.*

*Land.* You'll dine here, Sir—I'm honest Bob Johnson—kept the sun these twenty years—excellent dinner on table at two.

*Row.* Yet my love indeed is appetite; I'm as hungry as the sea, I can digest as much.

*Land.* Hungry as the sea—then you won't do for my Shilling ordinary. Sir, there's a very good ordinary at the Saracen's head at the end of the town.—Shou'dn't have thought, indeed, of hungry foot travellers to eat like—Coming, Sir. *[Exit.*

*Row.* I'll not join this company at Winchester—no, I'll not stay in the country, hopeless ever to expect a look, except of scorn, from this lady. I wonder if she's found out that I'm a player—I'll take a touch at the London theatre, the public there are candid and generous, and before my merit can have time to create enemies, I'll save money, and a fig for the saltan and sophy.

*Enter JANE, SIM following.*

*Jane.* Aye, that's he.

*Row.* But if I fail, by heavens I'll overwhelm the manager, his empire, and himself, in one prodigious ruin.

*Jane.* Ruin! O, Lord!

*Sim.* What can you expect else, when you follow the young men—I've dogg'd you all the way.

*Jane.* Well, wasn't I sent.

*Sim.* O, yes, you were sent—very likely—who sent you?

*Jane.*

*Jane.* I won't tell it's my Lady, because she bid me not. (*aside.*)

*Sim.* I'll keep you from shame—A fine life I should have in the parish, rare fleering, if a sister of mine should stand some Sunday at church in a white sheet—and to all their flouts what could I say?

*Rev.* Thus, I say—My sister's wrong'd, my sister blows a bella born as high and noble as the attorney; do her justice, or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood shall make this hay-mow horrible to beadies.—Say that, young Chamont.

*Sim.* Ecod, I believe its full moon. You go home to your place, and mind your business. (*to Jane.*)

*Jane.* My Lady will be so glad I found him—I don't wonder at it, he's a fine spoken man.

*Sim.* Hang it, will you stand grinning here at the wild bucks.

*Jane.* Will you be quiet, the gentleman might wish to send her Ladyship a compliment: an't please you, Sir, if it is even a kiss between you and me, it shall go safe; for though you should give it to me, brother Sim can take it my Lady.

*Sim.* La, will you go? (*puts her off*)

*Rev.* To a nunnery, go—to a nunnery, go go—I'm cursedly out of spirits—but hang sorrow, I may as well divert myself—'tis meat and drink for me to see a clown—Shepherd was't ever at court.

*Sim.* Not I.

*Rev.* Then thou art damned.

*Sim.*

*Sim.* Eh!

*Rov.* Yes, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.  
Ah, little hospitality!

*Enter GAMMON.*

*Gam.* Eh, where's the shewman that wants my barn?  
—Ah, son Sim.

*Rov.* Is he your son, young Clodpole—take him to  
your wheat-stacks, and there teach him manners.

*Gam.* Oh, thou art the fellow that would bolt out  
of the dirty roads into people's houses——Sim's  
schooling is mightily thrown away, if he has not more  
manners than thou.

*Sim.* Why, feyther, it is one of the players, he acted  
Tom Fool in King Larry, t'other night at Lymington—I  
thought I know'd him, by the face, thof he had a straw  
hat and a blanket about'n.—Ha, how comical that was  
you said.

*Rov.* Pillicock sat upon Pillicock-hill—pillo—loc—  
loc.

*Sim.* Why, feyther, that's it, he's at it again——  
feyther, laugh.

*Gam.* Hold your tongue, boy, I believe he's no  
better than he shou'd be; the moment I saw him, says  
I to myself, he's a rogue.

*Rov.* There thou spokest truth to thyself for once in  
thy life.

*Gam.* I'm glad you confess it; but her Ladyship  
shall have all the vagrants whipt out of the country.

*Rov.*

*Rov.* Vagrants, wretch—despite overwhelm thee—only squint, and by heaven I'll beat thy blown-up body till it rebound like a tennis ball.

*Sim.* Beat my feyther—no, no—thou must first beat me. (*pulls off his coat.*)

*Rov.* Though love cool, friendship fall off, brother, divide, subjects rebel, oh, never let the sacred bond be crack'd betwixt son and father. Thou art an honest reptile—(*to Sim*) I never a father's protection knew—never had a father to protect.

*Sim.* Ecod, he's not acting now.

*Enter LANDLORD, with book, pen, and ink.*

*Gam.* Landlord, is this Mr Lamp here?

*Land.* I've just opened a bottle for him in the other parlour.

[*Exit Gam.*]

*Sim.* (*to Rov.*) Gi's thy hand—I like thee, I don't know how it is, I think I could lose my life for him—but mus'n't let feyther be lickt neither. (*Exit after his father, clapping his hands and shouting*) Pillicock sat upon Pillicock Hill.

*Rov.* I'll make my entrance on the London stage boards in Bayes; yes, I shall have no competitor against me. Egad, its very hard, that a gentleman and an author can't come to teach them, but he must break his noise, and all that. So the players are gone to dinner. (*to Landlord*)

*Land.* No such people frequent the fun, I assure you, Sir.

D

*Rov.*



## WILD OATS; OR,

*Rov.* Sun, moon, and stars—now mind the eclipse,  
Mr Johnson.

*Land.* I heard nothing of it, Sir.

*Enter WAITER.*

*Wait.* Sir, two gentlemen in the parlour wishes to  
speak with you. (*to Rov.*)

*Rov.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

*Land.* Sir, you go in the stage; as we book the pas-  
sengers, what name?

*Rov.* I'm the bold Thunder. [*Exit.*]

*Land.* (*writing*) Mr Thunder.

*Enter JOHN DORY.*

*John.* I want two places in the stage coach, because  
I and another gentleman are going a journey.

*Land.* Just two vacant—what name?

*John.* Avast, I go upon deck, but let me see who is  
my master's messmates in the cabin. (*reads.*) Cap-  
tain. M<sup>c</sup>Clallough, Counsellor Flaherghan, Miss Gos-  
ling, Mr Thunder—what's this—speak, man, is there  
any person of that name going?

*Land.* Book'd him this moment.

*John.* If our voyage should be at an end before we  
begin; if this Mr Thunder should be my master's son  
—what sort of a gentleman is he?

*Land.* An odd sort of a gentleman—I suspect he's  
one of the players.

*John.* True, Sam said 'twas some of the players  
people forced him from Portsmouth school—it must

be



be the 'Squire—shew me where he's moor'd, my old pursuer. [Exeunt.

SCENE—*A Room.*

LAMP and TRAP discovered.

Trap. This same old Gammon seems a furly spark.

Lamp. No matter; his barn will hold full thirty pounds, and if we can but engage this young fellow, this Rover, he'll cram it every night he plays—he's certainly a very good actor. Now, Trap, you must enquire out a good carpenter, and be brisk about the building. I think we shall have smart business, as we stand so well for women too—Oh, here he comes.

Trap. Knap him on any terms.

Enter ROVER.

Rov. Gentlemen, your most obedient—the waiter told me——

Lamp. Pray, sit down, good Sir. Sir, to our better acquaintance. (*drinks*)

Rov. Hav'n't a doubt, Sir.

Lamp. Only suffer me to put up your name to play with us for six nights, and twelve guineas are yours.

Rov. I thank you; I must confess your offer is liberal, but my friends have flattered me into a sort of opinion, that encourages me to take a touch at the capital.

Lamp. Oh, my dear Sir, a London Theatre is very dangerous ground.

Rov. Why, I may fail, and gods may groan, and ladies cry, *the awkward creature*; but should I top my part thus, shall not gods applaud, and ladies sigh, *the charming*

*charming fellow*, and the managers take me by the hand, and treasures smile upon me, as they count the shining guineas.

*Lamp.* But suppose——

*Row.* Aye, suppose the contrary, I have a certain friend here in my coat pocket—(*feels for it*)—Zounds, where is it—Oh, the devil, I gave it to discharge my kind host. Going to London, and not master of five shillings. (*aside*) But, Sir, to return to the twenty pounds.

*Lamp.* Twenty pounds! well, be it so.

*Row.* Sir, I engage with you; call a rehearsal when and where you please, and I'll attend you.

*Lamp.* Sir, I'll step for the cast book, and you shall choose your characters.

*Trap.* And I'll write the play-bill directly.

[*Exeunt Lamp and Trap.*]

*Row.* Since I must remain here some time, and hav'n't the most distant hope of ever speaking to this goddess again, I wish I had enquired her name, that I might know how to keep out of her way.

*Enter LANDLORD and JOHN DORY.*

*Land.* There's the gentleman.

*John.* Very well. (*Exit Land.*) What cheer, master 'Squire.

*Row.* What cheer, eh, my hearty.

*John.* The very face of his father—And ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?

*Row.* Why, yes, I am sometimes.

*John.*

*John.* Do you know, if I had you at the gangway, I'd give you a neater dozen than ever you got from your school-master's cat-o-nine-tails.

*Rov.* You wou'dn't, sure.

*John.* I would, sure.

*Rov.* Indeed, pleasant enough. Who is this genius?

*John.* I've dispatch'd a shallop to tell Lady Amaranth you're here.

*Rov.* You hav'n't.

*John.* I have.

*Rov.* Now who the devil's this Lady Amaranth?

*John.* I expect her chariot every moment, and when it comes, you'll get into it, and I'll set you down genteelly at her house, then I'll have obeyed my orders, and hope your father will be satisfied.

*Rov.* My father—who is he, pray?

*John.* Psha, leave off your fun, and prepare to ask his pardon.

*Rov.* Ha, ha, ha!—my worthy friend, you're quite wrong in this affair;—upon my word, I'm not the person you take me for. (*going.*)

*John.* You don't go, though you've got your name down in the stage-coach book, Mr Thunder.

*Rov.* Mr Thunder—stage-coach book—this must be some curious mistake—ha, ha, ha!

*John.* Oh, my lad, your father, Sir George, will soon change your note.

*Rov.* Will he—he must first give me one. Sir George—then my father's a Knight, it seems—very good faith

—ha, ha, ha! I'm not the gentleman you think, upon my honour.

*John.* I ought not to think you any gentleman, for giving your honour in a false word.

*Enter WAITER.*

*Wait.* Her Ladyship's carriage is at the door, and I fancy, Sir, it's you the coachman wants. (*to John.*)

*John.* Yes, it's me. (*exit Waiter.*) I attend your honour.

*Rov.* The choice is made, and I've my Ranger's drefs in my trunk. Cousin of Buckingham, thou sage grave man.

*John.* What.

*Rov.* Since you will buckle fortune on my back, to bear the burthen whether I will or no, I must have patience to endure the load; but if black scandal, or foul-fac'd——

*John.* Black, foul-fac'd—dam'me, my face was as fair as yours before I went to sea.

*Rov.* Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me.

*John.* Man, don't stand preaching parson Palmer, come to the chariot.

*Rov.* Aye, to the chariot bear me—Bucephalus among the billows. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.



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ACT III.

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SCENE.—LADY AMARANTH'S House.

*Enter LADY AMARANTH and EPHRAIM.**Lady A.*

THO' thou hast settled that distressed gentleman's debts, let his sister come unto me, and remit a quarter's rent to all my tenants.

*Eph.* As thou biddest it, I have discharged from the pound, the widow's cattle; but shall I let the law-suit drop against the farmer's son, who did shoot the pheasant?

*Lady A.* Yea; but instantly turn from my service the gamekeeper's man that did kill the fawn while it was eating from his hand—we should hate guile, tho' we love venison.

*Eph.* Since the death of old Dovehouse (who, though one of the faithful, was an active man) this part of the country is infested with covetous men, called robbers; and I have, in thy name, said unto the people, whoever apprehendeth one of these, I will reward, yea, with thirty pieces of gold. (*knocking without.*) That beating of one brass against another at thy door, proclaimeth the approach of vanity, whose heart swelleth at an empty sound. [*Exit.*

*Lady A.* But my heart is possessed with the idea of that wandering youth, whose benevolence induced him



him to part with, perhaps his all, to free the unhappy debtor. His person is amiable, his addresses (according to the worldly modes) formed to pleasure and to delight—but he's poor—is that a crime?—perhaps meanly born—but one good action is an illustrious pedigree.—I feel I love him, and in that word are birth, fame, and riches.

*Enter JANE.*

*Jane.* Oh, Madam, my Lady, an't please you.

*Lady A.* Did'st thou find the young man, that I may return him the money he paid for my tenant?

*Jane.* I found him, Ma'am, and I found him, and he talked of what he said.

*Lady A.* What did he say?

*Jane.* He said, Ma'am, and says he—I'll be hang'd, Ma'am, if he did'n't talk about ruin, now I think of that—but if he had'n't gone to London in the stage coach—

*Lady A.* Is he gone?

*Enter JOHN DORY.*

*John.* Oh, my Lady, mayhap John Dory is not the man to be sent after young gentlemen that scamper from school, and run about the country a play acting. Pray walk up stairs, Master Thunder.

*Lady A.* Hast thou brought my kinsman hither?

*John.* Well then, I ha'n't—will you only walk up, if you please, Master Harry?

*Jane.*

*Jane.* Will you walk up, if you please, Master Harry?

*Lady A.* Friendship requireth, yet I'm not disposed to communicate with company.

*Jane.* Oh, bless me, Ma'am, if it isn't——

*Enter ROVER, distressed.*

*Rov.* 'Tis I, Hamlet, the Dane—thus far into the bowels of the land have we march'd on——John, the bloody devouring bear.

*John.* He call'd me bull in the coach.

*Rov.* This lady Amaranth——by heavens, the very angel quaker.

*Lady A.* The generous youth, my cousin Harry.

*John.* He's for you, make the most of him.

[*Rover crosses over to Lady A. John whispers him on left hand side.*]

*John.* Hark'ee—she's as rich as an India-man, and I tell you, your father wishes you would grapple her by the heart. There's an engagement between these two vessels, but little Cupid's the only man that's to take minutes, so come. (*to Jane.*)

*Jane.* Ma'am, a'n't I to wait on you?

*John.* No, my las, your to wait on me.

*Jane.* Wait on you!—lack-a-day, am I?

*John.* By this, Sir George is come to the inn. Without letting the younker know, I'll bring him here, and surprise both father and son with a joyful meeting (*aside.*) Now court her you mad devil. (*to Rover*) Come, now usher me down like a lady. (*to Jane.*)

*Jane.*

*Jane.*

*Jane.* Yes, there's love between them, I see it in their eyes—bless the dear couple—this way, Mr Sailor gentleman.

[*Exeunt Jane and John.*]

*Row.* (*aside*) By heavens, a most delectable woman.

*Lady A.* Cousin, when I saw thee in the village free the sheep from the wolf, why did'st thou not tell me thou wer't son to my uncle, Sir George?

*Row.* Because, my Lady, I did not know it myself.

*Lady A.* Why wou'd'st thou vex thy father, and quit thy school?

*Row.* A truant disposition—good my Lady brought me from Wittemberg.

*Lady A.* Thy father designs thee for his dangerous profession—but is thy inclination turned to the voice of trumpets and sounds of mighty slaughter?

*Row.* Why, Ma'am, as for old Boreas, my dad, when the blast of war blows in his ears, he's a tyger in his fierce resentment; for me, I think it a pity—so it is—that villainous saltpetre should be digg'd out of the bowels of the harmless earth, which many a good tall fellow hath destroy'd, with wound, and guns, and drums—Heaven save the mark!

*Lady A.* Indeed thou art tall, my cousin, and grown of comely stature—our families have long been separated.

*Row.* They have, since Adam, I believe. (*aside*)—then, Lady, let that sweet bud of love now ripen to a beauteous flower.

*Lady A.* Love!

*Row.*

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*Rev.* Excellent wench—perdition catch my soul—but I do love thee ; and when I love thee not—Chaos is come again.

*Lady A.* Thou art of a happy disposition.

*Rev.* If I were now to die, it were to be happy !—Let our senses dance in concert to the joyful minutes, and this, and this, the only discord make (*embracing.*)

*Enter JANE, with cake and wine.*

*Jane.* Ma'am, an't please you, Mr Zachariah bid me——

*Rev.* Why you fancy yourself Cardinal Woolsey in this family.

*Jane.* No, Sir, I'm not Cardinal Woolsey, I'm only my Lady's maid here.

*Rev.* A bowl of cream for your Catholic Majesty's.

*Jane.* Cream ? no, Sir ;—that's wine and water.

*Rev.* You get no water—take the wine, great Potentate. (*Gives Lady A. a glass, and drinks*)

*Jane.* Madam, my father begs leave——

*Rev.* Go, go, thou shallow Pomona. [*Exit Jane.*]

*Enter GAMMON and LAMP.*

*Rev.* Eh ! Zounds, my Manager !

*Gam.* I hope her Ladyship has'n't found out 'twas I had Banks arrested. (*aside*) Would your Ladyship give leave for this honest man and comrades to act a few plays in the town, 'cause I have let 'em my barn——'twill be some little help to me, my Lady.

*Rev.* My Lady, I understand these affairs, leave me to settle them.

*Lady A.*



*Lady A.* True, these are delusions, as a woman, I understand not—but by my cousin's advice I will abide—ask his consent.

*Gam.* So, I must pay my respects to the young 'Squire (*aside*). An't please your honour, if a poor man, like me (*bows*) dare offer his humble duty.

*Rov.* Can't thou bow to a vagrant, Eh, little Hospitality. [*Exit Gam.*]

*Lamp.* Please your honour, if I may presume to hope, you'll be graciously pleased to take our little squadron under your honour's protection.

*Lady A.* What say'st thou, Henry?

*Rov.* Aye, where's Henry?—true—that's me—strange I should always forget my name, and not half an hour ago I was christen'd (*aside*.) Hark ye, do you play yourself, fellow?

*Lamp.* Yes, Sir, and I've just now engaged a new actor, one Mr Rover—such an actor.

*Rov.* If such is your best actor, you sha'n't have my permission—my dear Madam, the damn'dest fellow in the world—get along out of the town, or dam'me, I'll have you all, man, woman, and child, rag and fiddle-stick, clapp'd into the whirligig.

*Lady A.* Good man, abide not here.

*Pov.* What, you scoundrel!—now if this new actor you brag of, that crack of your company, was any thing like a gentleman——

*Lamp.* Why it can't be him sure!—

*Rov.*

*Row.* It is, my dear friend, if I was really the poor strolling dog you thought me, I should tread your four boards, and crow the cock of your barn-door fowl; but, as fate has ordain'd, I'm a gentleman, and son to Sir——what the devil's my father's name? (*aside*).——You must be content to murder Shakespeare, without making me an accomplice.

*Lamp.* But, my most gentle Sir, I and my treasurer, Trap, have trumpeted your fame ten miles round the country—the bills are posted, the candles bought, the stage built, the fiddlers engag'd—all on the tip-toe of expectation——we should have to-morrow night an overflow—ay, thirty pounds, dear worthy Sir; you would not go to ruin a whole community and their families, that now depends on the exertion of your brilliant talents.

*Row.* I never was uniform but in one maxim, that is, though I do little good, to hurt nobody but myself.

*Lady A.* Since thou hast promised, much as I prize the adherence to the customs in which I was brought up, thou shalt not sully thy honour, by a breach of thy word; for truth is more shining than beaten gold—play, if it can bring good to these people.

*Row.* Shall I?

*Lady A.* This falleth out well, for I have bidden all the gentry round unto my house warming, and these pleasantries may afford them innocent and chearful entertainment.

*Rov.* True, my Lady, your guests a'n't Quakers, though you are; and when we ask people to our house we study to please them, not ourselves; but if you do furnish up a play or two, the Muses sha'n't honour that churlish fellow's barn.

*Lady A.* Barn! no, that gallery shall be thy theatre; and, in spite of the grave doctrine of Ephraim Smooth, my friends and I will behold and rejoice in thy pranks, my pleasant cousin.

*Rov.* My kind, my charming Lady!—Hey!—brighten up bully Lamp, Carpenters, Taylors, Managers, distribute your box tickets for my Lady's gallery—come, gentle cousin, the actors are at hand, and by their shew you shall know all that you are like to know.

[*Exit Lamp. Exeunt Lady and Rover.*]

SCENE.—*An Apartment in an Inn.*

*Enter HARRY and MIDGE.*

*Har.* Though I went back to Portsmouth Academy with a contrite heart to continue my studies, yet, from my father's angry letter, I dread the woeful storm at our first meeting. I fancy the people at the inn don't recollect me; it reminds me of my pleasant friend, poor Jack Rover; I wonder where he is now.

*Midge.* And brings to my mind a certain strolling acquaintance of mine, poor Dick Buskin.

*Har.* Then I desire, Sir, you'll turn Dick Buskin out of your head.

*Midge.*

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*Midge.* Can't, Sir, the dear, good-natur'd, wicked son of—I beg your honour's pardon.

*Har.* Midge, you must, soon as I'm drest, step out and enquire whose house my father is at—I didn't think he had any acquaintance in this part of the country; found what humour he's in, and how the land lies, before I venture into his presence.

*Enter WAITER.*

*Wait.* Sir, the room is ready for you to dress. [*Exit.*]

*Har.* I shall only throw off my boots, and you'll shake a little powder in my hair.

*Midge.* Then, hey puff, I shoulder my curling irons.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SIR GEORGE and LANDLORD.*

*Sir Geo.* I can hear nothing of these deserters—by my first intelligence, they'll not venture up to London; they must still be lurking about the country—Landlord have any suspicious looking persons put in at your house?

*Land.* Yes, Sir, now and then.

*Sir Geo.* What do you do with them?

*Land.* Why, Sir, when a man calls for liquor, that I think has got no money, I make him pay before-hand.

*Sir Geo.* Damn your liquor, you self-interested porpoise, chattering about your own private affairs, when public good, or fear of general calamity, should be the only compass; these fellows I am in pursuit of, run from their ships; and if our navy is unmanned, what becomes of you and your house, you dunghill cormorant?

E 2.

*Land.*



*Land.* This is a very abusive sort of a Gentleman, but he has a full pocket, or he wou'd not be so saucy (*aside*). [Exit.

*Sir Geo.* This rascal, I believe, does not know I'm Sir George Thunder—wind, still variable, blows my affairs athwart each other, not to know what's become of my runagate son Harry—and when my Lady niece, squeezing up the plumage of our illustrious family in her little mean Quaker's bonnet—I must to town after—'Sblood! when I catch my son Harry—Oh, here's John Dory.

*Enter JOHN.*

Have you taken the places in the London coach for me?

*John.* A hoy! your honour, is that yourself?

*Sir Geo.* No, I'm besides myself—where's my son?

*John.* What's o'clock?

*Sir Geo.* Why do you talk of clocks or time pieces?—all Glas's reckoning and log-line are run wild with me.

*John.* If it's two, your son is this moment walking with Lady Amaranth in her garden.

*Sir Geo.* With Lady Amaranth?

*John.* If half after, they've cast anchor to rest themselves among the posies; if three, they're got up again; if four, they're picking a bit of cram'd fowl; and if half after, they're picking their teeth, and cracking walnuts over a bottle of calcavella.

*Sir Geo.* My son!—my dear friend, where did you find him?

*John.*

*John.* I found him where he was, and I found him where he is.

*Sir Geo.* What! and he come to Lady Amaranth's?

*John.* No, I brought him there from this house, in her carriage—I won't tell him Mr Harry went among the players, or he'd never forgive him (*aside*)——  
Oh, such a merry, civil, crazy, crack-brain'd—the very picture of your honour.

*Sir Geo.* What, he's in high spirits—ha, ha, ha—the dog—I hope he had discretion enough though to throw a little gravity over his mad humour, before his prudent cousin.

*John.* He threw himself upon his knees before her, and that did quite as well.

*Sir Geo.* Made love to her already!—ha, ha, ha,—oh the impudent, cunning villain!—what, and may be he——

*John.* Indeed he did give her a smack. Ah! he's a chip of the old block.

*Sir Geo.* Indeed—ha, ha, ha.

*John.* Oh, he threw his arms about her as eager as I would to catch a falling decanter of Madeira.

*Sir Geo.* Huzza, victoria!—here will be a juncture of two bouncing estates—but confound the money!—John, you shall have a bowl for a jolly boat to swim in. Roll in a puncheon of rum, a hoghead of fugar, shake an orchard of oranges, and let the landlord drain his fish-pond yonder—a bumper, a bumper, &c. (*sings*).

*John.* Then, my good Master, Sir George, I'll order a bowl, since you're in the humour for it. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Geo.* And so the wild rogue is this instant rattling up her prim Ladyship? Eh, isn't this he? Left her already!

*Enter HARRY.*

*Har.* I must have left my cane in this room.—— Eh, my father!

*Sir Geo.* (*Looking at his watch.*) Just half after four: why, Harry, you've made great haste in cracking your walnuts.

*Har.* Yes; he has heard of my frolics with the players. (*aside.*) Dear father, if you'll but forgive me—

*Sir Geo.* Why, indeed, you have acted very bad.

*Har.* Sir, it should be considered I was but a novice.

*Sir Geo.* However, I shall think of nothing now but your Benefit.

*Har.* Very odd his approving of—(*Aside.*) I thank you, Sir; but if it's agreeable to you, I have done with Benefits.

*Sir Geo.* If I was not the best of fathers, you might indeed hope none from me; but no matter if you can but get the Fair Quaker——

*Har.* Or the Humours of the Navy, Sir.

*Sir Geo.* What! How dare you reflect on the Humours of the Navy? The navy has very good humours, or I'd never see your dog's face again, you villain! But I'm cool.—Eh, boy, a snug easy chariot.

*Har.*

*Har.* I'll order it ; desire my father's carriage to draw up.

*Sir Geo.* Mine, you rogue, I've none ; I mean Lady Amaranth's.

*Har.* Yes, Sir, Lady Amaranth's chariot.

*Sir Geo.* What are you at ? I mean that you left this house in.

*Har.* Sir, I left this house on foot.

*Sir Geo.* What, with John Dory ?

*Har.* No, Sir ; with Jack Rover.

*Sir Geo.* Why John has been a Rover to be sure ; but now he is settled : I've made him my Valet de Chambre.

*Har.* Made him your Valet ! Why, Sir, where did you meet with him ?

*Sir Geo.* Zounds ! I meet him abroad and meet him on shore—in the cabin and steerage—gallery and forecastle.—He sail'd round the world with me.

*Har.* Strange this : I understood he had been in the East Indies, but he never told me he knew you ; but indeed, he only knew me by the name of Dick Buskin.

*Sir Geo.* Then how came he to bring you to Lady Amaranth's ?

*Har.* Bring me where ?

*Sir Geo.* Answer me ; a'n't you now come from her Ladyship's ?

*Har.* Not I.

*Sir Geo.* Ha, this is a lie of John's to enhance his own services. Then you have not been there ?

*Har.*



*Har.* I don't know where you mean, Sir.

*Sir Geo.* Yes, it's all a brag of John's; but I'll——

*Enter JOHN DORY.*

*John.* The rum and sugar is ready; but as for the fish-pond——

*Sir Geo.* I'll kick you into it, you thirsty old grampus.

*John.* Will you? Then I'll make a comical roasted orange.

*Sir Geo.* How dare you say you brought my son to Lady Amaranth's?

*John.* And who says I didn't?

*Sir Geo.* He that best knows only, Dick Buskin here.

*John.* Then Mr Buskin mus'n't shoot off great guns for his amusement.

*Sir Geo.* And so you did bring my son to Lady Amaranth.

*John.* Why who say's I did'n't?

*Sir Geo.* There, what do you say to that?

*Har.* I say 'tis false.

*John.* False!—shiver my hulk, Mr Buckskin, if you were a lyon's skin I'd curry your hide for this. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Geo.* No, no—John's honest—I see through it now—the puppy has seen her; perhaps he has the impudence not to like her—and so blow up this confusion and perplexity only to break off a marriage.

*Har.* What does he mean—I'll assure you——

*Sir Geo.* Damn your assurance, you ungrateful, disobedient——but I'll not part with you till I confront you with Lady Amaranth herself, face to face; and if

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I prove you have been deceiving me, I'll launch you into the wide ocean of life, without a rudder, compass, grog, or tobacco. [Exeunt.

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—LADY AMARANTH's House.

*Enter LADY AMARANTH, reading.*

*Lady A.*

THE fanciful flights of my pleasant cousin enchants my senses; this book he gave me to read containeth good morals, the man Shakespear, that did write it, they call immortal: he must indeed have been filled with divine spirit. I understand, from my cousin, the origin of plays were religious mysteries; that, freed from the superstition of early, and grossness of later times, the stage is now become the vehicle of delight and morality; if so, to hear a good play is taking the wholesome draught of precept from a golden cup, emboss'd with gems, yet giving my countenance to have one in my house, and even to act in it myself, proves the ascendancy my dear Harry has over my heart. Ephraim Smooth is much scandalized at these doings.

*Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.*

*Eph.* This mansion is now become the tabernacle of Baal.

*Lady A.*

*Lady A.* Then abide not in it.

*Eph.* 'Tis full of the wicked ones.

*Lady A.* Stay not among the wicked ones.

*Eph.* I must shut my ears. *(loud laugh)*

*Lady A.* And thy mouth also, good Ephraim; I have bidden my cousin Harry to my house, and will not set bounds to his mirth, to gratify thy spleen, and shew my own inhospitality.

*Eph.* Why dost thou suffer him to put into the hands of thy servants books of tragedies, and books of comedies, preludes, and interludes—yea, all ludes; my spirit doth wax wroth. I say unto thee, a play-house is a school for the old dragon, and a play-book the primer of Belzebub.

*Lady A.* This is one; mark. *(reads)* "Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, becometh them with one half so good a grace as mercy doth. Oh! think on that, and mercy then will breathe within your lives like men new made." Doth Belzebub speak such words?

*Eph.* Thy kinsman hath made all thy servants actors.

*Lady A.* To act well is good service.

*Eph.* Here cometh the damsel, for whom my heart yearneth.

*Enter JANE, reading.*

*Jane.* Oh, Ma'am! his young honour, the 'Squire, says the play's to be As You Like It.

*Eph.* I like it not.

*Jane.*

*Jane.* He's given me my character; I am to be Miss Audrey, and brother Sim's to be William of the Forest, as it were; but how am I to get my part by heart?

*Lady A.* By often reading it.

*Jane.* Well, I don't know but that's as good as any other. I must study my part—the gods give us joy. *[Exit.]*

*Eph.* Thy maidens skip like young kids.

*Lady A.* Then, do thou go skip along with them.

*Eph.* Marry, thou should'st be obey'd in thine own house, and I will do thy bidding.

*Lady A.* Ah, thou hypocrite, to obey is easy, when the heart commands.

*Enter ROVER.*

*Rov.* Oh, my charming cousin, how agree you and Rosalind? Are you almost perfect? What, old Clytus, why you're like any angry fiend broke in amongst the laughing Gods; come, come, I'll have nothing here but quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles.

*Lady A.* He says we must not have this amusement.

*Rov.* But I have a voice potential, double as the Duke's, and I say we must.

*Eph.* Nay.

*Rov.* Yea, by Jupiter I swear—Aye. *(fiddle without)*

*Eph.* The man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat.

*Enter LAMP with a violin.*

*Lamp.* Now, if agreeable to your Ladyship, we'll go over your song.

*Lady A.*



*Lady A.* I'm content.

[*Lamp begins to play, Ephraim pushes his elbow, which puts him out of tune—plays again—Ephraim jogs as before.*]

*Lamp.* What, Sir, do you mean?

*Rov.* Now do, my good friend, be quiet.—Come, begin.

*Eph.* Friend, this is a land of liberty, and I've as much right to move my elbows, as thou hast thine. (*Rover pushes him*) Why dost thou do so, friend.

*Rov.* Friend, this is a land of liberty, and I have as much right to move my elbows as thou hast to move thine. (*pushes him off.*) A fanatical puppy.

*Lady A.* But, Harry, do you people of fashion act in these follies yourselves?

*Rov.* Aye, and scramble for the top parts as eager as for stars, ribbands, place, or pension. *Lamp* decorate the seats out smart and theatrical, and drill the servants that I have given the small parts. [*Exit Lamp.*]

*Lady A.* I wish'd for some entertainment, in which people now take delight, to please those I have invited, but will convert those follies into a charitable purpose: Tickets of this play shall be delivered to my friends gratis, but money to their amount I will, from my own purse (after rewarding the assistants) distribute among the indigent of the village; thus, while we amuse our friends, and perhaps please ourselves, we shall make the poor happy. [*Exit.*]

*Rov.*

*Rev.* An angel!—If Sir George doesn't soon arrive to blow me, I may, I think, marry her angelic Ladyship—but will that be honest?—she's nobly born—though I suspect I had ancestors too, if I knew who they were.—I entered this house the poorest wight in England, and what must she imagine when I'm discovered?—that I'm a scoundrel; and consequently, tho' I should possess her hand and fortune, instead of loving, she'll despise me. (*sits*) I want a friend now to consult—deceive her I will not—poor Dick Buskin wants money more than myself, yet this is a measure I'm sure he'd scorn—no, no, I must not.

*Enter HARRY.*

*Har.* Now, I hope my passionate father will be convinced that this is the first time I was ever under this roof. What beau is here?—astonishing! my old strolling friend. (*sits down unperceived.*)

*Rev.* I don't know what to do.

*Har.* Nor what to say.

*Rev.* Dick Buskin, ha, ha, ha,—my dear fellow—think of the devil, and—I was just thinking of you—'pon my soul, Dick, I am happy to see you.

*Har.* But, Jack, how the devil have you found me out?

*Rev.* Found you, I'm sure I wonder how the deuce you found me out—oh, the news of my intended play has brought you.

*Har.* He does not as yet know who I am, so I'll carry it on. (*aside*). Then you have broke your engagement

gagement with Truncheon, at Winchester?—figuring away in your stage cloaths too, really.—Tell me what you are at here, Jack?

*Row.* Will you be quiet with your Jacking, I'm now 'Squire Harry.

*Har.* What!

*Row.* I've been press'd into this service by an old man of war, who found me at the inn, and insisted I'm son to Sir George Thunder. In that character, I flatter myself, I have won the heart of the charming lady of this house.

*Har.* Now the mystery is out—(*aside*)—then it's my friend Jack has been brought here for me.—Do you know the young gentleman they take you for?

*Row.* Not I; but I flatter myself he is honoured in his representative.

*Har.* Upon my soul, Jack, you're a tight fellow.

*Row.* Now I can put some pounds in your pocket—you shall be employed—we're getting up *As You Like It*—let's see in the cast, have I part for you—egad, I'll take Touchstone from Lamp, you shall have it, my boy—I'd resign Orlando to you, with any other Rosalind, but the lady of the mansion plays it herself.

*Har.* The very lady my father intended for me. (*aside*)—Do you love her, Jack?

*Row.* To distraction—but I'll not have her.

*Har.* No—why?

*Row.* She thinks me a gentleman, and I'll not convince her I'm a rascal; I'll go on with our play, as the produce

produce is appropriated to a good purpose, then lay down my 'Squireship, bid adieu to my heavenly Rosalind, and exit for ever from her house, poor Jack Rover.

*Har.* The generous fellow I ever thought him, and he shan't lose by it—if I could make him believe (*aside*)—Well, this is the most whimsical affair—you've anticipated me—you'll scarce believe that I'm come here purposely to pass myself for this young Harry.

*Rov.* No.

*Har.* I am.

*Sir Geo.* (*without*) Harry, where are you.

*Rov.* Who's that?

*Har.* I'll try it—my father will be curfedly vext—no matter. (*aside*)

*Rov.* Somebody called Harry—zounds, if the real Simon Pure, that is, should be arrived, I'm in a pure way.

*Har.* Be quiet, that's my confederate, he's to personate the father, Sir George, he started the scheme—having heard an union was intended, and Sir George immediately expected, our plan is, if I can, before his arrival, flourish myself into the lady's good graces, and whip her up, as she's an heiress.

*Rov.* So, you have turn'd fortune hunter. Then 'twas for this plan you parted from me on the road, standing like a figure-post, you walk up this way, and I'll walk down this—why, Dick, I did not know you was so great a rogue.

F 2 *Har.*



*Har.* I did not know my fort lay that way, till convinc'd by this experienced stranger.

*Rev.* He must be a damn'd impudent old scoundrel—who is he, do I know him?

*Har.* Why, no, I hope not (*aside*)

*Rev.* I'll step down stairs, and have the honour of kicking him.

*Har.* Stop, I wou'dn't have him hurt, neither.

*Rev.* What's his name?

*Har.* His name is Abrawang.

*Rev.* Abrawang, Abrawang.—I never heard of him—but, Dick, why did you let him persuade you into this affair?

*Har.* Why, faith, I would have been off it, but when once he takes a project into his head, the devil can't drive it out of him.

*Rev.* Yes, but the constables may drive him into Winchester goal.

*Har.* Your opinion of our intended exploit has made me ashamed of myself—Harkee, Jack, do you punish and frighten my adviser, do you still keep up your character of young 'Squire Thunder—you can easily do that, as he, no more than myself, has ever seen the 'Squire.

*Rev.* But, by heavens, I'll not be such a damn'd fogue.

*Har.* Yes, but Jack, if you can marry her, her fortune is a snug thing; besides, if you love each other, I tell you—

*Rev.*

*Rev.* Hang her fortune—my love more noble than the world, prizes not quantity of dirty lands—oh, Dick, she's the most lovely—think of her condescension—why she consented to play in our play, and you shall see her, you rogue, you shall.

Her worth being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind. [*Exit.*]

*Har.* Ha, ha, ha, this is the drollest adventure—Rover little suspects that I am the identical 'Squire Thunder that he personates—I'll lend him my character a little longer—yes, this offer is a most excellent opportunity of making my poor friend's fortune, without injuring any body. If possible, he shall have her, I can't regret the loss of charms I never knew, and for an estate, my father is competent to all my wishes. Lady Amaranth, by marrying Jack Rover, will gain a man of honour, which she might lose in an Earl—it may tease my father a little at first, but he's a good old fellow in the main, and when, I think, he comes to know my motive!—Eh, this must be she—an elegant woman, faith—now for a spanking lie, to continue her in the belief that Jack is the man she thinks him.

*Enter* LADY AMARANTH.

*Lady A.* Who art thou, friend?

*Har.* Madam, I've scarce time to warn you against the danger you're in, of being imposed upon by your uncle, Sir George.

*Lady A.* How!

*Har.* He has heard of your Ladyship's partiality for his son, but is so incensed at the irregularity of his conduct, he intends, if possible, to disinheritor him, and to present me hither, to pass me on you for him, designing to treat the poor young gentleman himself as an impostor, in hopes you'll banish him from your heart and house.

*Lady A.* I thank thee, friend, for thy caution—is Sir George such a parent—what's thy name?

*Har.* Richard Buskin, Ma'am, the stage is my profession—in the 'Squire's late excursion we contracted an intimacy, and I saw so many good qualities in him, that I could not think of being the instrument of his ruin, nor deprive your Ladyship of so good a husband as I am certain he will make you.

*Lady A.* Then Sir George intends to disown him.

*Har.* Yes Ma'am, I've this moment told the young gentleman of it; he's determined, for a jest, to return the compliment, by seeming to treat Sir George himself as an impostor.

*Lady A.* Ha, ha, ha, 'twill be a just retaliation, and indeed what my uncle deserveth, for his cruel intentions both to his son and me.

*Sir Geo. (without)* What, has he run away again?

*Lady A.* That's my uncle.

*Har.* Yes here's my father, and my standing out that I'm not his son, will raise him into the heat of a battle, ha, ha, ha. (*aside*) Here he is, Madam, now mind how he'll dub me a 'Squire.

*Enter*

*Enter SIR GEORGE.*

*Sir Geo.* Well, my Lady, was'n't it as my wild rogue set you, all in these calcavell capers, you've been cutting in the garden. You see here I have brought him into line of battle again—you villain, why do you drop a stern there, throw a salute shot, buss her bob-stays, bring to, and come down straight as a mast, you dog.

*Lady A.* Uncle, who is this?

*Sir Geo.* Who is he—egad, that's an odd question, to the fellow that has been cracking your walnuts.

*Lady A.* He's bad at his lesson.

*Sir Geo.* Certainly, when he ran from school—why don't you speak, you lubber, you are cursed modest—before I came, 'twas all down among the posies; here, my Lady, take from a father's hand, Harry Thunder.

*Lady A.* That is what I may not.

*Sir Geo.* There, I thought you would disgust her, you flat fish.

*Enter ROVER.*

*Lady A. (Takes Rover's hand.)* Here, take from my hand Harry Thunder.

*Sir Geo.* Eh!

*Rov.* Oh, this is your sham Sir George,—(*Apart to Harry.*)

*Har.* Yes, I've been telling the Lady, and still seem to humour him.

*Rov.* I shan't; though how do you Abrawang?

*Sir Geo.* Abrawang!

*Rov.*



*Rov.* You look like a good actor; aye, that's very well indeed. Never, never lose sight of your character; you know Sir George is a noisy, turbulent, wicked old knave; bravo! Pout your under lip, purse your brows:—Very well; but damn it, Abrawang, you should have put a little red on your nose—mind a rule, never play an angry man without a red nose.

*Sir Geo.* I'm in such a fury.

*Rov.* Well we know that.

*Lady A.* Who is this?

*Sir Geo.* Some puppy unknown.

*Lady A.* And you don't know this gentleman?

*Rov.* Excellent well! he's a fishmonger.

*Sir Geo.* Ah, What!

*Lady A.* Yes; father and son are determin'd not to know each other.

*Rov.* Come, Dick, give the Lady a specimen of your talent Motleys, your only wear, ha, ha, ha, a fool I met, a fool in the forest. Here comes Audrey.

*Enter JANE.*

*Har.* Come, trip, trip, Audrey, I'll fetch up your Goats.

*Jane.* La! warrant, what features!

*Sir Geo.* 'Sblood! what's this?

*Har.* A homely thing, Sir, but she's my own.

*Sir Geo.* Your's, you most audacious!—What, this slut?

*Jane.* I thank the Gods for my sluttishness.

*Lady A.* (To Rover.) You know this youth.

*Rov.*

*Row.* My friend, Horatio; I wear him in my heart yea, in my heart of hearts, as I do this—(*kisses her.*)

*Sir Geo.* Such freedom with my niece, before my face. Do you know that Lady? Do you know my son, Sir?

*Row.* Be quiet; Jaffier has discovered the plot, and you can't deceive the senate.

*Har.* Yes, my conscience would not let me carry it through.

*Row.* Aye, his conscience hanging about the neck of his heart, says good Launcelot and good Gobbo, or as aforesaid good Launcelot Gobbo, take to thy heels and run away.

*Sir Geo.* Why, my Lady, explain—scoundrel and puppy unknown.

*Jane.* Ma'am, I forgot to tell you, our old neighbour Banks and his sister wants you.

*Lady A.* I come. Uncle, I've heard thy father was kind to thee; return that kindness to thy child—if the lamb in wanton play doth fall amongst the waters, the shepherd taketh him out, instead of plunging him in deeper till he dieth—though thy hairs now be grey, I'm told they were once flaxen; in short, he's too old in folly, who cannot excuse youth. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Geo.* I'm an old fool! well, that's damn'd civil of you, Madam Niece; and I'm a grey shepherd, with his lambs in the ditch—but as for you, Mr Goat, I'll——

*Row.*

*Row.* My dear Abrawang, give up the game; her Ladyship in seeming to take you for her uncle, has been only humming you—What the devil, don't you think the divine creature knows her own true-born uncle?

*Sir Geo.* Certainly, to be sure she knows me.

*Row.* Will you have done?—Zounds, man, my honoured father was here himself this day—her ladyship knows his person.

*Sir Geo.* Your honoured father, and who the devil's your honour'd self?

*Row.* Now, by my father's son, that's myself, it shall be sun, or moon, or Cheshire-cheese—I budge still cross'd and cross'd!

*Sir Geo.* What do you bawl out to me about Cheshire-cheese for?

*Row.* And I say, as the saying is, your friend has told me all; but to convince you of my forgiveness, in our play, as you're rough and tough, I cast your character the wrestler—I'll do Orlando, kick up your heels before the whole court.

*Sir Geo.* I'll—why, dam'me, I'll—and you, you undutiful chick of an old pelican (*lifts up his cane*).

*Enter JOHN DORY.*

*John.* What are you at here, cudgelling people about?—But, Mr Buckskin, I've a word to say to you in private.

*Sir Geo.* Buckskin, take that (*strikes him*).

*Row.*

*Rov.* Why, dam'me, Mr Abrawang, you're a most obstinate Dromedary——

*Enter LAMP and TRAP.*

*Lamp.* All the world's a stage, and all men and women——

*Sir Geo.* The men are rogues, and the women huffies. (*Beats them off, and strikes Rover.*)

[*Exit all but Rover.*]

*Rov.* A blow, Effex, a blow, an old rascally impostor; stigmatize me with a blow—I must not put up with it.—Zounds! I shall be tweak'd by the nose all round the country. If I can get the country lad to steal me a pair of pistols, strike me, so may this arm dash him to the earth like a dead dog, despise, pride, shame, and the name of villain light on me, if I don't bring you down Mr Abrawang. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.—*Changes to another room.*

*Enter LADY AMARANTH and BANKS.*

*Banks.* Madam, I would have paid the rent of my little cottage; but I dare say it was without your Ladyship's consent that your Steward has turned me out and put my neighbour in possession.

*Lady A.* My Steward oppresses the poor! I did not know it indeed.

*Banks.* The pangs of adversity I could bear; but the innocent partner of my misfortunes, my unhappy sister——

*Lady*



*Lady A.* I did desire Ephraim to fend for thy sister; did she dwell with thee, and both now without a home? let her come to mine.

*Banks.* The hand of misery hath struck me beneath your notice.

*Lady A.* Thou dost mistake; to need my assistance is the highest claim to my attention——let me see her.  
(*Exit Banks*) I could chide myself that these pastimes have turned mine eyes from the house of woe. Ah, think ye proud and happy affluent, how many in your dancing moments pine in want, drink the salt tears—their morsel the bread of misery, and shrinking from the cold blast into their cheerless hovels!

*Enter BANKS introducing AMELIA.*

*Banks.* Madam, here is my sister. [Exit.

*Lady A.* Thou art welcome: I feel myself interested in thy concern.

*Am.* Madam——

*Lady A.* I judge thou wert not always unhappy, tell me thy condition then, I shall better know how to serve thee; is thy brother thy sole kindred?

*Am.* I had a husband and a son.

*Lady A.* Widow, if I don't recal images, thou wouldest forget——impart to me thy story, 'tis rumour'd in the village thy brother was a clergyman, tell me.

*Am.* Madam, he was; but he has lost his early patron, and he's now poor and unbeneficed.

*Lady A.* But thy husband.

*Am.*

*Am.* By this brother's advice (now twenty years since) I was prevailed on to listen to the address of a young sea officer, for my brother had been chaplain in the navy; but, to our surprize and mortification, we discovered, by the honesty of a sailor, in whom we put confidence, that the Captain's design was only to decoy me into a seeming marriage; our humble friend intreated of us to put the deceit on his master, by concealing from him that my brother was in orders; he, flattered with the hopes of procuring me an establishment, gave into the supposed imposition, and performed the ceremony.

*Lady A.* Duplicity, even with a good intent, is ill.

*Am.* Madam, the event has justified your censure, for my husband, not knowing himself really bound by any legal tie, abandoned me—I followed him to the Indies; distracted, till seeing him, I left my infant at one of our settlements; but, after a fruitless search, on my return, I found the friend, to whose care I committed my child, was compelled to retire from the ravages of war, but where I could not hear—rent with agonizing pangs, without a child or husband, I again saw England, and my brother, wounded with remorse for being the cause of my misfortunes, secluded himself from all joys of social life, and invited me to partake the comforts of solitude in that asylum, from whence we have both just now been driven.

*Lady A.* My pity can do thee no good, yet must I pity thee; but resignation to what must be, may restore

peace; if my means can procure thee comfort, they are at thy pleasure—come let thy griefs subside—instea*d* of thy cottage, accept thou and thy brother every convenience that my mansion can afford.

*Am.* Madam, I can only thank you with—*(weeps)*.

*Lady A.* My thanks are here—come thou shalt be cheerful—I will introduce thee to my sprightly cousin Harry, and his father, my humorous uncle—we have delights going forward that may amuse thee.

*Am.* Kind Lady.

*Lady A.* Come, smile, though a quaker, thou see'st I'm merry—the sweetest joy of wealth and power is to cheer one another's drooping heart, and wipe from the pallid cheek the tear of sorrow.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

## ACT V.

SCENE.—*A Road.*

*Enter three men dressed as Sailors.*

*1st Sailor.*

**W**ELL, lads, what's to be done?

*2d Sail.* We've long been upon our shifts, and after all our tricks, twists, and turns, as London was too hot for us, a trip to Portsmouth was a hit.

*1st Sail.* Aye, but since the cash we touched upon pretending to be able bodied seamen is now come to

the

the last shilling, and as we deserted, means of fresh supply must be thought on to take us to London.

2d *Sail*. Aye, now to recruit the pocket, without hazarding the neck.

1st *Sail*. By an advertisement posted on the stocks yonder, there are collectors on this road, thirty guineas offered by the quaker lady, owner of the estates round here—I wish we could knap any straggler to bring before her, a quaker will only require yea for an oath, we might pick up this thirty guineas.

2d *Sail*. Yes, but we must take care, if we fall into the hands of this gentleman that's in pursuit of us—'Sdeath, is not this his man, the old boatswain?

1st *Sail*. Don't run, I think we three are a match for him.

2d *Sail*. Let's keep up our characters of sailors, we may get something out of him; a pityful story makes such an impression on the soft heart of a true tar, that he'll open his hard hand and drop you his last guinea—if we can but make him believe we were pressed, we have him, only mind me.

*Enter JOHN DORY.*

*John*. To rattle my lanthorn, Sir George's temper now always blows a hurricane.

2d *Sail*. What cheer?

*John*. Ha, boy.

1st *Sail*. Bob up with your speaking trumpet.

2d *Sail*. D'ye see, brother, this is the thing—



*Enter SIR GEORGE behind, unseen.*

We three hands, just come home after a long voyage, were pressed in the river, and without letting us see our friends brought round to Portsmouth, and then we entered freely—'cause why, we had no choice—then we run—we hear some gentleman's in chace of us, and as the shots are all out, we'll surrender.

*John.* Surrender—then you have no shots left, indeed—let's see (*feeling his pocket*) I hav'n't the loading of a gun about me now, and this same Monsieur Poverty is a bitter enemy.

*Sir Geo. (aside)* 'Tis the deserters I'm after.

*John.* Meet me in an hour's time in the little wood yonder, I'll raise the wind to blow you into a safe latitude—Keep out to sea, my master's the rock you'll certainly split upon.

*2d Sail.* This is the first time we ever saw you, but we'll steer by your chart, for I never knew one seaman betray another. [*Exeunt Men.*]

*Sir Geo.* Then they have been pressed—I can't blame them so much for running away.

*John.* Yes, Sir George would certainly hang them.

*Sir Geo.* You lie; they shall eat beef and drink the King's health—run and tell them so—stop, I'll tell them myself.

*John.* Now you are yourself, and a kind gentleman, as you used to be.

*Sir Geo.* Since these idle rogues are inclined to return to their duty, they shan't want sea stores; take this

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this money—but I'll meet them myself, and advise them as I would my own children. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE.—*A Wood.*

*Enter ROVER, with pistols.*

*Rov.* Which way did this Mr Abrawang take?—*[Exit]*  
Dick Buskin, I think, has no suspicion of my intention, and since Sim has, without making an alarm, procured these pistols, such a choleric spark will fight I dare say. If I fall, or even survive this affair, I'll leave the field of love and the fair prize to the young gentleman I've personated, for I'm determined to see Lady Amaranth no more—Oh, here comes Abrawang.

*Enter SIR GEORGE.*

*Sir Geo.* Now to relieve these sea gulls—they must be hovering about this place—Ha, puppy unknown.

*Rov.* You're the very man I was seeking for—you're not ignorant, Mr Abrawang?

*Sir Geo.* Mr What?

*Rov.* You'll not resign your title—oh, very well, I'll indulge you—Sir George Thunder, you honoured me with a blow.

*Sir Geo.* Didn't hurt you.

*Rov.* 'Sdeath, Sir, but let me proceed like a gentleman; as it's my pride to reject even favours, no man shall offer me an injury.

*Sir Geo.* Eh!

*Rov.* In rank we're equal.

*Sir Geo.* Are we, faith—the English of all this is, we're to fight.

*Rov.* Sir, you have marked in me an indelible stain, only to be wash'd out by my blood.

*Sir Geo.* Why, I've only one objection to fighting you.

*Rov.* What's that, Sir?

*Sir Geo.* That you're too brave a lad to be kill'd.

*Rov.* Brave, no, Sir, at present I wear the stigma of a coward.

*Sir Geo.* Zounds, I like a bit of fighting—hav'n't had a morsel a long time—don't know when I smelt gunpowder, but to bring down a woodcock.

*Rov.* Take your ground.

*Sir Geo.* I'm ready—but are we to thrust with bull-rushes, like two frogs, or like two squirrels, pelt one another with nut-shells, for I don't see any other weapons here.

*Rov.* Oh, yes, Sir, here are the weapons.

*Sir Geo.* Well, this is bold work for a privateer to give battle to a King's ship.

*Rov.* Try your charge, Sir, and take your ground.

*Sir Geo.* I wou'dn't wish to sink, burn, or destroy what I thought was built for good service, but dam'me if I don't bring wing to you, to teach you better manners, so take care, or I'll put some red on your nose.

*Enter three men without seeing Rover.*

*1st Sail.* Ah, here's the honest fellow has brought us some cash.

and

and *Sail*. We're betray'd, it's the very gentleman that's in pursuit of us, and this promise was only a decoy to throw us into his power—the pistol! (*aside*)

*Sir Geo.* Good charge (*trying the charge, the men rush forward, and one of them smacks the pistol from him.*) Ha, boys.

and *Sail*. You'd have our lives, and we'll yours. (*Rover runs to his assistance, and knocks the pistol out of his hand—they run off.*)

*Rov.* Rascals! (*pursues them.*)

*Sir Geo.* (*takes up the pistol.*) My brave lad, I'll—(*going.*)

*Enter JOHN DORY.*

*John.* No, you shan't. (*stops him.*)

*Sir Geo.* The rogues will——

*John.* Never mind the rogues. (*a pistol fired without.*)

*Sir Geo.* S'blood, must I see my preserver perish? (*struggling.*)

*John.* I'm your preserver, and I will perish, but I'll bring you out of harm's way.

*Sir Geo.* Though he'd fight me myself——

*John.* We all know you'd fight the very devil.

*Sir Geo.* He sav'd my life.

*John.* I'll save your life—(*whips him up*)—hawl up, my noble little jolly-boat. [*Exit, carrying Sir Geo. off.*]

SCENE.—BANK's House.

*Enter GAMMON, BANKS, and SIM.*

*Gam.* Boy, go on with the inventory.

*Sim.*



*Sim.* How unlucky, feyther, to lay hold on me, when I wanted to practise my part.

*Banks.* This proceeding is too severe—to lay an execution on my wretched trifling goods, when I thought——

*Gam.* Aye, you've gone up to the big house with your complaint—her Ladyship's steward, to be sure, has made me give back your cottage and farm, but your goods I seized for my rent.

*Banks.* Leave me but a few necessaries; by my own labour, and the goodness of my neighbours, I may soon redeem what the law has put in your hands.

*Gam.* The affair is now in my lawyer's hands, and plaintiff and defendant chattering about it is all smoke.

*Sim.* Feyther, don't be so cruel to Mr Banks.

*Gam.* I'll mark what I may want for myself—stay you and see that not a pin's point be removed. [*Exit.*]

*Sim.* (*tearing the paper.*) Dam'me, if I'll be a watch dog to bite the poor, that I won't. Mr Banks, as my feyther intends to put up your goods to auction, if you could but get a friend to buy the choice of them for you again; sister Jane has got steward to advance her a quarter's wages, and when I've gone to sell corn for feyther, I've made a market penny now and then—it isn't much, but every little helps. (*offers a purse.*)

*Banks.* I thank you, my good natured boy, but keep your money.

*Sim.*

*Sim.* I remember, about eight years ago, you sav'd me from being drown'd at Black Poole—if you'll not take this, I'll fling it into Black Poole directly.

*Banks.* My kind lad, I'll not hurt your feelings, by opposing your liberality. (*takes the purse.*)

*Sim.* He, he, he!—He's given my heart such pleasure, as I never felt, nor I'm sure my feyther before me.

*Banks.* But, Sim, whatever may be his opinion of worldly prudence, still remember he's your parent.

*Sim.* I will—One elbow chair, one claw table, (*crying out.*) [Exit.

*Enter AMELIA.*

*Am.* The confusion into which Lady Amaranth's family is thrown, by the sudden departure and apprehended danger of her young cousin, must have prevented her Ladyship from giving that attention to our affairs that I'm sure was her inclination—If I can but prevail on my brother to accept of her protection—Heavens, what's this?

*Enter ROVER, fatigued and disordered.*

*Rov.* (*panting, as out of breath.*) What a race—I've got clear of those blood-hounds at last; if Abrawang had but followed and back'd me, we'd have tickled their catastroph, but three to one is odds, so safe's the word. Who's house is this I've run into—the friendly cottage of my hospitable old gentleman—are you at home? (*calls*) I had a hard struggle for it, murder

murder was certainly their intent—it was well for me I was born without brains—I'm quite weak and faint.

*Am. (comes forward)* Sir, a'n't you well?

*Rev.* Madam, I ask your pardon—Yes, Madam, very well, I thank you, now exceedingly well—got into a kind of rumpus with some worthy gentlemen—not gentlemen, but simple farmers, who mistook me, I fancy, for a sheaf of barley, for they had me down, and their flails flew merrily about my ears, but I got up, and when I could no longer fight like a mastiff, I ran like a grey-hound—but, dear Madam, pray excuse me—this is very rude, faith.

*Am.* You seem disturb'd, will you take any refreshment?

*Rev.* Madam, you're very good—only a glass of some current wine, if you please; I think it stands somewhere thereabouts. (*Amelia fetches a bottle and glasses.*) Madam, I've the honour of drinking your health.

*Am.* I hope you're not hurt, Sir.

*Rev.* A little better, but very faint still, I had a sample of this before, and lik'd it so much that—Ma'am won't you take another? (*she declines*) Ma'am if you'd been fighting as I have, you'd be glad of a drop. (*drinks again*) Now I'm as well as any man in Illyria—got a few hard knocks though.

*Am.* You'd better repose a little, you seem'd much disordered coming in.

*Rev.* Why Madam, you must know, that it was—

*Enter*

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*Enter SHERIFF'S OFFICER.*

*(Catches Amelia's chair, she retires alarmed)*

*Off.* Come Ma'am, Mr Gammon wants this chair to make up the half dozen above.

*Row.* What's all this?

*Off.* Why, the furniture's seiz'd on execution, and a man must do his duty.

*Row.* Then scoundrel know, that a man's first duty is civility and tenderness to a woman. *(takes chair from Officer and throws it back.)*

*Am.* Heavens where's my brother, this gentleman will bring himself into trouble.

*Off.* Master, d'ye see, I'm representative for his honour the High Sheriff.

*Row.* Every High Sheriff should be a gentleman, and when he's represented by a rascal he's dishonoured; damn it, I might as well live about Covent Garden and every night get beating the watch, for here among groves and meadows, I'm always squabbling with constables.

*Off.* Come, come, I must—*(again lays hold of chair.)*

*Row.* As you say Sir, last Wednesday, so it was, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, *(takes chair a second time from him.)* Pray Sir have you ever been astonished?

*Off.* What?

*Row.* Because, Sir, I intend to astonish you, *(takes his cane off table and beats him.)* Now Sir, are you astonished?

*Off.*



*Off.* Yes, but see if I don't suit you with an action.

*Row.* Right——suit the action to the word and the word to the action. See if the gentleman be not affrighted, dam'me, but I'll make thee an example.

*Off.* A fine example when goods are seized by the law.

*Row.* Thou worm and maggot of the law, hop me over every kennel house, or you shall hop without my custom.

*Off.* I don't value your custom.

*Row.* I have astonish'd, now I'll amaze you.

*Off.* No Sir, I won't be amazed, but see if I don't.

*Row.* Hop! (*Beats Officer off, threatening*) Madam, these sort of gentry are but bad company for a lady, so I'll just see him to the door—Ma'am I'm your most humble servant. [*Exit*]

*Am.* I feel a strange kind of curiosity to know who this young gentleman is. I find my heart interested, I can't account for it; he must know the house by the freedom he took: but then his gaiety, (without familiar rudeness) elegance of manners and good breeding, seem to make him at home every where—my brother I think must know him.

*Enter BANKS.*

*Banks.* Amelia, did you see the young gentleman that was here, some ruffians have bound and dragg'd him from the door on the allegation of three men who mean to swear he has robbed them, and have taken him to Lady Amaranth's.

*Am.*

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*Am.* How! he did enter in confusion as if pursued, but I'll stake my life on his innocence. I'll speak to her Ladyship, and in spite of calumny he shall have justice; he wouldn't let me be insulted, because he saw me an unprotected woman, without a husband or a son, and shall he want an advocate, brother? come—[*Exit.*]

SCENE.—LADY AMARANTH'S.

*Enter JANE.*

*Jane.* I believe there is no foul in the house but myself, my Lady has all the folks round the country, to search after the young 'Squire; she'll certainly break her heart if any thing happens to him. I don't wonder, for sure he's a dear sweet gentleman. His going has spoiled our play, and I had almost got my part by heart, but I must, must go and do up the room for Mr Banks's sister, whom my Lady has invited here—

*Enter EPHRAIM.*

*Eph.* The man John Dory hath carried the man George here in his arms and he locked him up; coming in they did look like a blue lobster with a shrimp in its claw. Here is the damsel I love alone.

*Jane.* They say when folks look in the glass, they see the black gentleman. (*Looks in a glass*) La, there he is.

*Eph.* Thou art employed in vanity. (*Looks over her shoulder.*)

*Jane.* Well, who are you?

*Eph.* It's natural for woman to love man.

H

*Jane.*

*Jane.* Yea, but not such ugly men as you are, why did you come to frighten me? when you know there's nobody here but ourselves?

*Eph.* I'm glad of that; I'm the elm, and thou'rt the honey-suckle, let thine arms entwine me.

*Jane.* What a rogue is here, but yonder comes my Lady. I'll shew him off in his true colours. (*Aside.*)

*Eph.* Clasp me round.

*Jane.* I will if you will pull off your hat and make me a low bow.

*Eph.* I cannot bend my knee, nor take off my beaver.

*Jane.* Then you're very impudent, go along.

*Eph.* To win thy favour, (*moves his hat.*)

*Jane.* Well now read me a speech out of that fine play book.

*Eph.* Read a play book! abo-mi-na-tion! but wilt thou kiss me?

*Jane.* I kiss a man, abomination, but you may take my hand.

*Eph.* Oh, 'tis comfort to the lip of the faithful. (*Kisses her hand.*)

*Enter LADY AMARANTH.*

*Lady A.* How! (*taps him on the shoulder.*) Ah, thou fly and deceitful hypocrite!

*Eph.* Verily Mary I was buffeted by Satan in the shape of a damsel.

*Lady A.* Begone.

*Eph.* My spirit is sad though I move so nimbly.

[*Exit slowly.*

*Lady*

*Lady A.* But oh, heav'ns no tidings of my dearest Harry. Jane let them renew their search.

*Jane.* Here's Madam Amelia—but I'll make brother Sim look for the young 'Squire. [*Exit.*]

*Enter AMELIA.*

*Am.* Oh, Madam, might I implore your influence with——

*Lady A.* Thou art ill accommodated here, but I hope thou wilt excuse it, my mind is a sea of trouble, my peace is shipwrecked. Oh, hadst thou seen my Cousin Harry! all who know him must be anxious for his safety! how unlucky, this servant to prevent Sir George from giving him that assistance, which paternal care and indeed gratitude demanded, for 'twas filial affection led him to pursue those wicked men, callous to every feeling of humanity—they may—yes, my Henry in the opening bud of manliness is nipp'd!

*John.* Heave a-head. (*John without.*)

*Enter JOHN with SIR GEORGE.*

*Sir Geo.* Rascal, whip me up like a pound of tea, dance about like a young bear! make me quit the preserver of my life, yes, puppy unknown will think me a paltroun, and that I was afraid to follow and second him.

*John.* You may as well turn into your hammock, for out to night you shall not go. (*See's Amelia*) Mercy of heaven isn't it—only look.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis my Amelia.



*John.* Reef your forefail first, you crack'd her heart by sheering off, and now you'll overset her by bringing too.

*Am.* Are you at length return'd to me, my Seymour?

*Lady A.* Seymour!—her mind's disturbed—this is mine uncle, Sir George Thunder.

*John.* No, no, my Lady, she knows what she's saying, well enough.

*Sir Geo.* Niece, I have been a villain to this lady, I confess, but my dear Amelia, providence has done you justice in part, for from the first month I quitted you, I have never entered one happy hour on my journals—hearing that you foundered; and considering myself the cause, the worm of remorse has gnaw'd my timbers.

*Am.* You're not still offended with me.

*Sir Geo.* Me—can you forgive me my offence, and condescend to take my hand as an atonement?

*Am.* Your hand—do you forget we're already married?

*Sir Geo.* Aye, there was my rascality.

*John.* You may say that.

*Sir Geo.* That marriage, my dear, I'm ashamed to own it—but it was—

*John.* As good as if done by the Chaplain of the Eagle.

*Sir Geo.* Hold your tongue, you impudent crimp, you pander, you bad adviser—I'll strike my false colours, I'll acknowledge the chaplain you provided was—

*John.*

*John.* A good man, and a greater honour to his black, than your honour has been to your blue cloth; by the word of a seaman, here he is himself.

*Enter BANKS.*

*Sir Geo.* Your brother!

*Banks.* Capt. Seymour! have I found you, Sir.

*Sir Geo.* My dear Banks, I'll make every reparation—Amelia shall really be my wife.

*Banks.* That, Sir, my sister is already, for when I performed the marriage ceremony, which you took only as a cloak of your deception, I was actually in orders.

*John.* Now who's the crimp and the pander?—I never told you this, because I thought a man's own reflections were the best punishment for betraying an innocent woman.

*Sir Geo. (to John.)* You shall be a Post Captain for this, sink me, if you shan't.

*Lady A.* Madam, my inmost soul partaketh of thy gladness and joy for thy reformation; *(to Sir Geo.)* but thy prior marriage to this lady annuls the subsequent, and my cousin Harry is not now thy heir.

*Sir Geo.* So much the better, he's an unnatural cub—but, Amelia, I flatter myself I have an heir—my infant boy.

*Am.* Ha, husband, you had, but—

*Sir Geo.* Gone—well, well, I see I have been a miserable scoundrel—I'll adopt that brave kind lad, that wou'dn't let any body kill me but himself, he shall have

my estate, that's my own acquisition—my lady marrying him—Puppy Unknown's a fine fellow! Amelia, only for him, you'd never have found your husband—Captain Seymour in Sir George Thunder.

*Am.* How!

*Banks.* Are you Sir George Thunder?

*Enter LANDLORD and EPHRAIM.*

*Land.* Please you, madam, they have got a foot-pad in custody.

*Eph.* I'm come to sit in judgment, for there is a bad man in thy house, Mary—bring him before me.

*Sir Geo.* Before you, old Squintabus; perhaps you don't know I'm a magistrate.

*Eph.* I'll examine him.

*Sir Geo.* You be damn'd, I'll examine him myself—tow him in here, I'll give him a passport to Winchester bilbow.

*Am. (kneels to Sir Geo.)* Oh, Sir, as you hope for mercy, extend it to this youth, and even should he be guilty, which from our knowledge of his benevolent and noble nature, I think next to an impossibility, let the services he has rendered us plead for him—he protected your forsaken wife, and her unhappy brother, in the hour of want and sorrow.

*Sir Geo.* What, Amelia plead for a robber!—consider, my love, Justice is above bias or partiality; if my son violated the laws of his country, I'd deliver him up as a public victim to disgrace and punishment.

*Lady*

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*Lady A.* Oh, my impartial uncle! Had thy country any laws to punish him, who instead of paltry gold, would rob the artless virgin of her dearest treasure, in the rigid judge I should now behold the trembling criminal.

*Enter TWITCH, with two men, and ROVER bound.*

*Eph.* Speak thou.

*Sir Geo.* Hold thy clapper, thou—you wretched person, who are the prosecutors.

*Eph.* Call in.

*Sir Geo.* Will nobody stop his mouth (*John carries him up the stage.*) Where are the prosecutors?

*Twitch.* There, tell his worship the justice.

*1st Man.* A justice—oh, the devil!—I thought we should have nothing but quakers to deal with. (*aside*)

*Sir Geo.* Come, how did this fellow rob you?

*1st Man.* Why, your honour, I swear—

*Sir Geo.* Oh, ho!

*1st Man.* Zounds, we're in the wrong, this is the very—

*Sir Geo.* Clap down the hatches, secure these sharks.

*Rov.* I'm glad to find you here, Abrawang, as I believe you have some knowledge of these gentlemen.

*Lady A.* Heavens, my Cousin Harry!

*Sir Geo.* The Devil! isn't that my spear and shield?

*John.* My young master, what have you been at here. (*unbonds him*) This rope may be wanted yet.

*Enter HARRY.*

*Har.* My dear fellow are you safe?

*Rov.*



*Rev.* Yes, Dick, I was brought here very safe, I assure you.

*Har.* A confederate in custody has made a confession of their villainy, that they concerted this plan to accuse him of a robbery, first for revenge, then in hopes to share the reward for apprehending him; he also owns they are not failors but depredators on the public.

*Sir Geo.* What, could you find no jacket to disgrace by your wearing than that of an English seaman, a character, whose bravery is even the admiration of his enemies, and genuine honesty of heart, the glory of human nature? Keep them safe.

*John.* Aye, I knew the rope would be wanted, (drives 'em off.)

*Sir Geo.* Not knowing that the Justice of Peace, whom they brought the lad before, is the very man they attacked, ha, ha, ha! the rogues have fallen into their own snare.

*Rev.* What now you're a Justice of Peace—well said, Abrawang.

*Am.* Then, Sir George, you know him too?

*Sir Geo.* Know him, to be sure I do.

*Rev.* Still, Sir George—what then you will not resign your Knighthood! Madam, I'm happy to see you again. Ah, how do you do, my kind host? (to Banks.)

*Lady A.* I rejoice at thy safety, be reconcil'd to him. (To Sir George.)

*Sir Geo.*

*Sir Geo.* Reconcil'd, if I don't love, respect and honour him, I should be unworthy of the life he rescued—but who is he?

*Har.* Sir, he is——

*Rov.* Dick, I thank you for your good wishes, but I'm still determin'd not to impose on this Lady. Madam, as I first told that well-meaning far, when he forc'd me to your house, I'm not the son of Sir George Thunder.

*John.* Then I wish you was the son of an Admiral, and I your father.

*Har.* You refuse the lady—to punish you, I have a mind to take her myself my dear Cousin.

*Rov.* Stop Dick, if I who adore her won't, you shall not, no, no. Madam, never mind what the fellow says, he's as poor as myself, isn't he, Abrawang?

*Har.* Then my dear Rover, since you are so obstinately interested, I'll no longer teize my father, whom you here see, and in your strolling friend, his very truant Harry that ran from Portsmouth Academy, and joined you and fellow Comedians.

*Rov.* Indeed!

*Har.* Dear Cousin forgive me, if through my zeal for the happiness of my friend, I endeavoured to promote your's, by giving you a husband, more worthy than myself.

*Rov.* Am I to believe, Madam, is your uncle Sir George Thunder in the room?

*Lady A.* He is.

*Rov.*

*Row.* Then you are in reality, what I've had the impudence to assume, and have perplex'd your father with my ridiculous effrontery. I told you, (to John) I was not the person you took me for, but you must bring your damn'd Chariot—I am ashamed and mortified—Madam, I take my leave.

*Eph.* Thou art welcome to go.

*Row.* Sir George, as the father of my friend, I cannot lift my hand against you, but I hope, Sir, you'll apologize to me apart.

*Sir Geo.* Aye, with pleasure, my noble splinter. Now tell me from what dock you were launched, my heart of oak?

*Row.* I heard in England, Sir; but from my earliest knowledge, till within a few years I've been in the East Indies.

*Sir Geo.* Beyond seas—well, and how?

*Row.* It seems I was committed an infant to the care of a lady, who was herself obliged by the gentle Hyder Ally to strike her toilet, and decamp without beat of drum, leaving me a chubby little fellow, squatted on a carpet; a serjeant's wife alone returned, and snatched me off triumphant, through fire, smoke, cannon, cries, and carnage.

*Lady A. (to Amelia)* Dost thou mark?

*Am.* Sir, can you recollect the name of the town where—

*Row.* Yes, Madam, the town was Negapatnam.

*Am.* I thank you, Sir.

*Row.*

*Row.* An officer, who had much rather act Hotspur on the stage than in the field, brought me up behind the scenes at the Calcutta theatre, I was enroll'd on the boards, acted myself into favour of a colonel, promised a pair of colours, but impatient to find my parents, hid myself in the steerage of a homeward-bound ship, assumed the name of Rover, from the uncertainty of my fate, and having murdered more Poets than Rajas, stepped on English ground unincumbered with rupees or pagodas.—Ha, ha, ha! would'st thou have come home so, little Ephraim?

*Eph.* I would bring myself home with some money.

*Am.* Excuse my curiosity, Sir—what was the lady's name in whose care you were left?

*Row.* Oh, Madam, she was the lady of a Major Linstock, but I heard my mother's name was Seymour.

*Sir Geo.* Why, Amelia!

*Am.* My son!

*Row.* Madam!

*Am.* It is my Charles. (*embraces him*)

*John.* Tol de lol!—(*dances a hornpipe step*)—Tho' I never heard it before, my heart told me he was a chip of the old block, your father there. (*pointing to Sir George.*)

*Row.* Can it——

*Am.* Yes, my son, Sir George Thunder here is Captain Seymour, in search of whom you may have heard I quitted England.

*Row.*



*Row.* Heavens, then have I attempted to raise my hands against a parent's life.

*Sir Geo.* My brave boy—then have I a son with spirit to fight me as a sailor, yet defend me as a father.

*Lady A.* Uncle, you'll recollect 'twas I first introduced this son to thee.

*Sir Geo.* And I hope you'll next introduce a grandson to me, young Slyboots.—Harry, you have lost your fortune.

*Har.* Yes, Sir—but I've gained a brother, whose friendship, before I knew him to be such, I prized before the first fortune in England.

*Row.* My dearest Rosalind.

*Am.* Then, will you take our Charles?

*Lady A.* Yea; but only on conditions.

*Sir Geo.* What are they?

*Lady A.* Thou bestowest thy fortune on his friend and brother—mine is sufficient for us both, is it not?

*Row.* Angelic creature! to think of my generous friend. But now for As You Like It; where's Lamp and Trap. I shall ever love a play, a spark from Shakespeare's muse of fire was the star that guided me through my desolate and bewildered maze of life, and brought me to these unexpected blessings.

To merit friends so good, so sweet a wife,

The tender husband be my part for life.

My Wild Oats sown, let candid Thespian laws

Decree that glorious harvest—your applause.

**MUSICAL FARCE**

**HUNT THE SLIPPER.**

**IN TWO ACTS.**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE**

**THEATRE-ROYAL,**

**SMOKE-ALLEY.**

**M,DCC,XCII.**

**PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.**

HUNT THE SLIPPER

MUSICAL FARCE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Old Winterbottom,

Captain Clement,

Billy Briffle,

Glib,

Mr WILSON.

Mr BANNISTER, Junr.

Mr EDWIN.

Mr R. PALMER.

WOMEN.

Winterbottom's Sister,

Maria, (his Daughter,)

Jenny, (maid to both Ladies,)

Mrs WEBB.

Miss MORRIS,

Mrs LLOYD.

SCENE—LONDON.

*Time, that of Representation.*

# HUNT THE SLIPPER.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—CAPTAIN CLEMENT, *at his Lodgings,*  
GLIB attending—Pen, Ink, &c.—and a Letter on the  
*table, Discovered.*

*Captain.*

WELL, thou art a most intelligent fellow, Glib.

*Glib.* Your honour is pleased to——

*Capt.* Such an ingenious impudence and intrepidity  
of face.——

*Glib.* Dear Sir, you flatter me too much.

*Capt.* Why faith I can hardly suppose you fairly related to these clod-hoppers, your father and grandfather who lived so many years in our family, who never heard a question without holding their mouths wide open, nor answer'd without scratching their heads.

*Glib.* Why, perhaps, Sir, my father might cut off the *entail* of his Stupidity.—

*Capt.* Well, but——

*Glib.* And then your honour, I gain'd all my practical Philosophy in that great mirror of morality—a strolling company; when you first noticed me, I think we play'd *Lear*; it went off very well, considering that *Glocester* had drank rather too much, and I was obliged to read part with my eyes out.



## HUNT THE SLIPPER.

*Capt.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Glib.* But I rather chuse to do myself the honour of attending you in the character of *Archer* than realize the prison scene of *Macbeth*.

*Capt.* You have undergone many transformations, *Glib*.

*Glib.* Necessity has transform'd me, and love your honour.

*Capt.* How so?

*Glib.* How else could any one suppose that the gallant gay *Lothario* (as I used to say) or in other words, that Captain Clement should have left the Royal Hotel, and lodge at Billy Bristle's Yorkshire shoe warehouse, at the sign of the Hand and Slipper Cranburn Alley—A pretty shop-bill address in the flowery elegance of a gilt message card.

*Capt.* But love, you know *Glib*, is a constant leveller.

*Glib.* Leveller! why it has mounted your honour up two pair of stairs.

*Capt.* Pshaw!

*Glib.* And then you have such notions of constancy, and think love like the small-pox,—you can have it but once.

*Capt.* A truce to your nonsense—have you watch'd the motions of my opposite neighbours.

*Glib.* I only know as yet old Winterbottom, his maiden sister and a young lady landed last night at their lodgings at the pastry cook's over the way, from the York stage-coach.

*Capt.*

## HUNT THE SLIPPER.

*Capt.* And is that all your wonderful sagacity has been able to discover?

*Glib.* Oh no! the Fille de Chambre pop'd out of the basket.

*Capt.* Pho! What's that to the purpose?

*Glib.* Not much, I doubt—but to shew you I have not been idle, I have been trying the old state contrivance of securing the maid, and have been playing Romoe upon the opposite garret; (for the windows nearly meet) and after having talk'd love 'till I was out of breath, us'd as many flames as would have heated our neighbours oven, and as many figs as would cool it again, I found it was all to no purpose.

*Capt.* What, the fair one was inexorable then?

*Glib.* Inexorable!—no poor soul, I think there was no great danger of that (*looking at himself*) and besides these legs never fail, they strike as—

*Capt.* As I shall you, if you don't talk of something more to the purpose than yourself.

*Glib.* Well, Sir, she told me she was maid both to the aunt and the young lady, though they are both call'd *Miss* I think, and the old gentleman never suffer'd her near his daughter, but in his presence.

*Capt.* Then her inclination is for us however.—But you must contrive to convey this letter instantly to the young lady.

*Glib.* That mayn't be quite so easy, I fancy (*reads*) to Miss Winterbottom—Oh—that's the young lady your honour met with last season at Scarbro'.

## HUNT THE SLIPPER.

*Capt.* It is the same lovely constant—

*Glib.* I would not have you too sanguine—Love, Sir, which is the growth of this country will seldom take root when it is transplanted, it will no more grow here than the grass in the streets—In the country indeed, the ladies fly at a red-coat as a turkey-cock does at a red pin cushion.

*Capt.* I cannot doubt her constancy, but however my last resource is—

*Glib.* Is (as I used to say in the part of Aimwell) a brown musquet, or in other words, you'll leave the militia, and go on foreign service.

*Capt.* That's my determination.

*Glib.* 'Tis the only cure—Love, Sir, is like an Indian, he can do great execution with his bow and dart, but like him, dare never stand fire—but however I have been thinking.—Gadso, I believe I have nicked it!—'Tis ridiculous enough!—but there can be no harm in trying,—what think you of putting the letter into a *Slipper*, sent to the Lady as from this shop, and get Billy Bristle our Landlord in the way of business to call for an answer?

*Capt.* Why, I doubt—yet do as you please;—as my name is not put to it, should it miscarry, it can make no material discovery.

*Glib.* Well, Sir, while I endeavour to dispatch the letter you had better prime Billy Bristle to get back an answer—besides he can give some insight to the—  
(*Bristle speaks without*) Gadso! I hear him on the stairs

—Mr

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—Mr Bristle, here, do my Master the favour to—Oh, Mr Bristle, Sir. [Exit.]

*Enter BILLY BRISTLE.*

*Brist.* Sir, your most obedient.

*Capt.* Your servant, Mr Bristle, you are always busy I see.

*Brist.* I was just stepping with a pair of half boots for Lady Trippet, and these dancing pumps for Alderman Clumsey.

*Capt.* You have the honour of serving most of the nobility, I hear.

*Brist.* Yes, Sir, and the honour is the only thing I generally get by it, for it is as hard to get any money from them as to get a swell'd leg out of a new boot.

*Capt.* Really?

*Brist.* Oh yes, they reckon us the lowest part of trade, (*pointing to his shoes*) and when we ask for our money we have often the mortification of being kick'd out of the house, with a pair of our own shoes, that will never be paid for.

*Capt.* That's hard indeed!

*Brist.* Oh Sir, if my credit was not solid, and patch'd by a few ready money customers, it would have gone down at heel long ago—but I hope you find the lodgings—

*Capt.* Very convenient, Mr Bristle, except your workmen indeed—they disturb me by their confounded singing—I wish they would contrive to warble in a softer key.

*Brist.*



*Briß.* Dear Sir I am afraid that can't be remedied for my business depends on't.

*Capt.* On singing?

*Briß.* Yes, Sir, and on the manner of singing, for the hands of my workmen, always keep time to the song, and was one to sing "Roast Beef," and the other "Water Parted from the Sea," the first would finish a pair of shoes before the other could make half one; but if you please I'll give you a specimen.

*Capt.* By all means, I shall think myself oblig'd to you.

*Briß.* Let me see!—I don't deal much in the soft way, if I could remember the Norfolk Tragedy, or—Oh! no, there was a song I used to sing after I had shut up shop to *Dolly Dabble* the Pretty Scullion of Clare Market—but she proved false for her heart was black in the grain, and when I thought to have found it as soft as wax, egad it was hard as my lapstone.

Come and crown your Billy's wishes,

Vain's the task you now pursue;

Leave, oh! leave your pewter dishes,

Think not they can shine like you.

Leave, oh! leave those pewter dishes,

Think not they can shine like you.

What though curling streams furround thee,

Quick in circling eddies play,

Beauty's lustre might confound me,

Did not that obscure its ray.

Beauty's

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Beauty's lustre might confound me,

Did not that obscure its ray.

While you scour that radiant pewter,

Which reflects your rosy hue,

Who'd not wish to be a suitor,

To its bright reflection true!

Who'd not wish to be a suitor,

To its bright reflection true!

*Capt.* Bravo! Bravo! Mr Bristle, it is very affecting indeed.

*Brist.* Was I to practice, it would affect my work as well as you, but as to quick movements, I'll give you the song I sang at our club last St Crispin's Day—

A I R.—DR ARNOLD.

For Fortune's like a tight or slip-shoe,

As I've heard the poets say,

If tight it galls, if light it trips you,

So I'll keep the middling way.

Tight shoes nips you,

Loose shoes trips you,

Nips you,

Trips you,

So I'll keep the middling way, &c.

*Capt.* Ha, ha, ha! I am thoroughly convinced, Mr Bristle.

*Brist.*

*Brist.* Convince'd Sir! why a journeyman of mine had near ruin'd me by turning *methodist*, and infecting the rest with the long-winded drawl of the tabernacle.

*Capt.* Ha, ha, ha!—Well I think you know something of Mr Winterbottom.

*Brist.* O yes, he has lodged at my neighbour Pattypan's these twenty years; he has two ladies, I find with him; they're no more alike, I hear, than tan-leather and Morocco, but I never saw them, for he never brought them up to town before.

*Capt.* Well, well, but as to the old gentleman.

*Brist.* Every body knows him, for he is goodness itself, though I remember he was going to kick me down stairs, for bringing him a pair of Cordova boots and assuring him they were real Spanish.

*Capt.* Then he is singular enough to love only the productions of our country.

*Brist.* Yes, and hates those of our enemies, which is the same thing—why he is going to leave my neighbour the pastry Cook's lodgings at a minute's warning, because he heard that he imported.

*Cap.* Indeed!

*Brist.* Oh yes, and what's more, his man tells me, that when we were at war with Holland, he always seal'd his letters with wafers to avoid using Dutch sealing-wax.

*Capt. (half aside)* If these are prejudices, they are luxuriant shoots from the rich vein of a good heart, and excrescences that spring from the noblest feelings

of

of humanity.—But Mr Bristle, (*turning to him*) can you keep a secret on an occasion.

*Brist.* As close as wax.

*Capt.* Well, I know I can trust you—could you contrive any method of getting a letter to Miss Maria, Winterbottom's daughter, who is an old acquaintance of mine, and how to get an answer?

*Brist.* Aye, there I suppose the shoe pinches.

*Capt.* But you might contrive.

*Brist.* Stay!—have you taken measure of the young lady's affections.

*Capt.* I flatter myself, I have not much to apprehend there.

*Brist.* But I doubt you have not got the length of the old lady's foot.

*Capt.* No, 'tis on that account chiefly, we are obliged to be circumspect.—But you might say you have brought your bill.

*Brist.* That's a strange way to hit upon for a tradesman to gain admittance, why its the only way in London to have the doors flapt in your face.

*Capt.* Well, then suppose, you go as if sent for in the way of business?

*Brist.* Why—why—I wish you could manage it any how else—you know the old saying, a shoe-maker shou'd not go beyond his——

*Capt.* Nay, nay, I insist upon't—besides Billy, you have such an irresistible way with the ladies, so insinuating—so——

*Brist.*



*Brist.* Ha, ha, ha! you are very obliging, Captain, and if I thought it could be done without—

*Capt.* And then your spruce dapper wig, sticking out a yard behind, as if you was running away from it, and flying off from the ears as if it was pair'd off with your own cutting knife—you are the only man in the world for Cupid's Aid de Camp.

*Brist.* Ha, ha, ha!—well—well Captain, egad I'll venture over shoes over boots, as the old proverb says.

*Capt.* Well said—then I'll instantly prepare matters, we must lose no time—but hark you—you won't flinch, you won't fight shy after all?—

*Brist.* No,—upon my honour!—I've said it—I'll do't—since I've taken the work in hand, I'll go through stitch with it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE.—A Room in WINTERBOTTOM'S House.

WINTERBOTTOM, and SISTER at a table, with work basket, &c. &c.

*Wint.* Don't tell me, Sister, of your French cambrick, I'd rather wear a piece of true English home spun, if it was as rough as a nutmeg-grater—nay, sooner than imitate them, I'd wear no shirt at all.

*Sist.* Nay there you would pay the French a compliment you never intended; for that would be a direct imitation.

*Wint.* And if broad cloath can't be made without Spanish wool, I'll be content with good Yorkshire Drugget.

*Sist.*

*Sist.* Well, but you carry this to a degree of ridiculous particularities.

*Wint.* If loving the manufactures of our own country be a particularity, Sister, I am only sorry that I remain singular.

*Sist.* Why, your very nose is a political barometer and one may tell the state of Europe from your snuff-box—when you read in the news of French war, flap went your Paris box into the fire, and you soon paid Spain a similar compliment by sending after it, a pound of Havannah; you then took Rappee, but a war with Holland made you throw out of the window in a violent passion a whole cargo of Dutch bran—ha, ha, ha.

*Wint.* You may laugh, Sister, but let me tell you the speculative philosophy of the present age is too sublime for our feelings, till they let the spirit of them evaporate—If these are prejudices I glory in them, and think when our country is concern'd not even the *nose* of an Englishman should preserve a neutrality.

*Sist.* But a man of enlarged ideas considers himself as a citizen of the world, and is not bound down to the partial considerations of situation and climate.

*Wint.* Those people are not so indifferent about *climate* as you think for, they seldom think so, till their nose is generally too *hot* to hold them, and Sister, Sister—

*Sist.* Pray Mr Winterbottom, now we are come to town leave off that vulgar term, *Sister* I at every word,

B

one

*Sist.*

one would think, you had forgot one had any other name.

*Wint.* I don't wonder at your attachment to it, for it has been a pretty old companion of yours, and 'tis likely to continue with you as long as you live—Forgot? no no—I must have a plaguy bad memory then, for I hear it founded in my ear a hundred times a day with the addition of Miss to it.

*Sist.* Is there any thing so extraordinary in that? why don't you call me by my maiden name? you know the Miss Wheezy's, Lady Shorum Sisters.—

*Wint.* Aye, the three antigraces, and a most terrific *trio* they are.

*Sist.* Well the youngest is old enough to be my mother (*Wint. coughs as not believing her*) they are always called *Miss*.

*Wint.* Very true; and so.—

*Sist.* You would have one appear old in the very prime of life (*drawing up herself*)—why your old cousin Miss Macfusty, who is above fixty, drives through Hyde Park every morning in a high Phæton.

*Wint.* She is perfectly right, and I would have you do the same; she has a mind perhaps to give herself the only possible chance of being *run away with*.

*Sist.* Your scurrility Mr Winterbottom is only to be equalled by your ill nature.

*Wint.* Why now, Sister—I beg pardon Miss *Winterbottom*, your maiden name (*catching himself*) isn't it ridiculous for a person of fifty to adopt all the airs

of

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of a girl of fifteen, and to think no one man can come near you without being in love.—you should leave these things to your niece.

*Sist.* Yes, yes, I shall take pretty good care of her, though her mother had the prudence to secure the honor of her family by leaving your daughter's fortune in my custody, which she forfeits if she marries without my approbation of the person.

*Wint.* I pity her situation, but as the fortune was left to my wife, since her marriage, it was in her own power—but, however, my utmost prudence shall be exerted to keep her from any act of indiscretion that may give your avarice the satisfaction of the forfeiture.

*Sist.* And therefore you think every one that comes to the house means to run away with her.

*Wint.* You are not without your apprehensions that they are—not coming to run away with you—but one can't be too circumspect.

*JENNY crosses the stage with a Lady's Slipper.*

Oh here comes the ambassadress of mischief and plenipotentiary of intrigue, but I'll take care you shall have no private audience with my daughter, so if you please Madam deliver your credentials here.

*Jen.* Dear Sir, I don't understand you, not I—I have only brought a Slipper from——

*Wint.* Aye here's a pretty specimen of modern folly (*takes the Slipper*) fring'd down to the bottom like a bantam cock, heels too, no broader than my tobacco stopper, and as high as——

B 2

*Jen.*



*Jen.* Lord, Sir, those French heels are all the fashion.

*Wint.* French heels! zounds then they shan't come into my house, the whole nation run sufficiently mad about a pair of (*French heels*) a winter or two ago.

*Sist.* Nay, brother, don't grudge the French the superiority of *heels*, for both in dancing and fighting they know how to make the best use of them.

*Wint.* True, Sister—and who could suppose that any human foot was meant to be tortured in this—I should as soon think of getting (*puts his hand in and finds the letter*) hey-day! what have we here! a damn'd long bill I suppose, and as unreasonable as the fashion itself—Adad, I'll see what they have the impudence to charge—Stay!—where's my spectacles.

*Jen.* (*aside to Sister, while he is looking for them*) O dear Ma'am its no bill, its no bill, its a letter to you, I was afraid you would be angry—but I found he was so much in love with you, that I was prevail'd upon to put it into this slipper, that you might find it.

*Sist.* Indeed Jenny! nay then I—(*runs up to Winterbottom.*) Dear Mr Winterbottom what have you to do with it, can't I have a bill come to me without having it opened?—

*Wint.* Yours, Sister!—why I thought it had been to my daughter—but its all your own fault in being call'd *Miss* instead of *Mrs*—it was but last week your niece, opened in a whole room full of company a parcel, meant for you, and what should be in it, but a pot of Rouge, and a packet of Kennedy's corn plaster.

*Jen.*

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*Jen. (aside)* This trick may cheat 'em both for a little time, and at least put off the discovery.

*(During the last speech the Sister looks languishingly at the Direction.)*

*Sist.* Well, you may sneer Mr Winterbottom—but some other people have a different opinion of me, but 'tis rather excusable, you grow old and peevish—though I agree with you, there may be some little imposition in the bills, hey Jenny.

*Jen. (nodding significantly)* Perhaps they may, Madam—a little more than you think. *(aside)*

*Sist.* And the person that sent it would be glad to receive the payment of it. *(significantly)*

*Jen.* Yes Madam, I can answer for it, he would.

*Wint.* Why then you may as well pay him off at once, its no use to stand hagling, if my daughter had run up a score of this kind, I would satisfy the man's demand at once, and have done with it.

*Sist.* Well,—I'm not against——

*Wint.* No, no, I dare say not, the fellow by putting *Miss* on the back on't will prevent your scrupling the contents, you are ever at the mercy of any one that will feed your vanity.

*Sist.* Nay, Mr Winterbottom, you can't say——

*Wint.* Why, it was but last winter you determined to imitate *Miss* Van Splutter the Dutch Lady, and learn to skait, because she told you it shew'd off an elegant ancle.

*Sist.* Mighty well, Mr Winterbottom.

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*Wint.* And when you slip into the horse pond, and Doctor Drowfy the Vicar, saw you crawling out, he entirely gain'd your heart by the classical compliment of comparing you to Venus rising out of the sea—— But the folly of love.——

*Sis.* Mr Winterbottom I don't ask your advice as an oracle in these matters.

*Wint.* But I'll give it to you, for once *Gratis*, and like the oracles of old, in verse, being part of an old song I us'd to sing formerly.

Since I feel I'm growing old,

Let me not united prove,

Fire and water, heat and cold ;

The scythe of time, the shaft of love !

But would you know the art

Of possessing the heart,

Unrivall'd, fix'd, constant and kind ;

That loves you, not your pelf ;

Fall in love with yourself,

And the Devil a rival you'll find.

[*Exit.*

*Sis.* Provoking wretch, but he is best noticed by contempt—now Jenny (*opens the letter and reads*) ardent love, numerous charms.—I never thought a love letter had been so *sensible*. “I'll seize the opportunity of seeing you the instant the old gentleman goes out, I will come in disguise,” unrelenting——“eternal——should fate be so unfortunate my last reserve to—to

leave

leave the militia and go abroad"—yes, but I won't drive him to that extremity, I won't have so much to answer for, I must not be too cruel Jenny—There's no name at the bottom, but I suppose he was afraid it might fall into wrong hands.

*Jen.* Yes, Madam, that was the very *reason* I'm sure—but I am to inform you of every particular.

*Sis.* Do Jenny, I'll answer it immediately, as he presumes it, won't he be surpriz'd at receiving a letter from me so soon.

*Jen.* Yes, Ma'am, indeed he will be surpriz'd enough, and you had better wait, till I can get the old gentleman out of the way, and then introduce the young one—ah—poor man, he is in a sad taking, he is but too sensible of your power.

*Sis.* Aye, but Jenny, I am not vain of it; beauty is but too often a snare, but I can't help thinking how nicely we have managed this affair, ha, ha!

*Jen.* Yes, Ma'am, it's neatly manag'd indeed.

*Sis.* And how easily some folks are taken in, ha, ha!

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sis.* But when the truth comes out—

*Jen.* Aye, there will be a rumpus.

[*Exeunt laughing, Jenny pointing and following.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT



ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Room in WINTERBOTTOM'S House.*

CAPTAIN CLEMENT and MARIA discovered.

*Maria.*

**B**UT my father may come home in an instant.

*Capt.* Impossible! I watch'd him into the Coffee-house in the next street.

*Mar.* But my aunt.

*Capt.* Is by your own account sitting in high state, expecting my entrance as a lover—I wish she was as reasonable as we are in the militia, to accept of a substitute.

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jen.* Dear ma'am, my old master is this moment returned, he is now discharging from the house, your aunt's French hair-dresser, and will be here in an instant.

*Mar.* Was there ever any thing so unfortunate.

*Capt.* Zounds! I had better say I am a foreigner, and so get kick'd out of the house without any questions ask'd.

*Jen.* And to leave us to bear the brunt of it.—No, no—I have it—Your aunt has been recommended to Mr Dash, the painter, to take her likeness, she has never seen him yet; strike your Cockade, and pretend to be him.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Oh, I shall never be able——

*Mar.* It is but trying—a little professional jargon will carry you through it.

*Wint.* (*speaking without*) Well, I have cleared the house of one of these French caterpillars already, and I suppose—(*seeing the Captain*) Hey day!—why what the devil—pray good Sir, what may be your business here?

*Capt.* Sir, I came here by appointment to take this Lady.

*Wint.* You are? as free and easy an impudence, as ever I saw in my life. (*half aside*)

*Capt.* And there is, I understand, another Lady, who——

*Wint.* What! you'd take her too?—well, *there* you are more reasonable than I expected.

*Capt.* I should be sorry to be thought extravagant in my demands.

*Wint.* You would?—Why, Zounds! do you come to affront a man in his own house?

*Capt.* Sir, I was only wishing to consult the Lady, whether she would be taken in an *undress*—it has a degree of ease.

*Wint.* So has your impudence, it sits upon you as if you had never worn any thing else.

*Capt.* Tho' some prefer *full length*.

*Wint.* The devil they do?

*Capt.* Though indeed that depends on the *keeping* and the design.

*Wint.*

*Wint.* Design!—keeping!—what, you design to take my daughter into keeping.

*Capt.* Sir, you misunderstand me, I was only speaking of the effect of the *canvas*.

*Wint.* The effect of your canvas I believe will not be very successful here.

*Mar.* Dear papa, the gentleman came here to paint.

*Wint.* To paint the ardency of his passion, and the power of your attractions, and I make no doubt he has been very successful.

*Mar.* Dear Sir, he came with his pallet——

*Wint.* A palate sharp set for any thing I dare say—but my daughter, Sir, is not for your palate—but pray who are you?—what?——

*Capt.* Sir, my profession——

*Wint.* I'll believe no man's profession, 'till I am better acquainted with him.

*Capt.* Sir, I have studied in the *foreign schools*.

*Wint.* Studied in the foreign schools!—here! here! I shall have my throat cut, I may have a Jesuit in my house in disguise, for aught I know.

*Enter SISTER.*

*Sis.* Bless me! Mr Winterbottom, what is all this disturbance.

*Mar.* Dear Ma'am, here is Mr Dash the painter come according to your order, and my father has found him—I don't know who.

*Sis.* Aye, this is always the case——

*Wint.*

*Wint.* (*moderating his voice*) Why, why didn't you tell me.

*Capt.* Sir, you misunderstood every word I said.

*Sist.* And became, as usual, the dupe of your own sagacity, nay you have committed an outrage against Tripon my hair-dresser—but do you think Sir, (*to the Captain*) you could succeed in my likeness?

*Wint.* Yes, if he could paint the sign of the Saracen's head.

*Capt.* Madam, I would presume to attempt a faint resemblance of a beauteous original.

*Wint.* Original! there's no such thing as an *original* in modern portrait painting—it is only copying one painting from another. (*touching his face.*)

*Sist.* Paltry insinuation!

*Wint.* And if they are at a loss for taxes, I don't see why ladies faces like other paintings should not be enter'd at the *Custom House* and pay duty at so much a foot.

*Sist.* Scurrilous raillery. (*to the Captain*) Well, Sir, since I find I can't be permitted to give my directions now, I shall expect you to-morrow, at present I must attend to a person on business. [*Exit.*]

*Wint.* (*in a softer tone*) Why, Sir, I believe, I have really mistaken your character, but you talk'd of a *foreign school*.

*Mar.* But, papa, he meant a school of painting.

*Wint.* But we have no occasion to have recourse to foreigners even for that, for our historical pieces (the only



only line in which we were before deficient) may now vie with all the world.

*Capt.* True, Sir, and are more intrinsically excellent as the representation of English merit owes nothing to the decorations of fancy and invention.

*Wint.* Well said, I like your notions, and was I ever to have my picture done again—

*Capt.* Sir, if you would permit me to—

*Wint.* No, no, my sister would spoil it by improvements, as you know she did the other day, my dear.

*Mar.* Yes, I remember it very well.

*Capt.* Pray, Sir, if I might presume to ask—

*Wint.* Why you must know I had my picture reckon'd a good likeness, drawn in a full bottom'd wig—a crook in my hand—feeding a lamb, with a sprig of wild thyme.

*Capt.* A pretty pastoral design.

*Wint.* Yes, Sir,—but when I went into the militia, my Sister thought it not sufficiently *military*, so took advantage of my absence, got a sign dauber who presently cover'd my wig with a large regimental hat, alter'd the sprig of thyme into a branch of laurel, and turn'd the crook into a spontoon.

*Capt.* But still the lamb must—

*Wint.* Oh she had the lamb painted brown, and with the addition of large whiskers and a double row of teeth, made as formidable a lion as ever grinn'd at you from the king's arms in a country church.

*Capt.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.*

*Man.* You know papa my aunt's humour is such—

*Wint.* Aye, child, was it not for your expectations from her, sooner than bear it, I would live upon Dutch beef, and the new Frenchified Burgundy Mustard.

*Mar.* My expectations are nothing, Sir, for she has this very day open'd a negociation to dispose of her hand and fortune.

*Wint.* You astonish me! and cou'd I be convinced—but that's impossible—and then that unfortunate clause that your fortune goes away, unless my *consent* to your marriage, is confirm'd by your aunt's *approbation* of the *Person*, must continue you a slave to her caprice.

*Mar.* I am sorry to say, Sir, *her* motive is still more mercenary and she has used every means to drive me to a forfeiture.

*Capt.* And I can put into your hands a soft tender letter she has just sent to a man she thought dying for her.

*Wint.* Really? But then her triumph for my mistake—

*Capt.* Shall all be turn'd upon herself; and if you'll step in with me, you shall soon see on which side the *triumph* is.

*Wint.* With all my heart—but Mr Dash, you are most unaccountably disinterested on a sudden.

*Capt.* Not at all, Sir, I only mean to follow my profession—to *paint* your Sister in her *proper colours*—and rest my expectations of reward, on the noblest trait of our national character—your generosity— [Exit.

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SCENE.—*A Dressing Room, Toilette, &c, &c.*

*Enter SISTER and JENNY.*

*Sist.* (to Jenny) Here, take away this olympian dew, and bring me the bloom of Circassia (*sings*) "Oh how pleasing 'tis to please"—But I am astonish'd at his want of punctuality, I begin to think the gentleman won't come.

*Jen.* I wonder how he should (*aside*) why, Ma'am he may still—(*a knocking*) stay, I think I hear somebody at the outer door.

*Sist.* Run to the top of the stairs, and reconnoitre—he was to come in disguise you know. [*Exit Jenny.* What an interesting moment is the concluding period of expectation, but I'll endeavour to collect myself and be composed.

*Re-enter JENNY.*

*Jen.* He'll not be easily suspected from his appearance but he says he comes on business to Miss Winterbottom.

*Sist.* Oh! admit him Jenny, he is very properly cautious in disguising himself.

*Jen.* Oh, Ma'am here's the gentleman—what can be the meaning of all this (*aside*). [*Exit.*

*Enter BILLY BRISTLE, who stares and bows at a distance, she curtsies very low.*

*Brist.* Hey the Captain, could not want a letter here—but no matter—I have two customers perhaps instead of one.

*Sist.*

*Sis.* How delicate the captain's embarrassment!—but I must not let the discourse become too critical at first (*aside*) have you—a—a been often disguised Sir?

*Bris.* (*staring*) Disguis'd! (*aside*) why, madam, now and then at our club.

*Sis.* Club! oh the club at St James's street, that gave the last masquerade ball, I suppose (*aside to him*) I suppose on this return of peace, you have now more leisure from the fatigues of your employment.

*Bris.* Quite the contrary, Ma'am, I have more business than ever.

*Sis.* Why, I thought your *men* were retained for only one month in the year.

*Bris.* Oh dear, no, they are in constant pay from weeks end to weeks end.

*Sis.* O pray, Sir a—a what are your quarters at present?

*Bris.* Why Ma'am *high quarters* are much run upon with us.

*Sis.* Yes, if they are genteel, they must be high and expensive.

*Bris.* No, Ma'am, there's no additional charge for that.

*Sis.* He seems a little embarrass'd. (*aside*) Pray, Sir, a—a—a—are you fond of the army——

*Bris.* Yes, Ma'am, if I could get a snug contract for a regiment.

*Sis.* I understand you, you want to have the appointment and procure the men.



*Brist.* Aye, aye, if there was occasion, let me alone to procure plenty of hands; but Ma'am I am come—

*Sist.* O Sir, spare my confusion!—I guess your errand.

*Brist.* I am bold to say no one shall deal more fairly.

*Sist.* But this humility, is the way of you all;—but I am afraid of too easily giving *credit*.

*Brist.* So am I, I suffer'd much by it.

*Sist.* (*with surprize*) You, Sir!

*Brist.* Yes, Ma'am, but to you, I should not scruple—

*Sist.* Oh you flatter!

*Brist.* Flatterer!—no Ma'am my work is not lacquer'd over with flattery I promise you.

Billy Bristle scorns to rank,

With those flimsy flashy beaux,

Who with heel pierc'd constitutions,

And with never paid for cloaths,

Yawn out a life of pleasure,

Yawn, &c.

They faintly squeeze the hand,

While I boldly squeeze the toe;

But 'tis all in the way of business;

Tho' the ladies cry out oh! oh! &c.

Of the foot and the heart I take measure,

Of the foot, &c.

Like a double channell'd pump,

Not so smart as seal-skin shoe,

Tho' I don't much look the beaux,

But egad I'll wear out too,

Who

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Who yawn out a life of pleasure ;

Yawn, yawn, &c.

*Sist.* A most elegant air, and divinely executed—Sir I am infinitely obliged to you.

*Brist.* Oh not at all Madam, the obligation is fully paid by your condescension, and we match like fellows—so now Ma'am if you please we'll to business. (*feeling for his measure.*)

*Sist.* Lord, Sir !

*Brist.* If you will give me leave to measure—(*sloops down to her foot.*)

*Sist.* Ah, I know what you won'd say, to measure your own unworthiness with my condescension—but rise, Sir.

*Brist.* No, Ma'am, I'll keep my place.

*Sist.* And may I depend upon you ?

*Brist.* Yes, you may depend upon me, I will make you as good a pair of shoes as ever came out of my shop. (*Sister starting back.*)

*Enter WINTERBOTTOM.* (*Bristle on one knee.*)

*Wint.* Ha, ha, ha ! I am afraid Sister, I am rather come at too critical a time—but had I known that Billy Bristle the shoemaker was a lover of yours—

*Sist.* A lover !——a shoemaker !

*Wint.* One of the best in Cranbourn Alley.

*Brist.* So then, I have been cutting out more work, I find, than I shall finish. (*aside*)

C 3

*Sist.*

*Sist.* Grant me patience, what am I become a dupe to a Paltry shoemaker.

*Wint.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sist.* A pitiful sneaking dirty fellow, whose trade—

*Brist.* Nay, hold a bit there Ma'am, if you touch my trade you touch my honour. (*goes to her*)

*Wint.* Ha, ha, ha! my friend Billy is like Achilles I find—he is vulnerable only in the *heel*.

*Sist.* You impudent wretch don't presume——

*Brist.* No such presumption after all Madam, and let me tell you that half the fine fellows about town owe all their consequence to *stich'd heels* and the low *topp'd boot*.

*Wint.* Well said Billy.

*Brist.* And as to courtship and matrimony—Why Captain Ofannagan carried off the Widow Watchett the great fortune, last season, solely by the look of his legs, in a pair of my dog-skin boots.

*Sist.* Mr Winterbottom, will you permit me to be thus insulted.

*Wint.* Why, Sister, your lover may *still* be a gentleman in *disguise* or he never could escape your penetration. (*ironically*) Why even *Jupiter* himself made love in the humble shape of a swan.

*Brist.* And I'll not be made a *goose* on the occasion I promise you.

*Enter CAPTAIN and MARIA.*

*Wint.* Hah!—what Mr Dash, you have lost a fine opportunity for face painting.

*Sist.*

*Sist.* I am not at leisure to sit for my picture now.

*Cap.* Yes, Madam, I shall take up but little of your time in drawing you in your *true colours*, and shall beg this lady to be a judge of the execution.

*Wint.* Why this is the oddest—what do you mean Mr Dash.

*Mar.* Now for a stroke she little expects.

*Capt.* In the first place, Sir, my name is not Dash, my profession not painting or *drawing*, except for the occasional benefit of that lady.

*Brist.* No Captain, I'll bear witness to that—your employment is to draw nothing—but your swords.

*Sist.* Captain!—Oh—well Sir!

*Wint.* Adad I was not so easily taken in, Sister, I thought he look'd no more like a painter than I like a French Opera dancer, but I'm always the dupe of my own sagacity, hey?

*Sist.* Pshaw!

*Wint.* But since you have told us, who you are *not*, may it not be as well to know who you *are*.

*Capt.* Sir, my name is Clement, my family and connections indisputable and my pretensions are with your permission to that lady. (*to Maria.*)

*Wint.* Clement! a good old English family, I am very well acquainted with it.

*Sist.* But you shall never have my approbation.

*Brist.* Aye, there the shoe pinches.

*Capt.* But could that be gain'd, might I hope—

*Wint.*

*Sist.*



*Wint.* Aye, aye, there's no danger in promising an impossibility but you have no more chance than the Spaniards had of taking *Gibraltar*.

*Capt.* Then, hear this letter, which I had the honour to receive from your fair hands. (*to the Sister with a sneer.*)

*Sist.* Heavens! my own letter.

*Capt.* (*reads*) "As your character and connections are perfectly unexceptionable having been acquainted with that, without knowing your person, I shall give you an instance of regard by waving the punctilios of female delicacy, and think you worthy of my hand."

*Mar.* (*with a sneer*) Dear Madam, this testimony of your good opinion of Mr Clement will certainly have proper weight with you.

*Wint.* And with me;—and now, Sister, since your approbation has releas'd my daughter, if the young man's account of his family proves to be genuine, I am almost inclin'd.

*Sist.* To be cheated and imposed on—Marry her to a cheat and impostor!

*Wint.* You were willing to join in the imposition while it serv'd to answer your purpose—but remember that mercenary cunning defeats its own ends, and that an old maid who fancies herself in *love*, has all the *tricks* of a monkey without a grain of its sagacity.

*Sist.* Duped, cheated, and exposed, to ridicule and contempt—but I'll be revenged—I'll quit your house immediately and bring your daughter's case into the court

court of chancery, disclaim your family for ever, and leave my whole fortune for the use of Bedlam, and the tabernacle.

[Exit.

*Briß.* She certainly can't be right in her upper leathers. (*pointing to his head.*)

*Wint.* Now Billy is your time, strike the iron while its hot.

*Briß.* Hot enough!

*Wint.* Follow her and realize her the mistake.

*Briß.* No, I thank you as much as if I did—marriage is like an ordinary pair of shoes, it shines like satin at a distance, but when you come near it proves *everlasting*—but however Captain, I wish you health to wear it—here has been a little mistake about me, but agad if she had carried it through, she might have been worse fitted.

[Exit.

*Wint.* So I find the bill in the slipper——

*Capt.* Was a demand on your daughter, and you *yourself* said you would not stand hagling about the payment.

*Wint.* Harkye, Sir—do you think I am to be cheated into a compliance?

*Capt.* Sir, your kindness has perhaps embolden'd—

*Wint.* No, Sir, that very singularity which my sister has laugh'd at, as ridiculous, has found you an advocate, and made you a friend—there Sir—(*giving his daughter.*)

*Capt.* To whom am I indebted?

*Wint.*

*Wint.* To the memory of your brave father who died in the service of his country.

*Capt.* It shall be the business of our lives to deserve this goodness.

*Wint.* Never then be ashamed of the manly roughness of our national character, for depend upon it, the refinements of the continent, while they soften the manners, corrupt the heart, and too much polish while it appears to wear off the rust destroys the substance.

FINIS.

14 JY 60

**THE**  
**COMIC OPERA**

**PATRICK IN PRUSSIA;**

**OR,**

**LOVE IN A CAMP.**

**IN TWO ACTS.**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE**

**THEATRE-ROYAL,**

**SMOKE-ALLEY.**

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**M,DCC,XCII.**

**PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.**



**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**



**Darby,**

**Father Luke,**

**Quiz,**

**Olmutz,**

**Marshal,**

**Rupert,**

**Greenber,**

**Adjutant,**

**Mr RYDER.**

**Mr OWENSON.**

**Mr MOSS.**

**Mr GLENVILLE.**

**Mr HAMERTON.**

**Mr REMINGTON.**

**Mr BARRET.**

**Mr KING.**

**Drummers, Messrs LYNCH and SMITH.**

**Captain Patrick,**

**Mr WOOD.**

**W O M E N.**

**Flora,**

**Mabel Flourish,**

**Norah,**

**Mrs HANNAM.**

**Mrs O'NEIL.**

**Miss HITCHCOCK.**

# PATRICK IN PRUSSIA;

OR,

## LOVE IN A CAMP.

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### ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Camp at Silesia—Tents, Soldiers cleaning their Arms, &c.*

SONG and CHORUS, *by Soldiers.*

SO chearful and happy we boys of the blade,  
Prepare all to meet on the shining parade;

Then rub,

Then scrub,

Your musquets, your belts, and your bayonets bright.

We'll rub,

We'll scrub,

Our musquets, our belts, and our bayonets bright.

In spatterdash white, as he throws up his leg,

Each rank and file marches a bold Scanderbeg;

The ladies admiring,

Our charging and firing,

Our standing and kneeling,

To right and left wheeling.

A

A smile

## PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

A smile from a woman's a soldier's delight,  
They love as we love 'em, and for 'em we fight;

We'll jovially sing,  
Drink a health to our king,  
And make the camp ring, &c.

[*Exeunt soldiers,*

*Enter* PATRICK.

Well, here I am near the camp of Silesia—I suppose I shall easily find out Marshal Fehrbellin's tent—if I could meet my old friend Darby—he should conduct me to it—but let's see—what says Darby's letter—aye, here's his scrawl. [*Takes out a letter, and reads.*

“MY DEAR PATRICK,

“I have left Ireland, and by your example have took up arms, and like the king I serve, with a firm resolution to slay both man, woman and child—I am in high favour with our officers—am a gentleman soldier, and in the high road to preferment—from your loving Friend till death.

*Camp in Silesia.*

“DARBY.”

Hey, who have we here? some poor devil going to be flogg'd.

*Drum beats, Fife plays.*

*Enter* ADJUTANT, *two* Drummers *with whips*—DARBY *between two* Soldiers.—Soldiers *as* Guards.

Dar. Oh, dear good Mr Adjutant, and you my good little drummers—my dear friends, pot-companions, brother comrades and brother soldiers—now how can you have the heart to flog poor Darby?

*Pat.*

*Pat.* Poor Darby—and is this thy preferment? (*aside*)  
Pray, Sir,—how came this poor fellow in such disgrace?

*Adj.* A poor harmless devil, Sir—but sometimes a little prone to mischief—but for his arch tricks such a favourite with our officers, that though he frequently deserves punishment, yet he generally gets forgiven—and now, Sir, we give him this whipping as private as possible out of pure lenity—I have myself a very great friendship for poor Darby——so strip, you dog.

*Dar.* Lord Sir, I never strip but when I go to bed.  
—What are you about there Tommy Tickleback?

*Tom.* Only tying knots. [*Tying the last of his whip.*]

*Dar.* Tying knots—now that's very childish of you.  
And pray, what are you about, Neddy Nimblewrist?

*Ned.* Twisting whipcord and wire—to give you a red waistcoat.

*Dar.* Whipcord and wire. Oh, dear—well if I must be whipp'd—if I don't like it, you shall leave off.

*Pat.* Pray, Sir, what's his crime?

*Adj.* Only suspicion of drunkenness, and sleeping on his post.

*Dar.* Yes, sleeping on my post, but I never dreamt that I should be flogg'd for it.

*Pat.* Who is your Captain?

*Adj.* At present, Sir; we have no Captain, he that was our captain was preferr'd prior to the review, and our new one is not arrived yet from Berlin.

*Pat.* Yes, Sir, but he is arrived, and honour'd with his Majesty's commission. I am he.



*Dar.* Captain Pat—Patty——yes it is, did I not say I should see Captain Patty?

*Pat.* Adjutant, I think this business may be deferred.

*Adj.* Why, Sir, we had not the honour to know of your arrival, and, Sir, to oblige you, we'll postpone his punishment.

*Cap.* By all means.

*Dar.* By all means. Postpone, aye and pardon it too—the devil a bit of hurt will it do to any body.

*Adj.* Release him.

*Dar.* Aye release me—don't you hear, my dear friends—pot-companions, brother messmates, and brother foldiers, Neddy Nimblewrist, and Tommy Tickle-back—I am not for the red waistcoat, so you may go and find another mouse for your cat o-nine-tails. Get out, get along. Ah, ha!

[*Exeunt Soldiers and Drummers.*]

*Adj.* And if you please, Sir, I'll go and inform the Marshal of your arrival—Sir, you are welcome to our corps—I am very glad to see you. [*Exit.*]

*Dar.* Yes, Sir, I am very glad to see you—but my dear Pat, how you came like my good guardian angel, to save me!—let me see—an't you an angel? (*Looking round with pleasure and taking hold of his hand.*)

*Pat.* But how is all this, Darby? you ingenious rogue you, how did you bring all this about? I left you at the plow tail in Ireland, and here I find you at the whipping post in Silesia.

*Dar.*

*Dar.* Aye, 'twas you that did it; for when Captain Fitzroy made you a present of the colours, it set me all agog for a General's staff, and when the jade Kathleen jilted me——

*Pat.* Away went carts and waggons, plows and flails.

*Dar.* Aye, and because I could not do as I would, while I was worth a farthing, sold off all, and up to Dublin I came, mounted on a long tail'd dobin; and to be sure I did not do things neatly—did not trim myself out in a smart suit of cloaths, and shew them the soul of an Irish lad; but hearing that there were some pretty boys of the Shamrock in London, I thought I'd see that too: I don't know how it was, but in taking leave of this body and that body, I muddled a little, and the blundering waterman, instead of putting me into a Parkgate Packet, launched me on board a ship bound for the Baltic, and I never discover'd the mistake 'till I found myself landed at Dantzick; but how came you to sell your English commission, and turn Prussian soldier?

*Pat.* Why at present my country does not want my services, and I thought if it should want them, that they would not prove less deserving of George by being for the present under the tuition of so regular a disciplined master as Frederick. The Prussian arms were ever fam'd for regularity—pray how comes it they have made you so irregular?

*Dar.* Irregular! the most regular—as regular to my two half gallons every day, as I was to Dermot's

brown jug. But Patty, though you are my Captain, you and I may crack a joke now and then, the devil a harm will it do our strict Prussian discipline, for you and I, when we are snug, to talk over our merry meetings with our singing pot-companions, Dermot and Father Luke, at the shoulder of mutton.—Oh your honour (*seeing Olmutz.*) likes a shoulder of mutton—

*Enter OLMUTZ.*

I shall give orders to the futter to dress you a nice one.

*Olm.* Marshal Fehrbellin's compliments—glad—  
hear of your arrival—expect you at camp—half an hour.

*Pat.* Give my respectful compliments, and I'll do myself the pleasure to wait on him.

*Olm.* Tell him so. *[Exit.*

*Pat.* Tall fellow—but of very few words.

*Dar.* Very few, but he found enough to inform against me—but if I am not even with him for it, there are no potatoes in Munster.

*Pat.* Eh, Darby—yonder's a fine lovely girl passing along there—do you know her?

*Dar.* Oh, yes, she is a very fine girl—but we have flocks of such in Prussia—Lord, Sir, if you'll come along with me, I'll introduce you a-la-militaire.

*[Darby going first, recollects himself, bows and follows.*

*Pat.* By all means, Darby. *[Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE.—*A Grove.**Enter FLORA. Basket of Fruit on her Arm.*

## S O N G.

The tuneful birds, how sweet they sing,  
 How gay the dainty flowret's spring,  
 How light the milkmaid's briming pail,  
 As chaunting in the flow'ry dale;  
 'Tis love that wafts her blithe along,  
 That paints the flowers, and tunes her song.

*Flo.* Now to count my money—let me see—I fold my pippins for two pence—my strawberries for sixpence, my peaches for ten pence, and my roses for four pence: And now to tie it up in the corner of my handkerchief, lest any rude fellow should insult me.

*During this speech enter PAT. and DARBY.*

*Pat.* There she is Darby.

*Dar.* Oh, yes, there she is, and she's yours—I know her—her name's Flora, she sells apples and flowers—and collyflowers.

*Pat.* And she's the sweetest flower in her own garden—My lovely girl.—

*Flo.* Did you call me, Sir?

*Pat.* Yes my pretty dear.

## S O N G.

Dans votre lit, that bright paterre,  
 Shou'd Flora bloom a lily fair:

*A smiling*



A smiling jonquil I cou'd be,  
To blow, sweet flow'r, beside of thee.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,  
You droop to hide the rose's blush;  
The leafy umbrage make of me,  
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be.

When ev'ry flower that paints the grove,  
Throws smiles and odours all around;  
Sweet flow'r, I'll prove thy faithful bee,  
And honey sip from none but thee.

*Dar.* Pray, my dear, an't you a Whatecallum girl  
—and don't you live in—Thingumy village?

*Flo.* Well, suppose I am a Whatecallum girl, and  
do live at Thingumy village, what then?

*Dar.* What then—oh, nothing at all—only that's  
Pat—and his honour would be glad to see you in his  
honour's tent, to take a glass of wine with his honour.

*Flo.* Honour, and honour—I drink wine with his  
honour! the fellow's a fool, I think.

*Pat.* So he is, my pretty dear—but, my sweet rose-  
bud, there's no harm, I hope, in taking a glass of wine,  
my pretty Pomona.

## T R I O.

*Cap.* My angel little girl,  
With me a moment stop;

*Flo.* Do, stop me, at your peril!

*Dar.* Your tent, and then a drop.

*Flo.*

*Flo.* Nay Sir, nay Sir.

*Cap.* Why so cold, my charmer?

*Dar.* Brilliant Burgundy shall warm her.

*Cap. & Dar.* My cherry, my plumb,  
In finger and thumb;

*Cap.* You shall fold the waste  
Of my blushing glass,  
My sweet rosy lass,  
While the nectar lip you taste.  
Such joy will I sip,

From your ripe balmy lip,  
Your charms thus I'll clasp,

*Dar.* Thus the bottle I'll grasp.

*Flo.* How can you serve me so?

*Dar.* Then up, my dear, you go,  
Do let his honour buss.

*Cap.* My sweet a moment stay,

*Flo.* How dare you use me thus,  
How dare you use me thus,  
Upon the king's highway?

*Dar.* A turnpike-man am I,  
To take Cupid's toll,  
A kiss.

*Flo.* I will pass by,

*Dar.* You can't, upon my soul.

*Cap.* Lovely sylvan beauty!

*Flo.* What shall I do? oh! lack.

*Dar.*

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

*Dar.* Sweet, pay her, the duty,

*Flo.* With a hearty, hearty smack.

*Dar.* Pies on your fist, my beauty,  
O'd dang it, 'twas a whack.

*Flo.* Your chops may take the duty  
Of such a douncing smack,  
Your cheeks have had a hearty smack.

*Dar.* Oh, how sweet she would smack!

*Pat.* Do you think so, Darby? (*ironically*)

*Dar.* Oh, yes, Sir; she's yours, Sir, I'll get her for you.

*Pat.* Have a care, Darby, are you sure I shan't be guilty of seduction? I wou'd not for a transient pleasure bring lasting ruin upon a poor innocent girl.

*Dar.* Ruin! Oh, pray what have you done with Norah?

*Pat.* Norah, I have left her to the care of Father Luke.

*Dar.* What, old two to one, that brings mutton to his mouth by means of the multiplication table.

*Pat.* But, Darby, where can I find apartments? where can I put on my shoes?

*Dar.* We all wear boots in the camp, we shoe none but the horses. But you shall lodge for the present at Mabel Flourish's, where the officers mess—I'll order your baggage there, and to be sure to-morrow I won't fit you up the smartest booth in the camp—so come along—Pat—come along Patty—oh, dear—this way, Captain—Captain Patty.

[*Exit Darby.*

*Pat.*

*Pat.* Very well, Mr Darby; you seem very accommodating truly—and indeed if the girls are so handsome and come much in my way, I shall stand in need of all my constancy.

## S O N G.

Away, ye giddy smiling throng  
Of tempting beauties, fair and young,  
My heart be true, altho' my tongue

Shou'd sing of lovely Flora;

Or shou'd I gaze with fond desire,  
Shou'd breath of roses fan the fire;

And tho' I on a touch expire,

My soul is thine sweet Norah.

The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,

My constant soul must ever bind,

To that dear woman left behind,

My kind, my tender Norah;

But, Oh! I fear each mortal part,

Nay, e'en this true, this faithful heart,

Resistless to the Urchin's dart,

Shot by the eyes of Flora.

Illusive vapour, transient blaze,

Oh! vanish, while I wandering gaze,

But shine like Dian's silver ray,

My passion chaste for Norah;

Yet Hymen winks, and Venus smiles,

And passion ev'ry sense beguiles,

And



And Cupid with his thousand wiles,  
Assist my charming Flora. [Exit Pat.

SCENE.—*Outside of MABEL FLOURISH'S.*

*Wrote over the Door*—"The Officers Mess-House, by  
MABEL FLOURISH."

*Enter DARBY.*

*Dar.* I am strangely puzzl'd how to get this girl for  
Pat—she's so very modest. Mabel. (*calls*)

*Enter PAT.*

*Pat.* Where are these apartments, where's Mabel?

*Dar.* Here, your honour—Mabel—Mabel.

*Enter MABEL from the door flat.*

Here's a new guest for you; so clean up your house,  
rub up the mahogany table, turn the counterpane, lay  
down the great carpet, get the trumpeter's great chair  
uncovered, wash-ball and slippers, throw some sand  
upon the stairs, and kick the cat out of the way.

[Exit Captain Patrick with Mabel.

*Dar.* Devilish lucky Pat's coming. Let me see—  
I'll employ Olmutz to get Flora—'twill draw him into  
a scrape, and I shall be reveng'd on him for his attempt  
to get me tied to the halberts, and if he wants to ex-  
cuse himself, it will be by half sentences, so that nobo-  
dy will believe him. Eh, here he comes, and little  
Quiz with him—that fellow always keeps company  
with great people—how high he carries his head with  
his hairy cap. When he comes in at a door he's obli-  
ged

ged to duck like a gander under a gate—drinks by half gallons out of rummer glaffes; eats with his broad sword and picks his teeth with a bayonet.

*Enter OLMUTZ and QUIZ.*

*Quiz drefs'd in an old red Waistcoat and a Fur Cap.*

*Quiz.* I say Darby was shot from the mouth of a cannon.

*Dar.* Your cannon's a great gun.

*Olm.* No, no, I say he was only whipp'd.

*Dar.* No, nor he was not whipp'd.

*Quiz.* I say, when I am a trooper.——

*Dar.* Aye, when shrimps are lobsters.

*Quiz.* Shrimps and lobsters—I say, spirit does not consist in size—The sword-fish is not a whale—you shall see if Marshal Fehrbellin will refuse me a place in the grenadier corps.

*[Exit Quiz.]*

*Dar.* Well, we shall soon see, for here he comes.

*Olm.* Does he? the first impression's a great deal—I'll go and accoutre myself, and appear before him à-la-militaire.

*Dar.* Oh, Quiz is gone—he could not stay to speak to his Highness—so Mabel shall—for Olmutz I want to talk to you—soldiers, you know, should not bear malice—Your hand—I'll make your fortune—Mabel.

*Enter MABEL from Flat.*

His Highness is coming to see your lodger—Mabel do you receive him.

*[Retires with Olmutz.]*

*Enter MARSHAL.*

*Mar.* Where's the new officer, Captain Patrick?

*Mab.* He is but just taking of his beard—shall I call him to your Highness?

*Mar.* No, I won't have him disturb'd—I'll send my Aid-de-Camp to him—A good fine sized woman—the proportion of our men has been for some time diminishing—now to match her with that tall fellow would produce soldiers equal to the full standard.—Are you married?

*Mab.* No, please your Highness, I am a maid, at your service.

*Mar.* What's your name?

*Mab.* Mabel Flourish, and please your highness—my father was trumpeter Flourish.

*Mar.* Yes, they'll do very well——Soldier.

*Olm.* Here. [Comes down.

*Mar.* Are you married?

*Olm.* No, Highness.

*Mar.* Can you read? (*Marshal takes out his pocket-book, and writes upon a loose leaf.*)

*Olm.* Can't say, never tried.

*Mar.* Yes, they'll make an excellent match—I'll give orders to Captain Patrick to see the ceremony performed—It will be an excellent lesson to him of the strictness of our military discipline—Here, deliver that to Captain Patrick.—Yes, they'll be a very pretty couple. [Exit.

*Mab.* His Highness was always very proud—I never heard him talk so sweet and condescending before. (*Bell rings*) Coming, coming. [Exit into house.

*Olm.*

*Olm.* What devil's this? [*Looking at the paper.*]

*Dar.* What's the matter, Olmutz?

*Olm.* Marshal desire me give this paper——Captain Patrick.

*Dar.* That paper—what is it?

*Olm.* Don't know—can't read.

*Dar.* Let me see——“ Marshal Fehrbellin's compliments to Capt. Patrick—desires he will, at sight of this, see the bearer married to Mabel Flourish, with all dispatch; and, as a portion, he will give her 50 rix-dollars from the military chest.” Indeed! but Olmutz shall never touch the dollars—Olmutz, you had better go about that business I was telling you of.

*Olm.* What, and leave Marshal's paper——may be of consequence—let's hear what about.

*Dar.* Oh, you want to know what its about—oh, you shall hear what its about—You can't read, you say.

*Olm.* No.

*Dar.* “ Marshal Fehrbellin's compliments to Capt. Patrick; desires he will, at sight of this, see the bearer ride the great horse, for one hour, with five carbines tied to each leg.”

*Olm.* Me! what have I done? Wooden horse—five carbines!

*Dar.* Poor fellow! what a fine tall figure to ride the high horse——Oh! your poor legs.

*Olm.* For what? What have I done?

*Dar.* Poor devil! such legs to suffer so! what did he say to you?



*Olm.* Ask'd if I could read.

*Dar.* And I suppose you told him no.

*Olm.* No—didn't—said—never tried.

*Dar.* Never tried! Aye, that's done it.

*Olm.* Here comes Quiz strutting, so merry—I obliged to ride great horse!

*Dar.* I'll have a good joke (*aside*) Olmutz, this paper don't mention your name: it only says the bearer, Suppose we give it to Quiz to carry.

*Olm.* The very thing. Captain, make him ride the great horse.

*Dar.* So he will. Get a wafer; for Quiz can read, you know, and that would spoil the joke. This is fine, Come, Olmutz, there—— [Seals it.

*Enter Quiz strutting.*

*Quiz.* To be sure I shall cut a very foolish bit of a figure at the grand review.

*Dar.* Aye, Quiz, better perhaps than you think: for I don't know how it comes about, but the Marshal on my speaking a good word for you, has made your fortune. Under this wafer lies your preferment.

*Olm.* Yes, he'll soon be exalted. [Stifles a laugh.

*Quiz.* Aye, great merit can't long lay hid. But what is under that wafer?

*Dar.* A letter the Marshal desired you would give to Captain Patrick. I told him you was a great man.

*Quiz.* So I am: a high fellow. [Strutting.

*Dar.* So I said: six feet and an inch high, cap and all.

*Olm.*

*Olm.* Yes, and he'll be highly mounted—a trooper.

*Quiz.* Aye, Sir, little as you may think me, I may look down to-morrow on people taller than myself. I may by the god of war.

*Olm.* Yes, he'll look down, Darby,—perhaps to-day. [*Aside to Darby.*]

*Dar.* You'll give the letter.

[*Exit Darby and Olmutz.*]

*Quiz.* Do you think I'd neglect the Marshal's commands! I will give it, by the god of war.

*Enter PATRICK from House.*

*Pat.* Hey day, what a sort of a figure have we here?

*Quiz.* I am order'd by Marshal Fehrbellin to deliver this billet.

*Pat.* (*Reads*) “Bearer—married—Mable Flourish.” A strange command this! but thus I suppose his Highness wants to replenish his race of drummers. Where, where is this Mable?

*Enter MABLE from House.*

*Mab.* Here your honour—your honour left the key in your great trunk.

*Pat.* Well, I suppose you are both determined.

*Quiz.* Yes, by the god of war! honour's my mistress, and for her I'll die.

*Pat.* Well then, I'll send for a chaplain, and you shall both be married directly.

*Mab.* Married!

*Pat.* Yes, I am ordered by the Marshal to see you both married.

*Mab.* I married to such a shrimp of a man! what does the Marshal mean?

*Quiz.* Yes, Darby has done my business for me.

*Pat.* What's your name?

*Quiz.* Quiz Oddbody.

*Pat.* Then, Mrs Oddbody, I give you joy; and as a portion, his Highness has ordered you 50 rix-dollars out of the military chest. *[Exit into house.]*

*Mab.* Fifty rix-dollars! Oh that alters the case; that's quite another thing.

*Quiz.* I had no thought of marrying; but this is such a prodigious great match—that I shall be proud to be Man of the House. *[Kisses her ridiculously.]*

*Mab.* Well, I shall have the finest booth in the Camp; and so let's to the Chapel.

*Quiz.* Chapel! No, we will be married in a Cathedral—we will, by the god of war——And then for the——grand review.

### S O N G.

*Quiz.* All fierce and military,

Cross buff-belt and regimental new,

With high cap, rough and hairy,

At our grand review:

With spur and boot,

Adorn the foot.

To grace the field, while pateraroes shoot

Fire and smoke,

All a joke,

Bullets

Bullets whiz,

Bully Quiz

Erect as a sturdy oak.

On my charger prancing,

Rat, tat, tat, his hoofs shall beat the ground;

Great glove and broad sword glancing,

Salute the ladies round :

In the grand pas rear,

Up the pavement tear,

Like a Noble Col'nel, at my men I swear,

Hey, they fight,

To the right,

Keep the rank,

Guard the flank,

Zounds, I'll soon be a brigadier.

[Leads her off.]

SCENE.—*The outside of a Cottage.*

*Enter DARBY, OLMUTZ, and Soldiers.*

*Dar.* Softly softly, our Captain shall get her, my boy——this is the place to watch for her, for that's her father's, the old soldiers; though, it seems, her head runs of one Rupert.

*Olm.* Can't help laughing, to think little Quiz is now riding the big horse.

*Dar.* Hush! Hush! here she comes.

*Enter*

Bullets



*Enter FLORA from the house, crosses the stage and exits.*  
Now Olmutz, there she goes amongst the bushes;  
make haste.

*Olm.* Won't you go?

*Dar.* My dear Olmutz, you shall have the glory of the action all yourself—I would not rob you of a single lash you rascal. [*Exit Olmutz and Soldiers.*]

*Enter MARSHAL and PAT.*

*Mar.* I am glad you are come, Sir, for we are to have a grand review to-morrow. The Emperor seems prepared for hostile measures; therefore our wife and vigilant Master thinks it necessary to be prepared to oppose them.

*Flo. (without)* Oh, dear——where is Rupert to protect me?

*Mar.* Who's that running after a girl?—call him here, call the rascal back.

*Dar.* Yes, your honour—Here Olmutz—come back his Highness wants you. Why don't you come back, you rascal—he's a very bad fellow, he would run after the girl, notwithstanding all I said to him.

*Enter OLMUTZ.*

*Mar.* What have you been about? come here, you rascal.

*Dar.* Aye, what have you been about? come here, you rascal.

*Olm.* Please Highness—corporal thought no harm to get pretty girl for officer—got her off though.

[*Aside to Darby.*]

*Mar.*

*Mar.* What officer, rascal?

*Olm.* New captain, Highness.

*Pat.* Me, firrah!

*Mar.* I thought Sir, I had found you different employment.

*Olm.* Highness—very hard—order man to ride great horse, cause he can't read.

*Mar.* Great horse! I thought her a comely personable woman. But, Sir, to you I must say, that I am sorry an officer should be guilty of such an act of dishonour, whose duty it is to protect, not to distress the fair.

*Pat.* Sir, give me leave—

*Mar.* No, Sir, for the present I suspend your commission; when his Majesty arrives, he may use his pleasure.

*Dar.* So then, Olmutz won't be punished after all.

*Mar.* What Sir, ar'n't you married? (*to Olmutz.*)

*Olm.* Not I, Highness.

*Dar.* Here, your Highness, comes a pretty couple that are married.

*Enter QUIZ and MABEL.*

*Quiz.* By the god of war, your Highness, I am come to thank you for all favours.

*Mab.* I thank your Highness for my husband and great fortune.

*Quiz.* Yes, your Highness, but mine's the biggest.

*Mar.* What is all this?

*Pat.*

*Pat.* Your Highness desired me to see the wedding—I have it from under your own hand, and there you are obey'd—behold your well match'd couple.

*Quiz.* Yes, we're a pretty couple, by the god of war.

*Mar.* Begone Sir. [Exit Quiz and Mabel.]

*Olm.* So, this is great horse, rafcal? (to Darby)

[Exit.]

*Dar.* I think, I had best take off too, or I may chance to run against a whipping post.

[Retires up the stage.]

*Mar.* Well, Sir, you are from Ireland, where I know they would call this a good jest, and a joke is the leading feature of your country; I shall not on this occasion differ in opinion from you: but, Sir, the young woman you have ordered to be carried away, must be restored; and I hope your future conduct won't make me repent of the desire I have to be your friend.

[Exit.]

## F I N A L E.

*DARBY comes down.*

*During the Finale QUIZ and MABEL enter.*

*Dar.* And is he gone? oh, bug and bounds

How near I was a threshing;

But here's your uncle, Father Luke,

In Berlin chaise come dashing.

*Cap.* S'death, perhaps my Norah too,

We're in a hopeful hobble;

But

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

But I must to my awl and end

The matter up to cobble.

Disgrac'd, I cannot face my wife.

*Dar.* Who bid her now to come, Sir?

*Cap.* And such a cause then, Father Luke,

*Dar.* My hand the priest I'll hum.

*Cap.* 'Till I'm restored, amuse 'em both;

Again my friend, I'll rank ye;

*Dar.* I wonder how is little Quiz?

*Quiz.* I'm pretty well, I thank ye.

My Mabel, by the god of war,

Is a celestial Houry;

As fine a bride as man can wish,

When here you down her dowry.

*Mab.* Like scissars hung on apron string,

Or dangled here a locket;

But much my cash, and that, and you,

I'll put into my pocket.

*Cap.* Come, come, agree, like man and wife,

And very well you'll both do.

*Mab.* Aye, by the god of war, we will,

*Quiz.* Already get my oath too.

*Dar.* Friend Quiz, your hand, I give you joy,

Of spousy and her richer;

This comfort still is your's, my boy,

She ne'er can wear the breeches.

Then



## PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

Then let the chine and turkey smoke,  
Good cheer o'erspread the table;  
The wedding, such a merry joke,  
Little Quiz and Mabel. ] *Exeunt.*

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### ACT II.

#### SCENE.—MABEL FLOURISH'S.

*Enter MABEL and OLMUTZ.*

*Mab.* Then it was you his Highness intended me for.

*Olm.* Yes, one of Darby's tricks—sent me after Flora—get her for officer.

*Mab.* Aye, Flora, and the poor girl is now in my room putting on a suit of officer's clothes that I lent her, to elude the insults of the officers and soldiers, and vows she'll go through the world, till she find her sweetheart Rupert. Aye, Darby's a sad villain, to lose so fine a tall fellow for little Quiz.

*Olm.* Aye, to lose me for him—be revenged—come to my centry-box—snug by ourselves—foot of bridge.

*Mab.* Oh, fie! Olmutz. But could I depend on your honour?

*Olm.* You may. Some one coming—not seen together. (*Exit Mabel*) Fine woman—make Quiz believe Darby made this match to cover his own designs on his wife.

*Enter*

*Enter* RUPERT.

*Rup.* Rascal! I am told you know where Flora is: that you have seized her. Tell me of her this instant.

*Olm.* Darby did it, ran off with her for his captain. Come this way—tell all I know. Now I shall be revenged on Darby for loss of wife—make him ride big horse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*discovers* NORAH.

*Two Chairs, a Dressing Table.*

*Nor.* Here I am at last in Silesia—and how my coming must surprize my dear Patrick! But the more unexpected the more welcome our meeting.

S O N G.

Oh, come, my foldier meet my fight,

Full far I've come to thee;

No foe now dares you to the fight,

But gentle love and me.

My foldier doats on fierce alarms,

Where foes in battle join;

But when the trumpet sounds to arms,

Oh! let him fly to mine.

In camps how rough by Mars array'd,

There fate attends his will;

At home you hear each tender maid,

Ah! was he form'd to kill?

C

In

In charms secure the fair advance,

And ere in arrow flies,

And looks around, and at each glance

A wounded maiden dies.

He looks around, &c.

*Luke. (without)* Very well, honey, I see the door; so perhaps I may find the room myself—You must know that I am Father Luke of Carton; but I left it to follow Pat, because I found he was come to Silesia to have his full swing among the girls.

*Enter QUIZ, MABEL and FATHER LUKE.*

*Quiz.* My dear, I have got a most delicious cordial; Darby gave it me.

*Mab.* Darby! he's a pretty fellow—so keep your mouth shut.

*Quiz.* No, I'll open it once more.

*Luke.* Is that your husband?

*Quiz.* Yes, I am.

*Luke.* Who married you?

*Quiz.* The Parson; but I'm obliged to Darby. Darby help'd me to the match.

*Luke.* Faith, and he helped you plentifully. But, d'ye hear? we would not have Captain Patrick know of our arrival 'till we come smack upon him. So, d'ye hear—have you never a snug bit of a room in a corner, where you can put Norah?

*Mab.* O yes, there's my room, and a young woman in it already, that has been used ill by the foldiers.

*Quiz.*

*Quiz.* Soldiers use women ill—who's the man of the house?

*Luke.* Aye, where's the man of the house?

*Quiz.* If you can't see, put on your spectacles.

*Luke.* Faith and I must, for you are a small print.

*Quiz.* Small print!

*Luke.* Come Norah—in—in—Mabel, my dear, please to shew the way.

*Nor.* Oh, fir, lose no time in finding out my husband—only think of my anxiety.

[*Exit Mabel and Norah.*]

*Luke.* Come here——what have you got in your square bottle?

*Quiz.* 'Tis fine usquebaugh——

*Luke.* Usquebaugh! Where did you get it——From Drogheda?

*Quiz.* No, I had it from Darby.

*Luke.* Then you had it from a wicked rogue, (*takes it from him.*) arn't you ashamed to ask a clergyman to drink drams. 'Tis not good, nor it can't be good—(*pours out*)—nor it can't be wholesome (*drinks*) Now, don't you be running your nose into every neighbours—both up and down the town, and bragging that you have got father Luke in your house.

*Quiz.* No, my greatest pride is that I have got myself in the house. (*Bell rings loud*) Oh, that damn'd bell—I'll have drums and drumsticks placed in every room in the house—I will, by the god of war. [*Exit.*]

[*Takes a chair and sits down.*]

C 2

Enter



*Enter DARBY, unperceived.*

*Luke.* I fancy I shall soon get to the bottom of this,  
“For oh, it is heavenly liquor.” [Sings.

*Dar.* “And as good for me as the vicar.” [Sings.

*Luke.* Now, upon my soul, this is very comical, for you left me counting my beads in Ireland, and here you find me conning my book in Silesia.

*Dar.* I think its my book you are conning; but if you please, I'll read a chapter now, for I suppose by this time you have it by heart.

*Luke.* Oh, Darby, you are a wicked fellow; the last time I saw you was at Carton—to be sure you was in mighty haste, with constables at your heels—but I did not think you had so long a journey to take.

*Dar.* Constables! Oh, yes, very true—but I gave them the slip—I would not keep such fellows company.

*Luke.* Ah, Darby, you was always a very great scape-grace—a sad dog.

*Dar.* Oh, now you talk about dogs, father Luke, pray did my little dog come back to the farm?

*Luke.* Your dog!

*Dar.* Aye, my Unicorn—we used to call him Unicorn, you know, because he had but one ear—I had him from an attorney.

*Luke.* Don't ask me about your dog, you stupid fellow—what's your dog to me?

*Dar.* Oh, he is not—now you'll hear.

SONG

## S O N G.

I'll sing you a song, faith I'm finging it now,  
 Here I don't mean to 'front either small or big, Bow,  
 wow;

Here the subject I've chosen, it is the canine race,  
 To prove like us two-legg'd dogs, they are a very finer race.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, lal, ad di, ad di.

Wow, wow.

Like you and I, other dogs may be counted fad dogs.

As we won't drink water, some might think us mad dogs;

A courtier is a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog,

A soldier is a mastiff, a failor is a bull dog.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, lal.

An old maid comes from church, the poor no lady kinder.

A lusty dog her footman, with prayer-book behind her:

A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of good

kicking,

But little Shock, her lap dog, must have a roasted  
 chicken,

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, la.

When filly dogs for property, uncle son and brother,

Grind and snort, mighty gruff, and worry one another;

Should they a bit of equity, from Justice beg the loan of,  
That cunning dog, the lawyer, Snap, carries quick the  
bone off.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, la.

A poet's a lank grey-hound, for the public he runs game  
down,

A critic is a cur, and strives to run his fame down;  
And though he cannot follow, where the noble sport  
invites him,

"He sily steals behind, and by the heel he bites him.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, la.

You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed them  
you are able,

Your dog for his morsel, crouches under your table,  
Your friends turn table in misfortune or disaster,  
But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his master.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, la.

As your friends turn tail the moment that you need 'em,  
My dog ran away when no longer I could feed him;  
This cur so ungrateful, forsook me on my journey,  
And for a mouldy crust, went back to the attorney.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, la.

But where's your niece, Norah—how does she—is she  
here, father?

*Luka.*

*Luke.* Here! there's a question—no, I left her at Potsdam.

*Dar.* And I saw her not half an hour ago—but I'll be even with him. [*aside.*]

*Luke.* But, you fly rogue, how did you find me out? where's her husband—have you ever met him in your walks—Pat, that run away?

*Dar.* Ah father! I am very sorry to tell you such bad news; but poor Pat's dead.

*Luke.* Dead!

*Dar.* Aye, sad intelligence for poor Norah.

*Luke.* How did he die?

*Dar.* A pistol fever—a bullet did the business.

*Luke.* A pistol!—when?

*Dar.* Last night—Oh you're come time enough to preach the funeral sermon.

*Luke.* Oh, oh, where shall I find comfort—oh!

[*Fills the glass.*]

*Dar.* In the book.

*Luke.* Oh dear—Pat dead—Norah—Norah!

*Dar.* Why, do you think she can hear you at Potsdam?

*Luke.* (*drinks*) Oh you harden'd soul, you.

*Dar.* I'm sure you won't be harden'd while there's a drop to soften you.

*Luke.* A drop! oh, you greedy creature, take the whole bottle. Poor Pat!

DUETT.



D U E T T.

*Luke.* And oh is he gone, whirra strua poor Pat;

So sorry, look here, I'm so sorry for that;

[*Darby shows the empty bottle.*]

My grief is so great, not a tear can I cry;

*Dar.* And yet my good fir, you've a sup in your eye.

*Luke.* Go, go, take your liquor away from me.

*Dar.* Oh, ho, does it give you such pain?

*Luke.* And ne'er bring your usquebaugh bottle again to me.

*Dar.* No. (*speaks*)

*Luke.* No, Darby, no, till you fill it again.

[*Exit Luke.*]

*Enter Quiz.*

*Quiz.* Harkye, you, do you know that I am a descendant of the great Hercules Quiz? and as my great ancestor strangled a serpent in the cradle; so did I, when in mine, throttle a kitten. I was nurs'd in a mortar, have eat fire from a great gun, and made a cannon my flute, by blowing in at the touch hole.

*Dar.* Amazing! what a great hero! I am thinking, Quiz, that a wig-box will make an excellent cradle for your first child.

*Quiz.* What do you mean by that, fir?

*Dar.* Lord, how big we are! now I'd as lief a man would smack my face as call me fir.

*Quiz.* And I'd as soon do one as t'other if you'd give me occasion. I only want occasion to fight with you, I do, by the god of war.

*Dar.*

*Dar.* I should think a Prussian foldier would think rascal sufficient occasion.

*Quiz.* 'Tis, by the god of war—where shall we meet?

*Dar.* By the new bridge, I'll borrow my master's pistols, do you bring your's; and then, with our backs to the centry-boxes, we will thunder away.

*Quiz.* We will; and Darby I'll blow your head over the bridge into the river, and save your dirty face a washing, I will, by the god of war.

[*Exit Quiz and Darby.*]

*Enter FATHER LUKE and GREENBER.*

*Luke.* And so you are father to this girl, you say.

*Green.* Yes, and she is engaged to one Rupert, a worthy fellow, who loves her; and captain Pratricks taking her away just at the time when he's come home, involves us all in great trouble.

*Luke.* Who told you so?

*Green.* Darby said that Olmutz took her for the officer.

*Luke.* Oh, that Darby is a sad lying, drunken fellow. She's safe enough. Norah, bring the young woman to her father.

*Enter NORAH and FLORA from flat.*

*Flora drefs'd in breeches—blue regimentals.*

*Luke.* Eh, what's the meaning of all this? what have you been about there? As I hope to live, you don't look like a christian young woman.

*Flo.*

*Flo.* Do I look like a christian young man? for that's what I want to look like.

*Green.* But what's the reason of this?

*Flo.* To shew you a woman can run all risques, where she truly loves.

*Green.* But why this metamorphosis?

*Flo.* I was not safe in the absence of Rupert. I have been insulted as a female, so assumed this habit, being well assured, that those who are so mean to insult a woman, will want the courage to attack a man.

*Nor.* True, Flora.

### S O N G.

With your sex, my sweet Flora, and blushes forget,  
 Tho' coy, you're no longer, no longer a maid;  
 In your bright burnish'd gorget a brazen face set,  
 Be a ball, hey allons, hey allons, your parade.  
 In your nice chicken gloves as you gallantly stand,  
 While the fiddles for action prepare;  
 For the dear pas de deux give the word of command,  
 And gracefully foot to the fair.

At your merriment when poor virtue in bumpers is drown'd,  
 Tho' the toast gives a zest to each glass;  
 When Bacchus the temple of folly has crown'd,  
 Be the god of your favourite lase.  
 Oh! ne'er let her character die in a wink,  
 E'en a chorus of laughter despise;

Your

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

37

Your goddess as pure as the wine that you drink;

Let your fancy exalt to the skies.

[*Exeunt Norah, Flora, and Greenber.*]

*Luke.* So they have had their jokes upon me; but I'll be even with Pat—for giving himself out for dead—faith I'll have a little bit of a joke with him.

*Enter PAT and RUPERT.*

Arrah, and can you be Pat? or are you his ghost? Now if you are dead, my dear boy, tell me so.

*Pat.* Dead! what can this mean?

*Luke.* Faith Pat, it's well you are come; for we heard you was dead, and Norah has been looking out for another husband. Aye, and if you had staid half an hour longer, she'd have had one, and a smart fellow he is too—and then he's so attentive, leading her into the coach and out of the coach, at every place we stopp'd at.

*Pat.* Dead! married in half an hour!

*Luke.* Aye, certainly, you would not have her live unmarried. Now ar'n't you a pretty fellow—I have heard of all your campaigning after a gooseberry girl—the Marshall putting you under arrest, and taking the cockade out of your hat.

*Pat.* Dear Sir, who told you this?

*Luke.* Who? why who but your own man Darby; and to crown the whole, said that you had blown the roof off your head.

*Enter DARBY, crosses to PAT.*

*Dar.* Master, lend me your pistols.

*Pat.*



*Pat.* Yes, you rascal, you shall have them with a brace of bullets through your head. (*collars him*) For all your lies—you told Father Luke, that I was running after every wench—you are the cause of all my disgrace, by setting Olmutz after the flower girl.

*Dar.* ———

*Rup.* Aye, Sir, what have you done with my Flora?—you are the villain that took my Flora from her father's house.

*Dar.* I! Oh dear, why did I sell my farm?

*Enter FLORA, from flat.*

*Flo.* Hey, what noise is all this! your making a disturbance in this chamber is what I don't understand, damn me.

*Dar.* No, what I don't understand damn me.

[*Gets behind her.*

*Rup.* (*to Darby*) Pray where is Flora?

[*Draws his broad sword.*

*Flo.* Oh, what my little strawberry girl—she's very fond of me, a young fellow, though her father wants to give her to a swaggering puppy—one Rupert.

*Rup.* S'death, take thy deserts.

[*Draws, Pat parts them.*

*Flo.* Oh, what, I suppose, this is Rupert.—Oh, you may have her again now. I'll gladly resign her to you, I assure you I want to get rid of her, for my heart is entirely devoted to another. This night, I take the lovely Norah to my arms.

*Pat.*

*Pat.* You shall take this to your heart first. [*Draws.*

*Rup.* Nay, nay, have patience.

*Flo.* Oh let him alone, let me have fair play, and I shall be a match for both of you.

## T R I O.

*Flo.* The lovely fair within that room,  
My wife shall be;

*Cap.* And how, Sir, are you sure of that?

*Flo.* Oh she loves me.

*Cap.* S'death and hell, Sir, what d'ye say?

Quick, answer speedily;

*Rup.* What of my Flora, tell me first?

*Flo.* Oh she loves me.

*Rup.* She loves thee.

*Dar.* He loves she.

*Flo.* And for her sweet sake,

You, Sir, or you I'll see.

*Dar.* To'em, my little cock a nouns,

Oh, you're my Gramaghree;

*Cap.* What my love love thee.

*Flo.* Aye, thy love loves me.

*Dar.* Knock their heads together;

*Flo.* Have at you, one to three.

*Dar.* Sir, leave me out a wicked rogue,

Our little Gramaghree.

*Flo.* Fire or sword,

When love's the word,

Have at ye, one to three, &c.

*Cap.* Satisfaction you must give,  
Most surely, now to me, &c.

*Dar.* Oh, what a tearing hero!

What a tearing, tearing hero!

At ye, one, two, three,

Surely now to me,

Little Gramaghree.

[*Exeunt all but Darby.*

*Dar.* So I go on well here in the German wars—My kind countryman, Captain Patrick—buries his nuckles in my throat, and never thinks it will spoil my fingering; another swings a scythe about my ears; and little Quiz threatens to blow my head over the bridge. Oh, to be sure, I'm not in a good thriving way; but I must contrive some method to frighten Quiz—for I must confess, I have no great inclination to have my head blown into the river. Oh, dear, oh, dear! I am like a blind fiddler, always in some scrape. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*A country Bridge, a centry Box on each Side.*

*Enter QUIZ.*

*Quiz.* Darby is not come yet, I knew the fellow would be afraid to meet me! How I'll disgrace him in the camp! I'll switch him through the ranks with a whale-bone ramrod—Eh—no—this is he—he's plaguy punctual.

*Enter DARBY.*

*Dar.* Aye, there's the enemy!

*Quiz.*

*Quiz.* Your mortal foe—I am by the god of war.

*Dar.* (*Beckons on a man with a sack, a brace of blunderbusses, a pik-axe, and spade.*) Put down the tools.

*Quiz.* Tools——Take your ground. *and W*

*Dar.* Don't be rash—in Ireland we always settle these sort of things very cool——now to fix the grand point. When people fight, as you and I do, without seconds, if one should be kill'd, as is always the case, that the conqueror may not fall a sacrifice to the law—we have two ways of disposing of the dead gentleman: Now you may take which you please—one way is, we dig a hole on the spot, and cover him up, sweet and wholesome under the sod——this we call the Galway kick—but if he don't like that, the other is—we put him into a sack and tumble him into the river, this we call the Tipperary touch.

*Quiz.* Tipperary touch—now damn me—if I'll have either a Galway kick, or a Tipperary touch.

*Dar.* And now give me the blunderbuss——charged with razor blades. [*The man gives him a blunderbuss.*]

*Quiz.* Razor blades—I won't fight, by the god of war.

*Dar.* Not fight!

*Quiz.* No. *and W*

*Dar.* Why then, let me tell you, that it is not handsome of you to disappoint me thus.

*Quiz.* I don't care—I'll be as ugly as the devil—but I don't like to be put sweet and wholesome under the sod. Oh, I'm glad there's somebody coming.



*Dar.* Oh, this is the Priest, that I ordered to come and bury you like a christian.

*Quiz.* I don't care, I won't be buried like a Christian.

*Enter FATHER LUKE.*

*Luke.* Oh, you wicked reprobate——not be buried like a Christian!

*Quiz.* I won't, by the god of war.

*Luke.* What is all this about?

*Quiz.* What! why that wicked bloody ruffian has a design against the chastity of my virtuous wife—and when I call him out a-la-militaire, he comes to cut, scarify and murder me with a brace of blunderbusses charged with razor blades—he does, by the god of war?

*Dar.* I a design! 'tis Olmutz has a design against your virtuous wife—and by her own appointment.—

*Quiz.* No, he's my true friend.

*Dar.* Is he then—here goes at the centry box—I'll not bring my Razor blades for nothing.

*Enter OLMUTZ and MABEL screaming from the Centry-box.*

*Quiz.* Hey! now I see how it is, by the god of war!

*Dar.* Here's your true friend, and virtuous wife.

*Quiz.* Darby your hand—Do you give Olmutz a Galway kick, and I'll give my wife a Tipperary touch.

*Olm.* Kick me! Why, I came to be your second.

*Quiz.* Get out, you rascal, or I'll shoot you, by the god of war! Well, I suppose you came to be a second too.

*Mab*

*Mab.* No, indeed, husband, I was here first.

*Luke.* I dare be sworn you was—aye, faith, now, this is very comical—here comes Pat and Rupert—and their wives, as if they came by design.

*Enter PAT. and RUPERT on one side—NORAH and FLORA on the other.*

*Pat.* The young braggart—and with Norah in his hand—to come thus before my face—I can contain myself no longer—defend your worthless life.

*[Puts his hand to his sword.]*

*Flo.* No, Sir—I'll not fight—to you I resign her, if she's willing.

*Nor.* Most willing—my dear Patrick!

*Flo.* And to you Rupert I resign myself—if Flora be worth accepting. *[Embraces—as do Pat. and Norah.]*

*Rup.* Worth accepting—most dear to me.

*Nor.* My dear Patrick, why in a maze?

*Pat.* At this unexpected happiness, my lovely wife—but now we'll for England—and if Darby will, he shall attend us, where we'll return to the service of our gracious sovereign, whose life is a blessing to his people.

## F I N A L E.

*Cap.* Oh, now let the drum

Beat company come,

And let the clarionets play;

And oh, little life,

Now whistle for life,

D ;

While

While merry we foot it away,  
 For Fortune turns her wheel,  
 And with us she'll dance a reel;  
 The late whining fellow,  
 Now jovial and mellow,  
 So jollity ring a peal.

*Quiz.* As sure as a gun  
 We'll shew you such fun,  
 As never was seen before;  
 Like officers swear  
 And tatter and tear.  
 And like a cannon we'll roar.  
 Darby did you call?

*Luke.* You devils how loud you bawl,  
*Quiz.* To house, bed and table—of Quiz.  
*Mab.* And poor Mabel,  
 You're heartily welcome all.  
 Oh, now let the drum, &c.

*Flo.* Oh, maidens take care,  
 By example beware,  
 If ruin you'd wish to shun;

*Nor.* Nor trust to your charms  
 When once from your arms  
 You suffer your spousy to run,

*Flo.* Like birds held in a string,  
 They'll hop about, then take wing,

*Nor.* From twig to bough flying,  
 Your sobbing, your crying,

Nc'er

Ne'er back can the wanton bring.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

*Luke.*

A fad wicked place,

A very fad cafe;

Here nothing I'll get to do.

Child, put on your cap.

And here is a flap,

I'll marry that younker and you.

If you don't take't amiss, [To Mab.

I'd like to bury poor Quiz;

Without any money,

Your hand, my dear honey, [To Quiz.

So much I like your phiz,

Oh, Now let the drum, &c.

*Dar.*

And now my friends may,

Of your poor foldier say,

A word in your poet's behalf,

Oh, do not then try,

To make the boy cry,

Who so often has made you laugh.

Success we cannot command,

But let your merciful hand

Now lend us a volley,

And pardon his folly,

For the honour of old Ireland.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

F I N I S.



REMARKS ON THE

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# COMIC OPERA

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## FONTAINBLEAU

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THE  
COMIC OPERA  
OF  
FONTAINEBLEAU;  
OR,  
OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL,  
SMOKE-ALLEY.

---

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Lord Winlove,  
Sir John Bull,  
Colonel Epaulette,  
Sir Shenkin ap Griffin,  
Henry,  
Lackland,  
Lapoche,  
French Inn-keeper,  
Robin,  
Jocky,  
Postboy,  
First Waiter,  
Second Waiter,

Mr WATERHOUSE.

Mr MOSS.

SIGNORA SESTINI.

Mr O'REILLY.

Mr WOOD.

Mr DALY.

Mr RYDER.

Mr BAKER.

Mr MURPHY.

Mr LYNCH.

Mr BARRETT.

Mr SMITH.

Mr MALONE.

Lady Bull,

Rosa,

Celia,

Miss Bull,

Mrs Casey,

Nannette,

Mrs HANNAM.

Mrs BILLINGTON.

Miss ROMANZINI.

Miss HITCHCOCK.

Mrs SPARKS.

Mrs HITCHCOCK.

*Servants, Porters, &c.*

SCENE—*Fontainebleau.*

# FONTAINBLEAU;

OR,

## OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

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### ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Street.*

*Two Hotels.—The Sign of the Red Lion on one Side of the Stage, underneath the Name "HOTEL CASEY." On the other side the Fleur de Luce, "HOTEL GARNI."—(Ringing of Bells.)*

*Enter MRS CASEY and 1st WAITER.*

*Mrs Casey.*

**K**EEP a sharp look out, Bob. The company tumble in upon us like smoke. *[Exit Waiter]*

*Lackland (within).* You rascal, I'll kick you down stairs. How dare you behave so to a gentleman?

*Casey.* Heighday! what's the matter?

*2d Waiter entering.* Oh, it's very well, sir, it's very well.

*Casey.* What's the matter now.

*2d Waiter.* Only Mr Lackland, madam. You know you ordered me to keep the Globe for the large company. There he takes possession of it; and though I told



told him it was bespoke, he would dine no where else; ordered a bottle of Champagne, and because I did not fly with it, kicked me down stairs, though I cried, coming up, sir.

*Cassey.* Champagne without a louis in his pocket! the fellow has not a second coat to his back, and yet he's as proud as a Galway merchant. But I shall desire he'll quit my house.

*2d Waiter.* You desire! Ecod, madam, he says he'll make you bounce.

*Cassey.* Make me bounce! he wou'd not find that so easy. Because I'm a lone woman, he thinks to impose upon me. A pretty fellow indeed! Make me bounce, will he!

*Lackland (within).* Where the devil are you all?

*Cassey.* Don't you hear? (*Waiter going*)

*Lackland (within.)* Where's that infernal——

*2d Waiter (stopping short.)* Infernal! Oh, madam, it's you he's calling,

*Enter MR LACKLAND.*

*Lack.* Where the devil are you all? Where are those impudent waiters? Mrs Cassey, it is my desire—

*Cassey.* Your desire! (*taking snuff*)

*Lack.* Yes, my desire.

*Cassey.* A spunging fellow, giving himself airs. My waiters have enough to do, if they mind those who pay for what they call for. (*He takes snuff from her in a pet.*)

*Lack.* And even your snuff too—is execrable.

*Cassey.*

## OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

3

*Cassey.* Lookee, Mr Lackland, every body knows that you're a gentleman—and that you've a good estate, only it's all gone; and we all know too, that you're a fix bottle man, and a choice companion. Now, during the races, I'll give you a seat at the table d'Hôte, and put money in your pocket to pay your reckoning, if you'll only entertain the company with a funny song and a comical story. Oh! a good song at the end of a bottle is an excellent thing, and of great service to a house.

*Lack.* Live by entertaining company! Mrs Cassey, you're a widow; why don't you marry? You'd oblige me exceedingly if you'd marry again.

*Cassey.* Marry again! for what? Why do you wish me married again?

*Lack.* That I might have the superlative felicity of taking your husband by the nose. (*turns up.*)

*Cassey.* Oh! I wish I had a husband for your sake; I wish I had a husband.

*Enter ist WAITER.*

*Wait.* There's a Paris chaise just stopped, and the lily of France is after them already.

*Cassey.* The devil take that lily! He'd grasp every thing if he could. Who is there in it?

*Wait.* An English family.

*Cassey.* An English family! Do you run and endeavour to bring them here, while I go and prepare for their reception. (*Exit Waiter.*) Oh, my lad, I wish I had a husband.

[*To Lackland, then exit.*

B

*Enter*

*Enter HENRY and POSTBOY.*

*Post.* Ah monsieur, too petite lousfone.

*Hen.* Never satisfied.

*Post.* Seven posts, de post royal from Paris to Fontainebleau.

*Hen.* There; seven you say. Now I hope you're satisfied.

*Post.* Ay, dis bon. [Exit Postboy.]

*Hen.* But if we approach the mansion of the grand monarch, we must pay for it.

*Lack.* By heaven, my collège, chum, Harry Seymour!

*Hen.* Pray, friend, can you tell me—Eh! why—I heard something of this before. Can you be Charles Lackland?

*Lack.* How d'ye do, Harry?

*Hen.* Why sure my eyes deceive me! Why look—

*Lack.* Never mind the outside. In snow or sunshine I've always a warm heart to an old friend and a new bottle.

*Hen.* I've passed so many happy days with you, that I feel for you exceedingly. But what is the cause of all this?

*Lack.* Pho! pho! never mind.

*Hen.* What all gone, Charles?

*Lack.* All, all, Harry.

*Hen.* What, at play?

*Lack.* Ay, play and pleasure—and wine and women—and—But you're come to sport here at the races, flush, flush, eh! *(tapping his thigh.)*

*Hen.*

## OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

7

*Hen.* Why, as to cash, my affairs are little better than your own.

*Lack. (aside)* Damn'd unlucky that for both of us.

*Hen.* No. You see me here an exile forced to fly from my native country. You remember my sister Rosa.——

*Lack.* What, my little, mad Rosa, that used to steal our fish, and throw the cards into the fire? Either I dream, or there was a match talked of between her and lord Winlove.

*Hen.* There was; but guided by the weakness of her sex, and the arts of ours, he prevailed on her to set out for this country. I overtook them at Rochester, and demanded (perhaps too rashly) reparation of my sister's honour by an immediate marriage. He refused. Pistols were the umpire. He lost his life; and the coroner's verdict has made mine doubtful if found in England.

*Lack.* Bravo! shot a lord! I wing'd a marquis the day before yesterday.

*Hen.* In this dilemma I was forced to assume the habit of a woman to escape from my native country.

*Lack.* Where's Rosa now?

*Hen.* I brought her to France, and left her at the convent at Villeneuve. But to say the truth, I'm here at Fontainebleau in quest of a lady I fell in love with at the Sunday opera at Paris. She would not tell me her name, but talked something of her brother having horses to run here, whither she was coming.



*Lap.* (*without.*) Whether is monsieur Lackland?  
I must and I will see him.

*Lack.* Oh, this damn'd French taylor! Now shall I  
be dunn'd and pester'd.

*Enter LAPOCHE.*

*Lap.* Ah, monsieur Lackland, I am glad I have  
found you. I say I will not trust any longer, for dey  
mon—

*Lack.* I say (*stopping his mouth*) Lapoche, do you see  
that English officer? He's full of cash; and I'll recom-  
mend him to lodge with you.

*Lap.* English officer! Oh, de bon new customer.

*Lack.* Captain! that little, ugly, ill-looking fellow.

[*Aside to Henry.*

*Lap.* Ver much oblige to you—(*bowing.*)

*Lack.* If you want a taylor and a lodging, here's  
your man, and there's his house.

*Lap.* Tank a you, monsieur Lackland.

*Lack.* You'll find it convenient, as you're short of  
cash.

*Lap.* Ver obliging.

*Lack.* Because when he asks for his money, you may  
kick him down stairs.

*Lap.* Ver much oblige to you indeed.

*Lack.* 'Twas my way.

*Lap.* Vastly kind indeed.

*Lack.* We were very good friends. Lapoche, I was  
a good customer.

*Lap.*

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

9

*Lap.* Oui, monsieur, it does a tradesman's heart good to see a you—out of his house (*aside*.)

*Lack.* What was it I gave you a week? Eight livres wasn't it?

*Lap.* Oui, monsieur, you did intend—promise me eight livres.

*Lack.* Eh! Faith, I see some ladies. I must attend where beauty calls; afterwards I am yours from a beef-steak to a bottle of Burgundy. You must excuse me, Harry, the ladies—you know I was always a Philander among the ladies.

*Lap.* Oui, you was always great gander indeed.

*Hen.* So you speak English; you've been in London?

*Lap.* Yes, I was ver great man in Londre, but now I am anoter man.

*Hen.* Another man!

*Lap.* England is de grand field of battle for the soldier of fortune. I vas de tailleur, de epok, de juglar, take off a de shift, de maitre d'hotel, de tooth-drawer vid a touch; but at last my lor forget to pay a me, so den I did imitate my lor, and when I could no longer fight a my way—

*Hen.* What then?

*Lap.* Why den, I run away.

*Hen.* So you have a character for every country. And pray what are you here?

*Lap.* My true character; a tailleur.

*Hen.* A taylor!

*Lap.* Oui, monsieur, at your service.

A I R.

A Londre, I was taylor nice,

And work for lor so gay,

He never beat me down my price,

But den he never pay;

From lor I could no money get,

My draper wou'd not stay;

So, like my lor, I run in debt,

And den I run away.

Vid trick on card, I please my lor,

He wonder how I do't,

And ladies, all, my skill adore,

Ven cock in glafs I shoot.

De British guinea I command

My pocket to recruit,

I shurt it off by sleight of hand,

Shirt off by sleight of foot.

Now here en France, I have no dread

For lor to move my shear,

For here in France, dey cannot plead

De privilege of peer.

Monfieur, if you employ a me,

And pretty coat you'd wear,

Your little tailleur here I be,

Tres humble serviteur.

To touch the little ready pelf

I fell the cordial drop,

But

## OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

111

But none would drink except myself,

So I shut up my shop.

Of chimney-sweep the tooth so white,

In noble mouth I pop,

My lor he grin, and den he bite,

Bon jour, and off he hop.

*Hen.* A taylor, and come to sport your louis upon the jockies of France?

*Lap.* No, I am come here to sport de jacket upon de jockey; de blue, de red, de green, de orange de emperor's eye, upon the jockey of France. Who give de grand brilliance to de race but de tailleur? Dey may talk of de boot and de spur; but de beaute of de race is obliged to de shear and de timble.

*Hen.* This unfortunate duel! to be forced to live here an exile from my native England—I wish, like my unhappy sister, I could find a comforter in oblivion.

## A I R.

My morning of life, ah, how tranquil, how bright!

No care found a place in my breast;

My noon now is evening, and soon must be night;

A night without comfort or rest.

The floods bow resplendent with clear azure skies?

Tho' tempting,—too late, to his cost,  
Beneath, for his heaven, who wantonly tries,

In streams of false pleasure is lost.

*Hen.*



*Hen.* Pray which is the hotel?

*Lap.* Hotel! Why, won't you lodge at my house—  
de bon apartment?

*Hen.* Why, faith, at this time, as I wish to be as  
private as possible, I think that will be the best way.

*Lap.* Won't you look at my logement?

*Hen.* With all my heart.

*Lap.* Dis way if you please. But I won't let him  
see my new lodger, my little Rosa, because I mean to  
have her myself. Nanette, shew a de apartment to the  
gentleman. [*Exeunt.*]

*Sir John.* (*without*) Why how far farther do you  
mean to jolt us over these damn'd stones?

*Enter 1st Waiter and MRS CASEY.*

*1st Wait.* This way, your honour.—Madam, here's  
Sir John Bull, my Lady Bull, and the whole family.

*Casey.* Ay, this is the truth of an English family!

*Enter SIR JOHN and LADY BULL, shewed in by the  
Master of the Lily, with porters, &c.*

*French Inn-keeper,* Welcome from Paris!

*Sir John.* Welcome from Paris! Why how far far-  
ther are you taking us over this damn'd pavement?

*Lady Bull.* Fie, Sir John, consider where you are;  
When gentlemen come to France, they always leave  
their damme's at Dover.

*Sir John.* I wish I had left you or myself there,  
damme. Who the devil are there?

*Lady Bull.* Why don't you see the gentlemen are  
porters.

*Sir*

*Sir John.* Porters! pickpockets. Paid by the ounce. Why, one of our Thames-street porters would carry ten times as much; and here's a proof of it. What, Robin, you've got my trunk I see.

*Enter COACHMAN, with a large trunk.*

*Coach.* Yes, your honour, four mounsheers had it, but they dropt it in the dirt.

*Lady Bull.* Robin, when you've carried it in, you must find out Colonel Epaulette. Give our compliments, tell him we are come, and desire to know how he does.

*Sir John.* Yes, and if Sir Shenkin ap Griffin is at his house, tell him too that we are come, and that Doll is impatient to see him.

*Lady Bull.* Dolly! why Dolly Bull!

*Enter DOLLY BULL.*

*Dolly.* Here, mamma. Pray, Mamma, which is the inn?

*Lady Bull.* Inn! hotel, miss, if you please.

*Dolly.* Miss! mam'felle, if you please.

*Sir John.* Well said, Doll; there's French upon French for you.

*Lady Bull.* Pray, monsieur, will you do us the favour to shew us to the hotel?

*[To the master of the Lily.]*

*Sir John.* Favour to shew us to the hotel! How polite we are, and to a waiter, only because he's French! —Ay, come shew the larder, for I'm devilish hungry.

*Master.*

*Master.* Dis vay, if you please, mademoiselle, I keep a de lily of France, where you may have de ragoût, de fricassée, de Vermicelli soup, de salad.

*Cassey.* (*very loud*) Waiter, carry the roast beef up to the Lion.

*Sir John.* (*turning quick about*) Aye, and carry me up to the Lion too!

*Cassey.* Oh, to be sure, your honour.

*Sir John.* So this is your house, eh! and you are English!

*Cassey.* English! that's what I am. I was born in Dublin.

*Sir John.* And pray what's your name?

*Cassey.* Cassey, at your service; and I keep the Lion of England here.

### A I R.

The British Lion is my sign;

A roaring trade I drive on;

Right English usage,—neat French wine

A landlady may thrive on.

At table d' hôte, to eat and drink,

Let French and English mingle,

And while to me they bring the drink,

Faith, let the glasses jingle;

Your rhino rattle, come

Men and cattle, come

All to Mrs Cassey.

Of

**OUR WAY IN FRANCE.**

**15.**

Of trouble and money,  
My jewel, my honey,  
I warrant I'll make you easy.

**II.**

When drest and seated in my bar,  
Let squire, or beau, or belle come,  
Let captains kiss me, if they dare,  
It's, Sir, you're kindly welcome!  
On Shuffle, Cog, and flip, I wink,  
Let rooks and pigeons mingle,  
And if to me they bring the chink,  
Faith, let the glasses jingle,  
Rhino rattle, come, &c.

**III.**

Let love fly here, on filken wings,  
His tricks I still connive at;  
The lover who would say soft things,  
Shall have a room in private.  
On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,  
So lips in kisses mingle,  
For while to me they bring the chink,  
Faith, let the glasses jingle.  
Your rhino rattle, come  
Men and cattle, come  
All to Mrs Casfy;  
Of trouble and money,  
My jewel, my honey,  
I warrant I'll make you easy.

*Sir*



*Sir John.* Bravo! Mrs Casey. Introduce us to your roast beef. Come along.

[*Exeunt all but SIR JOHN, who drives the French porters before him, then comes forward on seeing Lackland.*]

*Enter LACKLAND.*

*Lack.* Sir John Bull's family. I hear they're from the city. Voulez vous parlez?

*Sir John.* Don't parley me. I'm an Englishman.

*Lack.* I see you are, by that honest face.

*Sir John.* Honest face! Well, and what have you got to say to my honest face, eh?

*Lack.* The devil take me if I have any thing to say, but how do you do?

*Sir John.* Pretty well, I thank you, how do you?  
(*looks suspiciously at him.*)

*Lack.* Well, and pray how do all our friends in Throgmorton-street!

*Sir John* Throgmorton-street!

*Lack.* Sir, I am happy to see you. My heart warms at the sight of an Englishman, and I'm always happy to do them any service. I am English, sir, but a little unfortunate, or so.

*Sir John.* What, you're poor, eh! Yes, faith, you're a little seedy. Have you no estate?

*Lack.* I have had.

*Sir John.* And what have you done with it?

*Lack.* Turned it into money.

*Sir.*

*Sir John.* Well, and pray what have you done with that?

*Lack.* Laid it out to advantage, bought experience.

*Sir John.* Bought experience! Why then by this time you're a damn'd witty fellow.

*Lack.* Yes, sir, I know the world. I have had mansions, arables, freeholds, leaseholds, stewards, wastes, leases, releases, pastures, quarter-days, and such damn'd incumbrances.

*Sir John.* And so you've got rid of 'em all. It's all gone, eh?

*Lack.* Every acre.

*Sir John.* Why you're a devilish clever fellow. And why did'nt you get your teeth drawn at the same time?

*Lack.* Very smart and clever.

*Sir John.* Because by this time I suppose you've no use for them.

*Lack.* Damn'd ignorant old dog! (*aside*) But, sir, you're just come to France, that is, you're a stranger here. Sir, my heart warms at the sight of my countryman; and 'tis my greatest pride and pleasure to warn honesty of the deceits practised here. Some of our own countrymen appear very serviceable and obliging; but their assiduity always ends in borrowing money.

*Sir John.* Sir, I'm very much obliged to you.—  
Sir, will you eat a bit of mutton with us?

*Lack.* With all my heart; but, sir, as there are ladies, this coat is not quite the thing to appear before

the ladies in. There, do you see that taylor's over the way? I have a devilish good suit lies there for a trifle. Will you be so obliging as to lend me a guinea, just that I may appear like a gentleman!

*Sir John.* A guinea suit! eh! Oh! what till the arables come back? (*laughing.*) Distress to be sure in a strange country is very hard. What's your name?

*Lack.* Lackland, at your service, sir.

*Sir John.* Well, Mr Lackland, there's a guinea for you.

*Lack.* (*puts it into his pocket.*) I fancy, Sir John, I may pass very well in these clothes, eh!

*Sir John.* Pass! Oh, yes, you may—for a shoplifter (*aside.*)

*Lack.* Sir John, if you'll give me leave, I'll treat you with a flask of most excellent Champagne. Waiter, a bottle of Champagne.

*Sir John.* Here's a rascal! Treat me to Champagne! my own money too—and I doubt if the rascal has got a shirt to his ruffles.

*Lack.* I say, my old friend (*putting his hand on his shoulder*) above all beware of strangers—be sure you mind my advice—they're cursed assiduous, though it always ends in borrowing money, and laughing at you afterwards—Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha! And laughing at me afterwards. That's a good joke—ha, ha, ha!—damn'd impudent fellow!

*Lack,*

*Lack.* Now you know their ways, be sure you keep a tight hand upon your cash. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir John.* I shall, depend on't; especially if they mention Throgmorton-street.

*Lack.* True, true, ha, ha! I'm thinking, ha, ha! how surprised you'll be when I pay you this guinea to-morrow.

*Sir John.* Yes, I shall be surprised indeed.

*Lack.* You see, ha, ha! I've sold all my arables, and have bought experience wholesale.

*Sir John.* Yes; and now you retail it out at a guinea a dose, ha, ha, ha!

*Lack.* Ha, ha! Bless that jolly face! How a laugh becomes you! ha, ha! (*taking hold of it.*) I shall for ever acknowledge myself your debtor.

*Sir John.* I dare say you will, ha, ha!

*Lack.* Here, waiter, shew a room. A bottle of Champagne, and change for a guinea.

[*Exit laughing, and taking hold of Sir John's arm.*]

SCENE.—*A room at LAPOCHE'S*

*Enter ROSA, reading.*

"Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,  
When warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?  
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,  
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale."

Poor Eloisa in her cloister spoke my sense. I begin to repent my elopement. My lady abbess has ere this dis-



covered it. I wonder if lord Winlove has received my letter. I hope it did not miss him. I wish he was come.

A I R.

Oh, lingering time, why with us stay

When absence love we mourn!

And why so nimbly glide away

At our true love's return!

Ah, gentle time, the youth attend,

Whose absence here I mourn;

The chearful hours in pity fend

That bring my love's return.

I feel my heart with rapture beat;

No longer shall I mourn;

My lover soon with smiles I'll meet,

And hail his dear return.

Hey! sure my lord Winlove himself!

*Enter LORD WINLOVE.*

*Lord W.* My charming Rosa! (*embracing her.*)

*Rosa.* My lord!

*Lord W.* But, my dear Rosa, how could you come to such a public place as Fontainebleau; and at such a time, when there are so many English families? Fifty people may know us.

*Rosa.* If I had remained in the village, the lady abbess would have discovered me.

*Lord W.* Your letter says you escaped from the convent in boy's cloaths.

*Rosa.*

*Rosa.* Yes, and I was obliged to change them before I reached Fontainebleau, to elude all search from Villeneuve.

*Lord W.* And how unlucky to get into the house of Lapoche! such a busy, talking taylor!

*Rosa.* I did not know what lodging to get. 'Twas better I thought, than being at a hotel. I wish I was any where else.

*Lord W.* Don't sigh, my Rosa; for though I was not to be threatened into a marriage by the young Chamont your brother, when he overtook us at Rochester, yet I shall with pride acknowledge you Lady Winlove on my return to England.

## A I R.

Flow'rs their beauties all surrender,  
When the sun withdraws his ray;  
Now they shine in borrow'd splendor,  
Painted by the beam of day.

With each good fair Eden planted,  
Ev'ry sweet that sense could move;  
Bassion signs though all is granted,  
No enjoyment without love.

Dearest maid, thy smiles bestowing,  
Bright and gay my hours shall be;  
By this heart with rapture glowing,  
Thou art light and love to me!

The story of your brother's killing me is every where believed; therefore I mean to leave Fontainbleau, and by a cross route reach Paris.

*Rosa.* Oh, my lord, I shall never forgive myself for this wicked, impious step.

*Lord W.* The impiety was mine, my Rosa, to rob heaven of an angel.

*Enter NANNETTE.*

*Nan.* Oh, madam, my master has brought in a new lodger, a young officer, and our countryman. Oh, dear! I did not know this gentleman was here.

*Lord W.* An English officer! I'll instantly order a postchaife for your removal from this group of jockies, grooms, peers and pickpockets. *[Exit Lord W.]*

*Nan.* (*opening the folding doors*) Madam, look here, come and have one. (*Kisses her hand to be heard.*)

*Rosa.* Oh fie, Nannette. When that gentleman returns, you'll call me to him. *[Exit Rosa.]*

*Nan.* Lord how nice we are! I've a great mind to win the gloves myself (*going.*) Lord! he wakes!

*Hen.* (*coming forward.*) This travelling by night is very fatiguing. I thought to have slept in the chaife, but was disappointed by the jolting on the road.

*Nan.* Did you call, sir?

*Hen.* Ay. Who are you, my pretty lass?

*Nan.* My name is Nancy, sir; but my master will call me Nannette after the French fashion.

*Hen.* Oh then, you're fille de chambre to the master of this lodging?

*Nan.*

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

23

*Nan.* At your service, fir.

A I R.

Indeed I'll do the best I can

To please so kind a gentleman :

You lodge with us, and you shall see

How careful poor Nannette will be ;

So nice, so neat, so clean your room,

With bow pets for the sweet perfume :

A'n't please you, fir,

When you get up,

Your coffee brown

In china cup,

Dinner, desert,

And bon souper :

Sur mon honneur, at night you be

With waxen taper lit to bed

By poor Nannette your chambermaid.

*Enter LAPOCHE.*

*Lap.* (during the song.) Here's fine doings in my house!—Oh, fie, Nannette, why do you come here finging? Oh, you jade, I'll—Hope you had a good sleep, fir.—Get out! Vat do you come here for?—I'll knock at his head—Hope you refresh ver much after your sleep, fir—Get out—go yonder, dat vay—I hope you like your lodging—Get out, Nannette—(he pushes her off.)—Curse a dese red officier; de girls so fond—you'll find a my house ver convenient. You may have a de von, two course—de petite chanson;  
invite



invite whom you please, your countrymen eat, drink, sing, roar, be so jolly, swear and knock a your fists against von another's head, a la mode de Londres.

*Enter NANNETTE.*

*Nan.* Sir, monsieur.

*Lap.* Nannette, why do you come dis way, peeping at de man in de red coat? Get out (*pushes her*).

*Nan.* Sir, I only vant—

*Lap.* Get a you gone, you jade—I know ver well vat you want. You come peeping at de officier. Why you come peeping at de men?

*Nan.* Lord, fir, I had a message. Sir Shenkin ap Griffin has sent for the new jackets for the jockies; anst Colonel Epaulette has sent to know if the English liveries are made.

*Lap.* Dese are my grand customer. (*to Henry*) Vill you get out of de way? (*to Nannette*) Sir Shenkin is ver great man. I make a de jacket for de race.—Get a you first, Nannette—Dis way if you please. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.— *Another room at Lapoche's.*

*Enter ROSA.*

*Rosa.* I wonder what should keep Lord Winlove so long. I'm surprised he does not return. Should he and my brother meet—this suspense is tormenting. Would we were on the road! Yet why do I wish to see England, when those whom most I love are in this kingdom!

AIR

## A I R.

The night when pass'd in golden skies,

If whiten'd cliffs the sailor spies

The sailor spies, completely blest :

The sight each tender thought inspires,

His love's on shore, and fancy fires,

And fancy fires his faithful breast.

The dancing waves salute his oar,

He pulls, and sings, my love's on shore,

He waves his hat, and cries adieu,

Farewel, good ship and loving crew,

Farewel, good ship, for love I steer,

And as around he turns his face,

To view the happy well known place,

The happy place that holds his dear,

The dancing waves salute his oar,

He pulls, and sings, my love's on shore.

*Nannette and Henry (within).* The lady desires not to be seen by any body.

*Hen.* I will come in. The boy said the lady was impatient to see me.

*Enter HENRY.*

*Rosa.* What do I see?—My brother!

*Hen.* My sister Rosa!

*Rosa.* My dear brother, though appearances are against me, yet when you're acquainted with the circumstances, you'll forego your resentment.

*Hen.*

*Hen.* Why did you quit the convent where I placed you, that you might find an asylum for your shame?

*Rosa.* My dear brother, if you knew some particulars, that prudence forbids me to mention——

*Hen.* Talk not of prudence. Are you not lost to every sense of virtue? And have you not involved me in a misfortune, that will for ever disturb my peace?

*Rosa. (aside)* He don't know that my lord is alive; and I dare not inform him, lest his ill-placed passion should relapse.

*Hen.* I'll lodge you safe at Villeneuve once more. And yet, as my charmer said she was coming to the races, if I quit them without finding her, I may never see her again. But my sister must go to the abbess, and I shall desire her to strengthen your spiritual claims—and yet love so sympathizes in my own breast, that I'll chide no more.

### A I R.

Brooks, to your sources ah swiftly return,  
Tear drop on tear, and give life to the urn;  
Truth and virtue pass away,  
Ere I for another my true love betray.

**ACT**

ACT II.

SCENE.—*View of Fontainbleau Race Course.*

*Enter SIR SHENKIN AP GRIFFIN and Jocky, several other Stablemen, with cloths, bottles, rubbing sticks, &c.*

*Sir Shenkin.*

**Y**OU are a pig plockead. You have done very pad inteed.

*Dick.* I won the race; what would you have me do more?

*Sir Shen.* Won the race! You should have tiftanced his Plack Prince with my Merlin.

*Dick.* Why, if I had pushed so hard, I should have lost the first heat, when I was so cock-fure of winning.

*Sir Shen.* Cock-fure! Dick, don't tell me of your Yorkshire tricks.

*Dick.* Why then I say it was quite the policy of the thing.

*Sir Shen.* Policies! follies! His Joan of Arc is to run against my Winney, and if you had tiftanced, I should have had all the long odds in favour of my own horse.

*Dick.* I did the best I could: I won the race; and if you ar'n't satsified, you may ride the match yourself to-morrow.

[*Exit.*

*Sir*



*Sir Shen.* Tid your pest! Get out, you impertinent — goot jockies should know how to tistance, to win, or to lose. Aye, goot jockies should know how to lose as well as to win—My Merlin is full brother to Winney; and if he had tistanced to-day, I should have taken in the whole field to-morrow, man, woman and child—Oh, here comes Mr Lackland, the gentleman ragamuffin.

*Enter LACKLAND.*

*Lack.* Aye, give you joy, my boy Shenkin. (*pats his shoulders*)

*Sir Shen.* Shoy is a fery pretty thing, Mr Lackland, pecaufe it kives pleasures; put your kiving me shoy py the name of poy, does not kif me pleasures: for look you, Mr Lackland, I am a man and a shentleman; my name is Shenkin ap Griffin, Paronet; and I am of as high a tescent—

*Lack.* As ever came from the mountains. Aye, come, Sir Shenkin, you and I are both of us very good blood.

*Sir Shen.* I know you are tescended from Welch extraction py the mother's side; put my family, look you, is as creat and as ancient, look you, as any in the county of Flint.

*Lack.* Come, Mr Welchman, don't strike your flint against me; if you do, I shall take fire.

*Sir Shen.* Yes, I think you would take fire inteed for your coat is tinder. Ha! ha!

*Lack.*

*Lack.* Come, come, though you won the race, don't ride the high horse with me, but start some other subject for your jokes.

*Sir Shen.* Why yes, as you say, 'tis rather a threadbare subject.

*Lack.* Well, sir, I wish you'd have done with your jokes; if not, I——(*putting his hand to his sword*)

*Sir Shen.* Pless my soul! I to always put myself into a goot humour with my jokes. Put come, kif me your hand. If I tid laugh at your coat, I will give you a petter. Ha, ha, ha! Look you yonder, my eye is your wardrobe. I have a coat in my eye for you.

*Lack.* Who is that?

*Sir Shen.* Colonel Epauvette.

*Colonel* (*without, singing.*) Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves, &c.

*Lack.* Oh! 'tis the English Frenchman, that I have heard so much of.

*Sir Shen.* Ay, there he koes as merry after his tefeet, as if he was dancing to parson Morgan's fittle.

*Lack.* They say he has a most benevolent nature, that he's very fond of the English, and wis to learn all our customs and manners, and style of doing things.

*Sir Shen.* Yes, and he loses his money, and is as happy as if he won. I am his preceptor, and to teach him all polite accomplishments, the English customs and language.

*Lack.* You teach—I suppose then by this time he can smoke, swear, and play at cricket.

*Sir Shen.* Tid your pest! Get out, you impertinent — goot jockies should know how to tistance, to win, or to lose. Aye, goot jockies should know how to lose as well as to win—My Merlin is full brother to Winney; and if he had tistanced to-day, I should have taken in the whole field to-morrow, man, woman and child—Oh, here comes Mr Lackland, the gentleman ragamuffin.

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*Lack.* You teach—I suppose then by this time he can smoke, swear, and play at cricket.



*Sir Shen.* Perhaps he may; and he has twenty thousand a year besides.

*Lack.* Introduce me to him. I like a man that has twenty thousand a year.

*Sir Shen.* Aye, he is our mark. Ha, ha, ha! He's in spirits, and thinks himself very clever if he interlands his confersation with a dozen tamme's.

*Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE, singing.*

"Of a noble race was Sir Shenkin

"In de land of Mr Tudor."

Your servant, Sir Shenkin, your servant. Your Merlin did peat my Plack Prince for five toufand, so dere they are, damme—one toufand bank of Paris, two toufand bank of England, one Drummond, and one Child.

*Lack.* Sir Shenkin, as I've none of my own, if you please I'll adopt that child.

*Sir Shen.* A very good joke! Ha, ha, ha! Sir, with your leave and your likings, this is Mr Thingemmy—Mr Thingemmy, this is Colonel What-d'ye-call-em, and now you know one another.

*Lack.* Colonel What-d'ye-call'em, your most obedient.

*Col.* Mr Thingemmy, your servant.

*Sir Shen.* Colonel, this is your preceptor, to fight your duels, or carry on intrigue.

*Col.* Sir, ven my king does not command me to be your enemy, I shall be very happy to be friends with your English nation.

*Sir*

*Sir Shen.* That's right; he's a tutor for you. He's a man of wit I assure you. Faith! he lives by his wits (*aside.*) He has flats and sharps for the sgentlemen, and smiles for the ladies.

*Lack.* No, no, sir; you see what I am, an ordinary fellow. To be sure, now and then I do come out with a little sally.

*Col.* Sir, I shall be ver proud to be introduced to your little Sally.

*Lack.* Sir, your most obedient, with pleasure. To be sure, now and then the ladies do squint at me a little. Just now, as I passed along what-d'ye-call 'em street, there were five or six peeping out at the windows. There he is, says one. Aye, that's him says another. Oh! 'tis the English ambassador, says the third. No, no, says a fourth, 'tis the Emperor incog, That it is, says another. So they all agree, nem. con. that I'm the Emperor incog.

*Sir Shen.* Mr Emperor, I will help you to a coat to carry on the war. I will new robe your imperial majesty. (*aside to Lackland.*) I say, Colonel, get rid of your tinsel, and ket a coat more in our style, ha, Lackland!

*Lack.* (*adjusting his coat.*) I own I was always partial to the New-market style.

*Col.* I think his coat is in the old-market style.

*Lack.* Why 'tis rather—Upon my soul, you've a devilish deal of wit. Ha, ha, ha!

(SIR SHENKIN *whispers* the COLONEL.)

*Col.* Sir, you do me great honour. Will you eat a bit of dinner with me?

*Lack.* Sir, I'll breakfast, dine and sup with you. Sir, I'll stay a month in your house.

*Sir Shen.* Yes, and you'll find it tamn'd hard to ket him out of your house.

*Col.* Indeed! Sir, you are de most hospitable fellow.

*Lack.* Is that your sifter Celia? I had not seen her some time. She's a charming girl.

*Sir Shen.* Yes, she was a fine girl, but her Paris education has spoiled her.

*Lack.* I shall dance with her to-night.

*Sir Shen.* Inteed you won't, for Celia has moneys, and you are poor.

*Lack.* Well, has her money spoiled her dancing?

*Sir Shen.* No, put tancings pring palming, and pal-mings pring matrimonies; and you must not marry into the ap Griffin's. Only suppose now to yourself I am her guardian. So, Mr Mogul, don't drop your handkerchief at my sifter. I find you've thrust your nose into Sir John Bull's Family; and I will advise you to keep out of the field there too.

*Col.* Sir John Bull! dat is de familie dat is recom-mend to me from his grace de duke.

*Lack.* You advise! why so? Oh! I hear you are to marry Miss Dolly Bull; but where's the Welch pride there? What! mix the blood of Cadwallader with the puddle of Thames-street.

Sir

*Sir Shen.* Look you, Mr Lackland, I know my pops and sharps as well as you ; so let's have none of your London tricks there.

*Col.* Oh charming London !

*Sir Shen.* Aye, London for ever, colonel !—I'll kive you my idea of it. Now, you must fancy me a puck or a plood, look you.

## A I R.

In London my life is a ring of delight,  
In frolicks I keep up the day and the night,  
I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps latter,  
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter :  
Your honour, says he, and then tips me a leg,  
He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg ;  
For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,  
So I down with a glaſs of the right cherry bounce.  
With ſwearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flaſhing,  
ſmaſhing, ſmacking, cracking, rumbling, tumbling ;  
Laughing, quaffing, ſmoaking, joking, ſwaggering,  
ſtaggering ;  
So thoughtleſs, ſo knowing, ſo green and ſo mellow ;  
This, this is the life of a frolickſome fellow.

My phaet'n I mount, and the plebs they all ſtare,  
I handle my reins and my elbows I ſquare ;  
My piones ſo plump, and as white as a lilly,  
Through Pall Mall I ſpank it, and up Piccadilly ;  
Till loſing a wheel, egad come I ſmack,  
So at Knightſbridge I throw myſelf into a hack ;



At Tatterfall's fling a leg over my nag,  
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.  
 With swearing, &c.

I stroll round the garden, and call at the Rose,  
 And then at both Playhouses pop in my nose;  
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and swagger,  
 Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger.  
 I meet at the Shakespeare a good natur'd foul,  
 Then down to our club at St James's I roll;  
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,  
 And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

*Enter CELIA.*

*Celia.* There he goes. A pleasant brother, I must  
 confess. I wish I had stayed at Paris. No soul to  
 speak to here but the Bull family. Now if chance  
 would but throw the handsome officer in my way that  
 I saw at the opera.

# A I R.

Search all the wide creation round,  
 Or earth, or air, or deep profound,  
 To some great universal end,  
 Power, sense, instinct, reason, tend;  
 'Tis love, sweet universal love!

Why Phœbus smile upon the morn?  
 Why lend a ray to Dian's horn?

Why

Why flowers perfume the breath of spring?

Or why do birds on hawthorns sing?

'Tis love, sweet universal love!

With honour join'd, oh! form'd to bless,

Thy power let every heart confess;

If sense and reason but remove,

The bandage from the eyes of love,

Of love, sweet universal love!

Deuce take the man! If his smiles were worth a thought, he'd have followed me to Fontainebleau.—

Oh, temptation! yonder he comes—I must retire.

*Enter HENRY and ROSA.*

*Hen.* Indeed, Rosa, I'm glad you've not escaped farther.

*Celia. (behind.)* Aye, hold of that lady's arm.—I wonder women have no decency in public. [*Exit.*

*Hen.* Ha! yonder is the very charmer I saw at the Sunday opera at Paris. I must follow her. [*Exit.*

*Rosa.* If Lord Winlove should follow, death to him or my brother must ensue.

[*Celia sings a few notes, and exit.*

*Enter LAPOCHE.*

*Lap.* Ah! my dear Rosa, I was afraid I had lost you. I am glad you have escape from that rogue—

*Enter HENRY.*

Oh, my friend, I'm glad to meet a you—I run so fast, and ask every body, all de little jocky Boys, and was

so

so whip and kick about as I came across dis big horse field.

*Hen.* Well, what do you want?—If I don't follow her now, I may never see her again.

*Lap.* Oh, fir, I only forget to give a you your receipt in your hurry.

*Hen.* I suppose you mean I forgot to pay you your bill. Well, I shall be back in a moment. D'ye hear? take care of that lady, and don't quit her till my return. *[Exit.*

*Rosa.* What is he gone;

*Lap.* I hope he will never come back again, unless to pay me my bill.

*Rosa.* Aye, I see that lady has a charm for him. Unkind Henry, to be angry with me for a passion your own heart is so susceptible of!

*Lap.* My deare sweetest—

*Rosa.* Well, Sir, did you see the gentleman?

*Lap.* What, the pretty gentleman that loves you?

*Rosa.* Yes.

*Lap.* Every morning in my looking-glass.

*Rosa.* Pshaw! have you seen the gentleman that enquired for me at your house?

*Lap.* Oh, you fly, little devil! You run away from the convent to von gentleman, in de mans coat, den from de gentleman to de officer; and now you want to be with the gentleman again.

*Rosa.* You're not much out there.

*Lap.* Oh, you be von fly coquin.

*Rosa,*

*Rosa.* If Lord Winlove and my brother should meet,  
I dread the consequences. (*aside*)

*Lap.* (*who has been looking after Henry*) De capitaine  
is safe, dere is no danger (*aside*) he is making love to  
another lady. Let a me revenge his slighted vows—  
Oh! her skin is smooth as English broad cloth, soft as  
Genoa velvet! and her eyes are as bright as de polish  
of de Birmingham button. Oh! she's a pattern for a  
tailleur's wife!

*Rosa.* It certainly will be the best way to see Lord  
Winlove, notwithstanding the impertinence of this fel-  
low.—Well, sir, shall we go to your house?

*Lap.* My house!—Yes, I see she loves me; and I  
adore the dimples of her pretty chin.

## A I R.

Love does so run in my head,

Devil a stitch can I do;

From my jump out of my bed,

Till my jump in it vid you.

Oh!

Sweet

Pet

Liver once cold as a cucumber.

Heigho!

Go,

Get away, littel Nannette.

Welcome, my bosom, a new comer,

Who like me loves you? oh, not a man!

My



My handkerchief, was I great Ottoman,  
Drops at your pretty toe.

Sweet Hen, in your beauties, I'll fun me,  
Your twinkles and dimples have won me,  
Den vink and smile pretty upon me,  
Your game cock den vil I crow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*A Grove.*

*Enter HENRY and CELIA.*

*Hen.* Charming woman! from the minute I first saw you at the opera house to this instant, I have not had a moment's happiness.

*Celia.* Oh then, you think this a happy moment. I congratulate your good fortune, and leave you to the enjoyment of it (*going.*)

*Hen.* Don't leave me. Permit me to follow. I'm a captive bound in your chains.

*Celia.* And so, my captive would make his conqueror a prisoner of war!

*Hen.* Thus then, I kiss the chains, and thus adore —(*kneeling.*)

*Celia.* Oh, have a care, captain, you'll foil your regimentals.

*Hen.* Charming woman! I'm enchanted! charmed with your vivacity!

*Celia.* Was you never so enchanted, or charmed before, as you call it?

*Hen.*

## OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

47

*Hen.* Enchanted and charmed, but never loved.

A I R.

Through circling sweets I freely rove,

And think my passion true,

But every charm that man can love,

Sweet love, I find in you.

I will not boast with stoic pride,

That I've a heart of stone;

That I have often gaz'd and sigh'd,

To you I frankly own.

For circling sweets, &c.

That beauty bears a gentle mind,

The source of every joy,

Is now the hope I wish to find,

Then don't that hope destroy.

For circling sweets, &c.

For since that each external grace

Is by my fair possess'd,

In pity let her mind keep pace,

And make her lover blest.

For circling sweets, &c.

*Celia.* If you are serious, pray walk it off that way, and I'll walk this. But if you really mean to meet in the field again, I'll send you a challenge by my brother.

*Hen.* Your brother!

*Celia.* Yes, and then, in respect of what you mentioned, I—but no; you're conceited enough already.

AIR

## A I R.

No hurry I'm in to be married,  
 But if it's the will of my brother,  
 I'd much rather stay;  
 Yet since in the way,  
 I as well may have you as another.

A strange custom this is to be married,  
 Though followed by father and mother,  
 The grave and the gay;  
 But since in the way,  
 I as well may have you as another.

A prude though she long to be married,  
 Endeavours her wishes to smother.  
 I'd give you her nay;  
 But since in the way,  
 I as well may have you as another. [Exit.

*Hen.* Charming Celia!—Oh, here comes Sir Shenkin ap Griffin. As her brother is one of the turf, I'll just stop and ask if he knows her; and then for my sister Rosa.

*Enter SIR SHENKIN and GROOM.*

*Sir Shen. (entering.)* Give Winney a horn of milk, and let her here be crowned with mistletoe, and let Jones play the harp before her, that every true Briton may rejoice at Winney's victories. [Exit Groom.

*Hen.*

*Hen.* Your servant, Sir Shenkin. You saw that handsome lady that parted from me just now? Is not she very handsome?

*Sir Shen.* Yes; she is handsome, like me.

*Hen.* I shall shortly call her mine.

*Sir Shen.* The devil you shall!

*Hen.* The chief obstacle to our union is her thick-headed brother. Perhaps you may know him. He's one of the turf, and has not an idea in his head beyond a cock or a horse. But no matter for that; I'll have her.

*Sir Shen.* Perhaps not. How dare you talk of my thick head? For fifty pounds, I have as many iteas in my head as you.

*Hen.* Here's a blunder! her brother!

*Sir Shen.* Yes, she is my sister; and that's your share of her (*snapping his fingers*) so my head may be ash, or oak, look you, or elm, or mahogany, or any wood you please.

*Hen.* But, Sir Shenkin, hear me.

*Sir Shen.* Hold! I've thought of a way. This may turn to my advantage. (*aside*)—Colonel Epaulette is a gentleman. He's descended in a straight line from king Pippin the great; but though a prince in politics, in affairs of jockeyship, he's no more than an ass. Look you, my Winney is to run his Joan of Arc to-morrow. Do you lay all the bets you can against her; for look you she shall lose, that is my jockey shall lame her. I'll pay



pay forfeit, and after the race we'll meet and share the cash like honest fellows.

*Hen.* Sir Shenkin, honesty, generosity and pure sincerity of heart have ever been the characteristics of your country; but I find the pernicious practice of gaming is a decoy sufficient to seduce the honour even of a Welchman.

*Sir Shen.* It may be so; but it's very good turf honour for all that.

*Hen.* Then on or off the turf, I must beg leave not to be a scoundrel.

*Sir Shen.* Why then, give over all thoughts of my sister; don't look at her. I have heard of your fighting a lord for your sister; so take care of me. Pistol pullets are not cherry-stones, and sharp swords are not green leeks.

*Hen.* I must seem to comply, or lose all hopes of Celia. I've thought of it, and I will punish him (*aside*).  
—Sir Shenkin, upon second thoughts I'll join you in this roguery.

*Sir Shen.* Will you? then you are a damn'd honest fellow. So come along; my sister's your own, and she shall tell you so this minute. I'll leave you with her; and then for my own affair with miss Pull.—Pless her soul! how full of pusiness her is! what with marriage matches and slang matches—Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter*

*Enter* SIR JOHN BULL.

*Sir John.* Devilish lucky I happened to meet with this English hotel! The mounsheers would have poisoned me else. My wife and daughter are making mademoiselles of themselves to pay a visit to this colonel Epaulette.—Oh! here they come.

*Enter* LADY and MISS BULL.

Mademoiselle a la mode de Paris.—Hollo! George!

*Lady B.* What's the meaning of all this noise, Sir John?

*Sir John.* Here, George, get me a pipe.

*Lady B.* A pipe! What, do you think you're at Dobney's bowling-green?

*Dolly.* Papa consider you are now at Fontainbleau, the very seat and elegance of fashion.

*Sir John.* Mrs Casey, get me a ledger, and tankard of porter.

*Lady B.* Fie, Sir John.—There now, he's at Galloway's coffee-house. Sir John, do behave yourself. You're not now at Margate, raffling for toys.

*Dolly.* No, nor dancing with your boots on at Dandelion, papa.

*Lady B.* Do, get a little into the a la mode de Paris, I've sent for a French tailor to make you a suit of cloaths, that you may appear a little gay. The colonel may introduce us to the prince; but how would the prince be shocked at your appearance.

*Sir John.* I don't think my appearance quite so shocking. No, my lady Bull. I think a British alder-

man my stand before the first potentate in Christendom  
without shocking him.

## A I R.

I'm here in France; the more fool I

To quit my beef and pudding;

At ton and taste you all will cry,

Oh yes, John Bull's a good 'an.

In air or drefs no travell'd mac

Of joint shall put my nose out,

At shrug and grin I've got the knack,

And see I turn my toes out.

Toll, lol, lol, &c.

Gadzooks! so fine myself I'll rig,

That nobody shall know me;

My shining pate I'll straight unwig,

In silk mounsheer shall sow me.

My arm shall squeeze a chapeu bras,

No more I'll block my beaver;

I'll stare and cock my opera glafs,

And strut so monstrous clever.

Toll, lol, lol, &c.

I'll take a lady to the ball,

And lest that I should shock her,

My head I'll puff with Marefchal,

And to my back a knocker.

To make my fist appear a hand,

I'll draw on gloves of chicken,

While

While the cassino plays the band,  
And cotillons we're kicking.

Toll, lol, lol, &c.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Mr Lackland, fir, desires to be admitted.

*Sir John.* Aye, shew the poor fellow up. [*Exit Ser.*]

*Lady B.* There's a pretty fellow indeed! And you, Sir John, to come to France, to get acquainted with your countrymen—and such shabby——

*Enter LACKLAND.*

*Sir John.* Shabby! eh! does that look like shabby? —What, you've recovered the arables again or have you met with another fool from Throgmorton-street?

*Lack.* Do, be quiet, Bull.—Ladies, your most obedient. Don't let my appearance disconcert any body. I am just come from my friend Colonel Epaulette. He begged I would give his compliments, and he'll wait on you presently.—That's a monstrous fine girl, Bull.

*Sir John.* Who, Doll? She's a damn'd fine girl. Aye, and I shall give fourscore thousand pounds with Doll.

*Lack.* Fourscore thousand!—a good hint. Oh yes, I'll marry Doll; but then that cursed mechanich——

*Lady B.* Summon the graces, my dear.

*Dolly.* Oh dear! the powder's all gone. What shall I do? I wish I could get a barber to titivate me up a little.



*Lack.* Pray, Bull, did not you keep a mop once?

*Sir John.* Aye, fifteen years; the Grashopper upon Garlick-hill.

*Lack.* Garlick-hill! And perhaps you sold raisins?

*Sir John.* Raisins! aye, and figs too.

*Lack.* Pho!—Figs!—Yes, I'll marry her, though she's a dowdy, and her father a feller of figs.—Do, sit down, Bull. (*Pulling him back.*)

*Sir John.* Sit down! No, I won't.

*Lack.* Miss—miss—you're handsome, and——

*Dolly.* Lord! I like him monstrously.

*Lack.* No—I believe I had best speak first of all to the mother. Know——

*Sir John.* Why, do you know——

*Lack.* Prythee, be quiet, Bull.—Madam, your monstrously well dressed. It would be difficult to say, whether the person ornaments the dress, or the dress the person.—This lady (*to Dolly*) is the picture of true English liberty; and you are from top to toe the madame Ninon of France.

*Sir John.* Dan-na-non!—The fellow speaks French too.

*Lack.* (*to Miss.*) Madam, may I hope to have the honour of your hand at the ball?

*Dolly.* Yes, if you please, sir, with all my heart.

*Sir John.* Yes! Why, have not you promised Sir Shenkin ap Griffin?

*Dolly.* Yes; but I did not know this gentleman then.

*Lady.*

*Lady B.* Miss, don't you remember I've promised you Colonel Epauvette shall dance with you? You should not be so forward with your yes.

*Dolly.* But perhaps the Colonel may not like me, or I may not like the Colonel.

*Lack.* Consider, madam, if you had never said yes, this beautiful creature had never been the exact resemblance of her accomplished mother.

*Lady B.* Oh, dear sir! Lord! he's vastly well bred.

*Sir John.* Eh! why, what the devil!—If Sir Shenkin comes shew him up immediately.

*Lady B.* Shew him up! Shew him out of the house.

*Enter SIR SHENKIN.*

*Sir John.* I have been fighting your battles. I am glad you are come, or faith! you might have lost Doll.

*Sir Shen.* Oh yes, I see if the grey mare is the better horse, I shall lose the field.

*Lack.* Madam (*to Miss*) will you do me the honour your lily hand? [*Sir John takes her away.*]

*Sir Shen.* Look you, Mr Lackland, her hand may be lilly, or tulip, or daffidowndilly, you've no puffiness with it.

*Lack.* Do you know who you are talking to? Come, madam—If you insult me, you know I won't take it (*feeling in his pocket.*) Do, Bull, step and fetch my snuff-box out of the parlour.—Sir Shenkin, if you mean to insult, you shall go out with me.

[*Exeunt LACKLAND and LADY BULL.*]

*Sir*

*Sir Shen.* Mr Lackland, my Lady Bull will go out with you.

*Sir John.* An impudent dog, to send me for his snuff-box!—Go out!—Pray, is not that one of your fighting phrases?

*Sir Shen.* Yes; he's fery fond of it: and sometimes 'tis meat and drink to him. With a pair of pistols he must be fery pretty company in a little room.

*Dolly.* Yes he must be excellent company in a little room.

*Sir John.* I don't know where you have been; but if you mean to marry Doll, you must look about you, my boy. (*patting Sir Shenkin's back*)

*Dolly.* Aye, that you must, my boy.

*Sir John.* Sir Shenkin, give me your hand. I'm so pleased at your winning the race, that if I had fifty daughters, you should have them all, though they had a plum a piece.

*Sir Shen.* Thank you, Sir John.—But that's true—Look you, (*taking his pocket book out*) you owe me fifty pounds.

*Sir John.* Me!

*Sir Shen.* Yes, fifty pounds that you lost.

*Sir John.* Lost! I had a fifty pound note this morning. I hope I have not lost it out of my book.—Oh no; there it is; it's safe.

*Sir Shen.* Then you may as well give it me.

*Sir John.* Give it you! for what?

*Sir Shen.* Pecaufe you do owe it me.

*Sir*

*Sir John.* Me! no; that's too bad. I never borrowed fifty pence of you in my life.

*Sir Shen.* Pho! pho! You laid me fifty pounds on the race, and did lose.

*Sir John.* I remember I said I thought the brown horse run the fastest.

*Sir Shen.* You laid me fifty pounds on my Winney, and Joan of Arc did beat her.

*Sir John.* Who I!

*Sir Shen.* Yes. When I said she would lose, you said a done; and tone and tone is pet.

*Sir John.* Pfha! Pfha! Damn your Winney! I never laid——

*Sir Shen.* I say, cot please her—why do you tam my Winney?—The bishop of Bangor, look you, durst not tam my Winney.

*Sir John.* Hold your tongue!

*Sir Shen.* Then why do you tam my Winney? Look you, Sir John, you laid me fifty pounds that my mare was the winning horse; and I always make it a rule to pay and receive all my debts of honour.

*Sir John.* Honour! fie, fie!—What, do you think I'll give you fifty pounds, because one horse thrusts his nose farther than t'other?

*Dolly.* Lord! give him fifty pound, papa.

*Sir John.* Doll, that fellow's a rogue.

*Sir Shen.* Rogueries and honesties are incompatibles. And look you, I'll bring you down, though you were pig pold eagle upon the top of Snowdon.

*Sir*



*Sir John.* There! he calls your father a bald eagle.

*Sir Shen.* Sir John, you're to be my father; and look you, I will refer it to the jockey club, and then, if you don't pay me, I'll post you at Tatterfall's.

*Sir John.* Eh! there's your fifty pound.—Come here, Doll. That's a rogue.—There, Sir Shenkin, by gaining fifty pounds, you have lost my daughter and fourscore thousand. So, your servant, Sir Shenkin.—Post me at Tatterfall's!—There now, you may post that at Tatterfall's. [*Exeunt Sir John and Dolly.*]

*Sir Shen.* The peard of a leek and the peard of a goat for you! (*hums a tune*) a pretty commence!—Pless my soul! how hot it is!

*Enter Miss DOLLY.*

*Dolly.* Sir Shenkin, I have run away from the old fogrum.

*Sir Shen.* Old fogrum! a pretty name that to give a father! I've a great mind to run away with Miss Toll, to be revenged on old fogrum. It will be pretty retaliations.

*Dolly.* Lord then? what signifies talking about him? Why don't you run away with me at once?

*Sir Shen.* I'm going to colonel Epaulette's. His house is near the castle. Meet me there, look you, in half an hour; and then his chaplain shall make us two patchelors one married couple.

*Dolly.* Indeed, I won't be married here though; for I've been told that the parsons are all popes.

*Sir*

*Sir Shen.* You'll find an honest fellow in father Blue-bottle, as he calls himself. Put however, if you ton't like it, I'll run away with you to Chychwechlyn; and on the morning of our marriage we shall have all our friends and neighbours under our windows to sing us merry miscellanies and epithalamiums of music; and there'll be the oboe, the drum, the trumpet, the marrowpones and cleafers, and pest of all, the harp.

## A I R.

The morning we're married, how funny and jolly,  
 The pridegroom Sir Shenkin, the pride Lady Tolly!  
 When rous'd by sweet clamour we open our peepers,  
 And Phœbus salute in our night gowns and slippers;  
 Then under our windows musicians all come,  
 Play fittle, sweet hautboy, sharp flagelet, drum.  
 But till the harp's melodious tingle,  
 All is puff, rattle, squeak and jingle.

The cymbals they grind, and the basses they grumble,  
 Pianos and fortes, a delicate jumble.  
 All joy to your honors. See, see how they flock,  
 Whilst cleaver and marrowpone go nicky knock,  
 Tantivy the horn tantara the trumpet  
 Sound, found——while we swallow our coffee and  
 crumpet.

But till, &c.

ACT

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 ACT III.

SCENE.—*Enter 1st Waiter from MRS CASEY'S House, meeting 2d Waiter.*

*1st Waiter.*

**B**OB, why do you go about so with your hands in your pocket, when you know the house is so full of company?

*2d Wait.* Why, mistress sent me for captain Huff, to see if he can bully this Lackland out of the house.

*[Exit.*

*1st Wait.* Bully him out!—Faith! the captain's whole regiment would not do it.

*[Exit.*

*Enter MRS CASEY.*

*Casey.* Upon my soul, my friend shall do it. Indeed, an' he'll bully this Lackland out of the house. Faith! he shall be ousted.

*Enter LACKLAND.*

*Lack.* You impertinent scoundrels, no attendance!—Pray, Mrs Casey, why don't you turn these fellows off, and get civiler waiters?

*Casey.* Civiler waiters! Upon my conscience, the lads are civil enough. Why don't you pay your score, and get out of my house, spunging upon my best customers, and strutting about in their old cloaths like a Bashaw. There you are fairly copied down seven pages, and not a penny of money.

*Lack.*

*Lack.* I'm the best customer you have. There is not a table in your house, on which I have not left the mark of a dice box. Is there a morning I don't order a Sandwich, or a day I don't drink my four bottles after dinner?

*Casfy.* Aye, how many do you pay for?

*Lack.* Well, that's my affair, not yours.

*Casfy.* Here, Bob, bring Mr Lackland his bill. It lies in the bar.

*Wait.* Bill! what is the tide turned? Here, chamberlain, ostler, waiter! [Exit.]

*Lack.* Have you a man comes to your house, that calls about them like me, except my friends? When I'm gone, you'll have no more carriages and coronets calling at your door. If I leave you, your house will be ruined.

(*The Waiter gives the bill to Mrs Casfy—Servants enter.*)

*Casfy.* My house will be ruined indeed, if I have not money to pay my wine merchant. Why don't you take up a brown musket, or the end of a fedan chair! instead of which, you strut about like a lord, and give yourself airs like a lord, and drink like a lord, and swear like a lord, aye and——here's your bill, and I dare say, you'll pay it like a lord.

*Lack.* Perhaps I may. What do you give me your cursed long pieces of paper for? Do you think a gentleman has got nothing else to do but to lug about great lumps of damn'd heavy gold in his pocket, to pay you



such ugly, long, curfed bills as thefe (*tearing them*) when Bob and you think proper to thruft them into his hands?—Here, you rascals, get my baggage, and fend it to the lily.

*Cafey.* D'ye hear? carry it upon a china plate for 'tis a nice affair.

*Wait.* Your honour will remember the waiter.

*Cook.* The cook, your honour.

*Cham.* I am de chamberlain.

*Boy.* A de jack a de boots your honour.

*Lack.* Get out, you rascal! I've no boots.

[*Drives them off and exit.*]

*Cafey.* See how I'm ufed, because I'm a lone woman. Why don't I marry!—Oh! I wifh I had a bit of a man for your fake (*looking after Lackland.*) Ah! it was not always thus.

# A I R.

Kilkenny is a handsome place

As any town in Shamrockfhire;

There firft I faw my Jemmy's face,

There Jemmy firft beheld his dear:

My love he was a bafhful boy,

And I a fimple girl to fee;

Yet I was Jemmy's only joy,

And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the bell

In ftreets and fquares, and houfes fine;

Oh!

Oh! there young Dick his love could tell,

And there I told young Dickey mine:

For Dick he was a roving blade,

And I was hearty, wild and free;

He lov'd, and I his love repaid,

Then Dickey was the lad for me!

When Dover strand my happy lot,

And William there my love did crown;

Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,

Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town:

For William was a gentle youth,

Too bashful, nor too bold was he;

He said he lov'd, and told me truth,

And William was the lad for me.

[Exit.

*Enter LACKLAND.*

*Lack.* No getting on this way. The road! take a purse—No, I never thought seriously of that. No, marriage—Miss Bull is to be had—Garlick hill—Oh! but even that requires a small sum, and I've nothing to set about it with. I think Henry would assist me with a trifle, bad as his finances may be. But where to find him—He's skulking about the town, thinking he has killed Lord Winlove, a man, whom not an hour ago I saw alive and well. Marriage then is my dernier resort.

*Lap. (without)* Tell Sir John Bull I'll wait on him presently.

E 2

*Enter*

—*Enter LAPOCHE.*

*Lap.* Monsieur Lackland, I am angry—I am enraged—

*Lack.* (*snappishly*) Well, what about?

*Lap.* (*starting*) What about! I am not afraid, sir. De fine lodger that you did recommend—

*Lack.* What! he has taken French leave I suppose!

*Lap.* I would take leave to put him into French prison if I could find him.

*Lack.* Eh! a thought strikes that may raise the supplies, and put a few guineas into my pocket.—Aye, Lapoche, this fine officer, as we thought him, is no other than an impostor escaped from England in woman's cloaths.

*Lap.* In woman's cloaths! Nothing but impostors. The nun I have in my house escaped from the convent of Villeneuve in boy's cloaths.—In woman's cloaths! Ah den, if de captain in woman's cloaths, it is the nun that is in boots.

*Lack.* In boots! Why what the devil is he at now! —No, no, you're—But why the devil should I undeceive him?—You're right, my little Lapoche; they're both impostors.

*Lap.* And why did a you not tell a me so before?

*Lack.* Why, I knew you'd find it out, you sagacious monkey! But what will you promise me if I put you into the way to get an hundred guineas?

*Lap.* O! I'll promise every thing.

*Lack.*

*Lack.* Why then, you must know—come here——  
this officer (*looking round*) is no other than a fellow  
escaped from England for shooting a lord. ————

*Lap.* Shoot a lord; oh de profligate!

*Lack.* And there's a hundred guineas reward on his  
head, that's all.

*Lap.* Oh! dis is lucky. De fly coquin! Why you  
not tell a me dis before?

*Lack.* Now I have told you, what will you give me  
for my intelligence?

*Lap.* I will give a you fifty tanks ven I do get de  
money.

*Lack.* Thanks! Is that all? Have you got any cash  
about you? Come, come, let me touch five pieces  
now.

*Lap.* De diable touch and take me if I do.

*Lack.* No, then you are a scoundrel.

*Lack.* Oui. I know I am ver great scoundrel, but  
I vill keep a my money for all dat. Five Guinea in-  
deed! No, no, monsieur Lackland. I know a you  
too well for all that; but I must find out dis officier,  
and that to me vill be de grand affaire. It vill get a  
me——

*Lack.* (*aside*) Yes, a good beating, and I hope Hen-  
ry will pay it you.——Then marriage is my last card.  
So Miss Bull of Garlick hill, have at you and your  
four-score thousand pounds. [Exit.]

E 3

Enter



*Enter COACHMAN.*

*Coach.* Is your name Lapoche? if it is, you must come directly to Sir John Bull, or he'll send to somebody else.

*Lap.* Oh! for de suit of cloaths. I vill come direct. —Bless a me, I have more business than de grand financier.

*Coach.* Well, will you come or no?

*Lap.* Oui. Alons, monsieur.

*Coach.* Eh, what?

*Lap.* Dat is, go along, if you please.

*Coach.* Oh! is that it? come along. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE.—*Inside the Hotel.*

*Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE, with WAITER.*

*Col.* You may tell Sir John Bull, and my Lady Bull, and Miss Bull, dat Colonel Epaulette is come to wait on dem.

*Wait.* Yes, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Col.* I suppose, from vat I am told, dis famille must be fine folks; but as dey were recommend from my good friend the duke, and as dey are English, I vill shew dem every civility in my power. —Dis drefs in de English style vill please a de young lady. I'm sure I am ver much oblige to monsieur Lackland.

*Enter SIR JOHN and COACHMAN.*

*Sir John.* Well, Robert is the taylor coming?

*Coach.* Yes, sir; he's come.

*Sir*

*Sir John.* Is he? Then I'll be measured directly.  
*(Exit Robert.)* for my lady won't be easily till I get a  
 suit of cloaths a la mode de Paris, as they call it.  
 Oh! this is the taylor I suppose.

*Col.* Sir, your most obedient. I presume, sir, your  
 name is Sir John a de Bull?

*Sir John.* At your service, sir. Aye, aye, this is  
 the taylor. Mr Lackland mentioned you in very high  
 terms.

*Col.* I am ver much oblige to Mr Lackland; and,  
 sir, I shall be ver happy to render you any service in  
 my power.

*Sir John.* Very obliging truly! And I suppose you'll  
 expect to be paid for it.

*Col.* Sir, any obligation you do a me in return I shall  
 consider as repaying; but sir, my good friend de duke—

*Sir John.* His good friend the duke!—Oh! he must  
 be a very great taylor indeed! *(aside)*

*Col.* I have de honneur to be ver dear to him.

*Sir John.* Oh! if you are so dear to your friends,  
 to be sure your terms must be very high indeed to me.  
 But come, I can't help it; so, take out your measure.

*Col.* Measure!

*Sir John.* Aye, and out with your shears. Have  
 you brought your book of patterns?

*Col.* Vat do yoo mean? Book of pattern.

*Sir John.* Oh! I suppose he's too great a taylor to  
 carry patterns. *(aside)* Yes, just that I may see your  
 colours.

*Col.*

*Col.* Colours! Oh ho, because I be in de army you take me for an ensign? Do you suppose I carry de colour?

*Sir John.* Aye, I thought so, too great for that—pray now how many men may you employ?

*Col.* About a thousand.

*Sir John.* A thousand journeymen! a damn'd great taylor indeed (*aside*).—A thousand men!

*Col.* Yes, dat dere is my regiment.

*Sir John.* Oh! what you work for a regiment, do you?

*Col.* Vat does he mean? Sir John, I am come to wait upon de lady.

*Sir John.* Oh! what you do business for the ladies too! Oh! you're a great rogue!

*Col.* Sir John, I know that you are privilege to joke by the custom of your country.

*Sir John.* What you want the custom of my country, I can't promise you that, but you shall have mine.

*Col.* And, sir, from de recommendation I have had, I shall be proud to shew you all the civility in my power.

*Sir John.* Sir, I am very much obliged to you. Proceed. (*Buttoning his coat without looking.*)

*Col.* I wish to shew you every respect, and will introduce you to de prince——

*Sir John.* You introduce! introduced by a taylor! Ha, ha! Damme that's too much.

*Col.* Taylor, sir! I don't know vat you mean; but,  
sir,

fir, if you vas not English, your life—your life should answer this behaviour.

*Sir John.* My life! you need not be so hot, my little taylor.

*Col.* I don't know, fir, whether you are fool by nature, or clown by habit. If de former, you are beneath my notice: if de latter, I will have satisfaction for dis gros behaviour to Colonel Epaulette. But, fir, I vill instantly speak to my good friend Mr Lackland; and den, fir, I vill be revenged for this affront.

[Exit.

*Sir John.* Colonel Epaulette! Oh, the devil!—my Lady Bull! my Lady Bull!

*Enter LADY BULL.*

My dear, here has been the colonel here, and I thought it had been the French taylor you sent for to take measure of me; and here has been the damn'dest mistake!—

*Lady B.* Mistake Colonel Epaulette for a taylor! Oh, Sir John, why will you ever attempt to speak to persons of distinction? Oh! it's like your blunders, to take a man of fashion for a taylor.

*Sir John.* Why, they drefs, and scrape, and shrug so much alike, that there's no knowing a prince from a pickpocket. But I'll order the chaise, and set out for Garlick-hill to-morrow morning.

*Lady B.* Then you may go by yourself, Sir John; for my part, it would be monstrous for a person of my figure and deportment to leave the continental land  
without



without an introduction to the grand monarch!—Call the colonel back.

*Sir John.* Me—damme, I'd as soon call his regiment as him.

*Lady B.* Robin! Robin!—(Enter Coachman.)—Desire that gentleman to walk up stairs.

*Coach.* Gentleman! What the taylor, madam?

*Lady B.* Yes; the taylor, as your master calls him.—(Exit Coachman.)—Oh! what a blundering family! He thinks the colonel a taylor as well as his master.—Oh! here the colonel is.

*Enter LAPOCHE.*  
Oh! fir, I blush to see you!

*Lap.* Madam, I am your most obedient, very humble servant; but I thought Sir John was here.

*Lady B.* Oh fir! Sir John is so hurt at his appearance——

*Lap.* Oh! dat does not signify, madam. I will soon equip him to make a better appearance.

*Lady B.* Sir, you're vastly obliging; but, fir, this mistake is all owing to having contracted such unfashionable habits——

*Lap.* Never mind, madam. I will give him de habit most fashionable.

*Lady B.* Very kind indeed, fir. Oh fir, I'm sorry you have had such a loss to-day.

*Lap.* Loss!—Oh yes, ma'am, I have lost my lodger.

*Lady B.* Some friend, I suppose. Aye, he's too genteel

genteel to mind his loss of the race.—The running I mean—the match.

*Lap.* Oh, yes, madam, they are run away to make a de match.

*Lady B.* Well, fir, I wish you better success with your Joan.

*Lap.* My Joan!

*Lady B.* And, fir, we were told in Paris, that you were very much with the prince.

*Lap.* Oh yes, madam. I must lie a little.

*Lady B.* I am told you are a great man in the privy council, committees, and board of works.

*Lap.* Board of works—she means my shop-board.

*Lady B.* Sir, I shall esteem it a particular favour, when it is convenient, if you will be kind enough to introduce us.

*Lap.* Why, madam, I don't know that I can introduce you to de head butler.

*Lady B.* Butler! What does he suppose that we keep company with servants!—Aye, from Sir John's behaviour he thinks we are fit company for nobody else.

*Enter SIR JOHN.*

Sir John, I have been making all the apologies I can for you to the colonel there.

*Sir John.* There!—Where?

*Lady B.* There.

*Sir John.* Colonel there! Why damme, this is the real taylor. *(the taylor takes out his book of patterns.)*

*Lady*

*Lady B.* How! the taylor? (*turns about*) Aye, he is a taylor sure enough.—Arn't you ahhamed, fellow? How dare you have the impudence to pass for a colonel? Heigh, fellow!

*Lap.* Miss, your mother would not call me so.

*Sir John.* Her mother! Get out——

*Lady B.* Oh! my dear, don't be angry with the young man.

*Sir John.* Get out with your patterns (*pulls him off*) my lady, I wonder you will undertake to speak to persons of distinction. Not know a taylor from a man of fashion!

*Enter COACHMAN.*

*Coach.* Miss Doll's gone off, Sir John.

*Lady B.* Where is she gone?

*Coach.* Mrs Casey says, she thinks to be married; for she saw her in close confab with Sir Shenkin.

*Lady B.* There's your Briton, Sir John.

*Sir John.* But which way is she gone?

*Coach.* She went down towards Colonel Epaulette's.

*Sir John.* There's your Frenchman, my lady!—Come along with me, Robin. Oh, for an English constable, or a search warrant.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*A room at the COLONEL'S.*

*Enter COLONEL and MISS BULL.*

*Col.* Oh miss, I do congratulate myself on de felicity of meeting you dus at home.—If I can carry her away,

away, I shall be even vid her father so calling me a tailleur.

*Dolly.* But la! colonel, how shocking you're dressed!

*Col.* Do you think so? Mr Lackland said 'twas ver pretty my dear.—Oh! you be von lovely girl! how I do love you! Pray, Miss, was you ever in love?

*Dolly.* Oh yes.

*Col.* Have a you?

*Dolly.* Only nine times. Let me see. Three times before I was out of my flaps; twice while I was at Hackney boarding-school; once with my guittar master; then with Frank Fippery; then with Dick Pettitoes. No, only eight; for I don't reckon the handsome stay-maker of Duck-lane.

*Col.* Then be in love with me the ninth time; and scamper off with me.

*Dolly.* Scamper with you! Why don't you ask father's consent.

*Col.* No, it found a so mean.

*Dolly.* Why, as you say, it does found a little of Bow Bell. Well; and then it will make a pure noise in the papers—the elopement—the pursuit—the marriage—the making up—Besides, I'm in love with your vis a vis. So come along; I'll scamper off with you.

*Col.* Vel said, my little angel, come along.

*Dolly.* But hold—Will you excuse me to Sir Shenkin ap Griffin?

*Col.* Excuse you to Sir Shenkin! for what?



*Dolly.* Because I promised to run away with him; and I came here to meet him.

*Col.* Indeed! but you know I came a de first.

*Dolly.* Why that's true. And first come first served, as father says to his customers in the shop at home—Come along.

*Col. (stops)* Hold, my dear, I must just step——

*Dolly.* Why I thought you was going to scamper off with me.

*Col.* I shall soon be back—but as I don't know what may happen, I will just order my man to put up de powder, de pomatum, and de dancing pump. [*Exit.*]

*Dolly.* Well, then, do make haste, Colonel.

*Enter SIR SHENKIN.*

*Sir Shen.* I have pought the priest. He looks as merry as a pard and as smart as a truid.

*Dolly.* But why did you stay so long? I have been crying my eyes out.

*Sir Shen.* Ton't cry, my tear. Wipe a your eye, ton't weep.—My dear, the chaise is ready for us, and a sulky for father Domine.

*Dolly.* But must I desert the colonel for you?

*Sir Shen.* To be sure you must. But I will put on a pair of jack boots, and trive you myself, for the poys here are as sluggish as their horses. They smack their whips, and they cry gee whu! but they are as slow as snails, though they gabble like turkey cocks.

*Dolly.* Well, but come now, don't let us wait for the boots.

*Sir*

*Sir Shen.* I'll be your postpoy, and trive you to  
Chychwechlyn, as you was never married, how telighted  
you'll be with noises, and visits, and confusions!

## A I R.

Tol lol, de rol, lol,

My Tolly, my Tolly,

With me when you canter to Wales,

For petticoat white,

Buff breeches so tight,

Away go needles and flails.

Young Taffy throws by her wheels,

Then Winney kicks up her heels,

With follow

And halloo,

And waddle

And straddle,

So merry to see us come;

With fiddle,

And diddle,

In giggle

And wriggle,

They give us a welcome home.

The joy so great,

So noble we treat,

An oxen is roasted whole!

And though on the lawn

The spiggot is drawn

For punch, you may swim in the bowl!

## FONTAINBLEAU; OR,

We give the ladies a ball,

We foot it away in the hall.

With follow, &c.

Miss Howell so nice,

And Lady ap Rice,

And cousin Sir Evan ap Lloyd,

Parson Montgomery,

Counsellor Flummery,

Ap Morgan, Ap Williams, Ap Floyd.

Oh, when the stocking is thrown,

And lovee and I alone;

Then follow, &c. [Exit.

*Dolly.* So, one can't go without dancing pumps and the other can't go without jack-boots. If any of my old sweetheart's were to come in now, I should be inclined to give them both the double.

*Enter LACKLAND.*

*Lack.* So, at last I've found her.—Madam, your most obedient. Well, it's settled. I'll marry you.

*Dolly.* Marry me!

*Lack.* Yes; but don't let your joy carry you away I said I would.

*Dolly.* Said! to whom?

*Lack.* To myself. And if a gentleman breaks his word with himself, who do you think he'll keep it with?—You're very handsome, my dear, that you are; and I would not tell a lie for all the women in France.

*Dolly.*

## OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

*Dolly.* Lord! what a high notion of honour he has! and he's a much handsomer man than either Sir Shenkin or the Colonel—But my father says, that you aren't worth any thing, that you've no estate.

*Lack.* That's a good joke i'faith! No estate! He might as well have said I borrowed a guinea of him.

*Dolly.* I'faith! and now I do think of it, he did say so.

*Lack.* Did he indeed? that's very diverting truly. Aye, and he might as well have said I borrowed these cloaths.

*Dolly.* That's what I thought of your fine cloaths, that you must have a great estate.

*Lack.* Not an acre. And to be sure I've no seat in Herefordshire—no parks—no orchards—

*Dolly.* Orchards in Herefordshire! Then I dare say you make twenty Hogsheads of Cyder in a year.

*Lack.* Cyder—Oh! you accomplished—Garlick Hill—Yes; and he might as well have said that I've no house in Portman Square. Ha, ha!

*Dolly.* Portman Square! Oh dear!—then I shall live in Portman Square!

*Lack.* Aye, and without a guinea in the funds, or half a crown in my pocket at this moment. Ha, ha!

*Dolly.* Ha, ha! that's very true. Now then, will you answer me one question? If you was to agree to run away with me, would you wait for jack boots or dancing pumps?

*Lack.* Jack boots and dancing pumps! Not for the button of king Lewis's hat. You are frank and free.



I love you; and thus I throw myself and all my fortunes at your feet. Now if we had but a parson and a chaise!—

*Dolly.* There's one in the house, and t'other at the door.

*Lack.* Is there? Then my dear—Garlick Hill—come along. *[Carries her off.]*

*Enter COLONEL and SIR SHENKIN.*

*Sir Shen.* Now, madam, now I'm for you; now I'm pistol'd and booted.

*Col.* Come, Miss a de Bull.

*Sir Shen.* Come, Miss Pull, my tear.

*Col.* Why, Where is she gone? *(Seeing each other.)*

*Sir Shen.* Where did you put her.

*Col.* Why, vat have you done vid her?

*Sir Shen.* I did leave her here.

*Col.* Vell, and I did find her here.

*Enter SIR JOHN and LADY BULL.*

*Sir John.* Where's my child? where's Dolly Bull?

*Col.* Dat fellow in de boots can tell you.

*Sir John.* Come, come, none of your Welch tricks upon me. Give me my daughter.

*Sir Shen.* 'Tis that devilish Gaul has got her.

*Sir John.* Aye, you would not give your daughter to a Briton, and now you see she's snapped up by that Frenchman. But I'll Cressy and Agincourt you! Why, with Doll's fortune, I could build a man of war, and batter your breast-work. I'll come like the ghost of Hawke, and beat you! I'll be a Black Prince to you!

*Col.*

*Col.* You are much mistaken now, as you say you took me for a tailleur. I tell you that postilion in boots has stole her.

*Sir Shen.* No, no, I say 'twas you.

*Col.* I say 'twas you.

A I R.

*Sir John.* 'Twas you, fir, 'twas you, fir;

I'll thrash you black and blue, fir;

'Twas you that stole my daughter Doll;

'Twas you, fir, you.

*Lady B.* 'Tis true, fir, 'tis true, fir;

But this affront you'll rue, fir;

'Twas you that stole my daughter Doll?

'Twas you, fir, you.

*Sir Shen.* Oh, Ma'am, no, ma'am, no, no, no, no,

no, ma'am;

How can you wrong me so, Ma'am?

I did not steal your daughter Doll;

But I know who.

*Col.* No, fir, no, fir; no, no, no, no, no, fir?

How can you wrong me so, fir?

I did not steal your daughter Doll;

But I know who.

*Col.* Diable! n'importe—Damme!

*Sir.*

*Sir Shen.* This is frantics and infanities. But by the got of war, if I had you at home, you should give me satisfaction.

*Col.* Satisfaction!—I can a fight, or I can a let it alone. “I can fight and can conquer again and again.”

*Sir Shen.* Got pless hur! I wish I had him at Tover, I’d teach him to conquer. You are now in your own house, and you may stay there. For my part, I’ve got on my boots, and I am resolved—I am resolved—to walk down stairs. [Exit.

*Sir John.* Oh! what a bloody-resolution!—stop the boots! [Exeunt Sir John and Lady Bull.

*Col.* “I can fight, &c.” (*singing*) [Exit

*Enter NANNETTE.*

*Nan.* Lord! how I do wish to get back again to England!—A girl like me to be a chambermaid, and to a taylor!—Well, I’m convinced if I’d as good cloaths, I should look as well as Rosa.

A I R.

When drest in all my finest things,  
My gold repeater, bracelets, rings,

In toilet glass,  
A lovely la 3

I view, so gaily glancing;

I can’t tell how,  
But ne’er till now

I felt my heart a dancing.

With

With a fal, lal, la,

And a ha, ha, ha!

You've set my heart a dancing.

The coach is come—down stairs we trip,

The opera—Robin plies his whip,

What sparkling eyes!

Sir Fopling cries!

As to our box advancing;

I don't know how,

Yet ne'er till now,

I felt my heart a dancing.

With a fal, lal, la, &c.

Sultana queen at masquerade,

Or nun, or humble village maid,

So fine, so bright

The sparkling night,

Like fairies nimbly prancing;

I don't know how,

Yet ne'er till now,

I felt my heart a dancing.

With a fal, lal, la, &c.

*Enter LAPOCHE.*

*Lap.* I have de two imposteurs safe, if I can keep them.—So, mam'selle Nannette, you tink ver little of me. Noting vill serve a you but de English de officier. Just now I was taken for Colonel Epaulette. You say I ugly. Never you tell a man he's ugly in his own house.

*Nan.*



*Nan.* Lord, fir ! I don't think you ugly.

*Lap.* Don't you ? Den I vill give a you de silk gown.

*Nan.* No, fir, I never did think you ugly. I always, I always thought you very pretty.

*Lap.* Did a you ? (*smiling*)

*Nan.* I did indeed—as I hope for the silk gown.

*Lap.* No, not prett—but very smart, comely—a very smart, comely, little fellow.

*Nan.* No, fir, very pretty.

*Lap.* Vel den, pretty—a very pretty, little, smart fellow. But know, I have von grand affaire, great business, as good as hundred guinea ; such discovery of my two lodger—

*Nan.* Indeed, fir !

*Lap.* Aye, Nannette know nothing of de disguise. (*Bell rings.*)

*Nan.* (*going*) Miss Rosa rings her bell.

*Lap.* Stay. Where you are going ? you are in a devilish hurry to get to de fellow.

*Nan.* Fellow ! who do you mean ?

*Enter ROSA.*

*Rosa.* When the bell rung, why did you not send the girl to me ?

*Lap.* Send a de girl ? vat an impudent fellow !—Pray ven you did take a my lodging, vas dat in de bargain ?

*Rosa.* Nannette, will you step into my chamber ?

*Lap.* (*stopping her*) No, indeed, she von't.

*Nan.* I was just coming, ma'am.

*Lap.* Yes, she vas coming.—Get out of de room!  
Yes, she vas just coming—Get out of de room from  
de fellow.

*Rosa.* I only want some powder.

*Lap.* You shall get no powder or ball here. Fighting fellow!—I wish he vas out of my house. (*aside*) If you want such cut-throat tings, why don't you go to your own Hyde Park? Dat's the best place for lord-shooting. [*Exit.*]

*Rosa.* How impertinent the fellow is! And Lord Winlove to forsake me at such a time! For him I gave up all my peace of mind—But I'll ask pardon of heaven and my brother, and return to the convent.

## A I R.

How can man such pleasure find,  
Still in trying each endeavour  
Thus to win the virgin's favour,  
Softly steal into her mind,  
And destroy her peace for ever;  
With her heart,  
To depart,  
Leaving only grief behind.  
Thus the boy, a linnet caging,  
How engaging!  
Now her sweet and warbling song,  
Soon neglected,  
All rejected;  
Poor thing! she may her song give o'er,  
Her sweetest notes can charm no more. [*Exit.*]  
(Lapoche)

*(Lapoche watches her off, then runs and locks the door.)* Dere now I tink I have de bold capitaine safe. Now I have got lock up dis desperate fellow. I have got de hundred guinea under my own key; and de dible a penny shall monsieur Lackland get. But I must go for de archer.—Here comes de nun in boots.

*Enter HENRY.*

*Hen.* Well, fir; where is the lady?

*Lap.* De lady not far off. I fancy she may be found in boots.

*Hen.* In boots!

*Lap.* Yes. Don't a you feel yourself uncomfortable in boots?

*Hen.* In boots!—Come, come, where is the lady?

*Lap.* How finely I vas deceived to take you for a gentleman?

*Hen.* Pray, fir, what have I done to forfeit that character?

*Lap.* But pray a now, don't you find yourself uncomfortable without de petticoat?

*Hen.* Ha, ha, ha! will you fetch me one?

*Lap.* I dare say Nannette will accommodate you.

*Hen.* Very accommodating truly!—No, Mr Frenchman; I have crimes enough already without adding the ruin of Nannette.

*Lap.* Ruin! she may give you von you know; von can't ruin her.

*Hen.* Very comode indeed!—Yes, sifter Rosa, you're got in a very pretty fort of a house.

*Lap.*

*Lap.* Pray—ha, ha!—pray—upon my vord she looks vastly well in her boots.

*Hen.* Go, fir, do you banter?

*Lap.* Aye, and do you go to your chamber, child, and I vill fend Nannette to you. Poor thing! I dare say ver fatigue. [Exit.

*Hen.* Oh Rosa! She was my sifter. Lord Winlove was a friend; and but for those unhappy misfortunes, for those fatal circumstances, my prospects with Celia appeared so pleasing—how blest might I have been!

## A I R.

Let fame found the trumpet, and cry “to the war!”

Let glory re-echo the strain;

The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,

And heroes may smile on their pain.

The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,

And stagger about with his bowl;

On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,

And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,

Each virtue, each joy to improve;

Oh, give me the friend that I know to be true,

And the fair that I tenderly love!

What’s glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,

And riot the pleasure of wine;

What’s riches but trouble? and title’s a name,

But friendship and love are divine!

[Exit.

(Lapoche watches him off, then locks the door on him.)

G

*Lap.*



*Lap.* Vell said, Rosa—Dere now I have got you both safe; and I have de archer ready for dis capitaine. Oh! here be de gentleman that came after the lady first.

*Enter LORD WINLOVE.*

*Lord W.* Now I shall see Rosa's new flame.—Well, my friend, where is the captain that run away with Rosa?

*Lap.* What the nun in boots?

*Lord W.* Nun in boots! I mean the officer that went off with the nun that you told me of.

*Lap.* I have him safe; but he's the diable of a fellow, and has been asking for powder; so have a de care.

*Lord W.* Well, let's see this devil of a fellow.

*Lap.* Shall I call in de archer? I have him ready.

*Lord W.* Pho! Let me see the captain. Open the door.

*Lap.* Yes, but I'll have de reward (*opens the door.*)—Dere—(*runs round to the other door.*) Now I'll see if my nun in boots is safe.

*Enter ROSA.*

*Lord W.* My dear Rosa!

*Rosa.* My dear lord!

*Celia (within.)* I only want to see the gentleman.

*Enter CELIA.*

*I beg pardon. I want to speak with the gentleman.*

*Lap.* Well, here are three gentlemen.

*Celia.*

*Celia.* Yes; but I want to speak with the English officer that lodges here—that is in custody.

*Lap.* Oh! de nun in boots—more disguise. I dare say this is some English constable come over to take up de capitaine for killing de lord.

*Hen.* (*within.*) What do you mean by locking me in? Open the door, or I'll break it open.

*Lap.* Break open my door! for shame, is dat behaving like a nun?

*Enter HENRY.*

*Hen.* Lord Winlove alive!

*Lord W.* Yes, Henry. Are you sorry to see me?

*Hen.* Indeed, my lord, I am doubly happy to find myself guiltless of your blood, and you alive to do my sister that justice I'm sure you intend.

*Lord W.* Harry, my intentions were ever honourable; and that my immediate union with my Rosa shall evince. Your love for your sister hurried you to a rashness that was near proving fatal; but this cancels every error.

*Hen.* (*turning round.*) My Celia!

*Celia.* Indeed I don't know how to apologize for this strange intrusion. Captain, don't be vain if I say 'twas on your account.

*Hen.* Sister Rosa, this happiness is unexpected. And now give me leave to introduce you to a lady, who intends shortly to honour our family with her alliance.

G 2

AIR

A I. R.

LORD WINLOVE, HENRY, CELIA, and ROSA.

How sweet, how kind the joyful hours,

With peace and virtue crown'd!

They come like soft descending showers,

To cheer the landscape round.

Hush, throbbing heart, as truth alone,

Should light the virgin's breast,

Retire, cold freezing doubt, begone,

Retire, 'tis love's request!

*Enter DOLLY, LACKLAND, SIR JOHN and*

*LADY BULL.*

*Dolly.* Make haste or they'll catch us.

*Lack.* Let's rally and face them.

*Sir John (entering.)* I know they are here. You're a pretty lady *(to Dolly.)*

*Lack.* Softly, Bull; no abuse.

*Sir John.* Why damme, mayn't I speak to my own child?

*Lack.* Nobody, fir, must abuse my wife.

*Sir John.* Wife! I shall run mad! My daughter married to a fellow without a shirt! a fellow that borrowed a guinea of me this morning!

*Lady B.* Aye, you would have an English husband! She may have married Barrington for aught you know.

*Sir John.* I hope he's a rogue.

*Lord W.* With your son a rogue!

*Sir*

*Sir John.* If he's myself I hope he's a rogue. I'll have no more mercy on him than the king of Prussia would have upon a Dutch alderman.

*Enter SIR SHENKIN.*

*Sir Shen.* So, Miss Toll, I hear you have made matches and matrimonies.

*Dolly.* Yes; so now you may canter off to Cychwechlyn as fast as you please.

*Sir Shen.* Give you joy of your tom-tit; for she was never good, egg or bird.

*Lady B.* Oh Dolly, how could you take up with such a person?

*Dolly.* Why, the colonel could not go without dancing pumps, nor Sir Shenkin without jack-boots, so that I was very glad to take up with any body.

*Lack.* (*bowing.*) Very much obliged to you, madam.

*Enter COLONEL.*

*Col.* How do you all, good peoples? How does my lady Bull-dog! damme?—So, miss, you're married?

*Dolly.* Yes, and without waiting for dancing-pumps.

*Lady B.* Bull-dog! If you are a Frenchman, behave like one.

*Col.* I never will behave myself, damme!

*Lack.* Colonel Epaulette, let me entreat you to leave off attempting the blunt honesty of the English. It only transforms your countrymen into brutes. The attempt is as ridiculous as for the rough English to ape the customs and manners of the French, where we ever miss the mark, and polish into puppies.



*Sir Shen.* (to Henry.) Well, you made the bets, when shall we share?

*Hen.* I don't understand you.

*Sir Shen.* No! I paid forfeit. Joan did walk over the course.

*Hen.* And did you suppose I could behave so contemptible to join in such a scheme?

*Sir Shen.* It's very well; you shan't have my sister. Look you, I do desire that you will never speak to, look at, or think of Celia again.

*Hen.* Look you, Sir Shenkin, if you don't immediately pay me the five thousand you laid me, and give your consent to my marrying your sister, I'll refer your conduct to the jockey club; and 'tis so notorious, that you'll not only be excluded the turf here, but at every race in England.

*Sir John.* Why, my little Welchman, I am afraid you'll be posted at Tatterfall's.

*Sir Shen.* I'm nick'd, fous'd and flamm'd. Here, take my sister Celia. I'll back him against the field; for he has tricked me that have nicked hundreds.

*Hen.* Sir Shenkin, this is the first good I ever knew derived from gaming. For what sensation must that man be capable of, that builds upon the misery of others; and raises a fortune on the ruin and bankruptcy of his fellow-creatures!

*Sir Shen.* It may be so; but as I set out a young pigeon, I'm resolv'd to die an old rook.

*Sir*

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

3

*Sir John.* But how shall I get this rook out of my pigeon-house?

*Col.* Vell, monsieur Lackland, I have procured you a commission in my regiment; and 'tis much at your service.

*Lack.* I thank you, Monsieur; but while I can raise the price of a drumstick, I'll never pull a trigger or draw a sword against my native country.

*Sir John.* Bravo! my boy. Give me your hand. And at dinner time you shall never want a nail in my parlour to hang your hat on. You shall post my ledger, and drive a gig.

*Lack.* Gig! Why you shall ride in a vis-a-vis, to the amazement of all Garlick hill.

*Sir John.* Oh rare! My dear and I ride side by side in a vis-a-vis!

*Sir Shen.* And look you, for all your underminings and circumventings, if you whip your tom-tit down to Chychwechlyn, I'll give you a haunch of rock venison, and a pottle to wash it down.

*Sir John.* Rock venison!—Oh! he'll give you the leg of a goat.—Well now; as we seem now to be all tolerable good friends, we'll retire to the inn—(Lady Bull looks.) Hotel I mean, where English hospitality shall receive the zest of French claret.—Heigh! what say you to that, my antigallican son-in-law?

*Lack.* With all my heart. But, sir, I'll have no illiberal prejudices in my family. National reflections are unworthy the breast of an Englishman; and how-

ever

ever in war each may vindicate his country's honour,  
in peace let us not know a distance but the freights  
of Dover.

## A I R.

HENRY and CELIA.

Let fashion with her glittering train,

Abroad a while deceive us ;

We long to see dear home again,

The love of England must remain,

And that can never leave us.

LORD WINLOVE, HENRY, ROSA, and CELIA.

This patriot fire within each heart,

For ever let us nourish,

Of glory still the golden mart,

May England ever flourish !

*Sir John.* My future range,

The stock-exchange,

'Tis there I'll mind my paces ;

Nor gig, nor nag,

Jack Bull shall drag

To French or English races.

*Lady B.* At feast or ball,

At Grocers-hall,

'Tis there I'll mind my paces ;

Yet nothing keep

Me from a peep

At French or English races.

*Sir*

## OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

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*Sir Shen.* Our bard still in your favour thrive,  
His jokes your fancies tickling,  
This boon in laugh and claps then give  
To Shenkin of Chychwechlyn.

### Chorus of Men.

And now of each doubt and perplexity eas'd,  
From Fontainebleau races we'll prance.

### Chorus of Women.

In hopes that all errors our friends will be pleas'd  
To excuse, as 'tis "Our Way in France."

### Full Grand Chorus.

A patriot fire within each heart  
For ever let us nourish,  
Of glory still the golden mart,  
May England ever flourish!

**F I N I S**